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Section

Number

GEORGE R.

GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of God, King of *Great-Britain, France,* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, *&c.* To all to whom these Presents shall come, greeting. Whereas *James Buckland, James Waugh, John Ward, Thomas Longman,* and *Edward Dilly*, Citizens and Bookfellers of our City of *London*, have, by their Petition, humbly represented untous that they have purchased the Copy-Right of the WHOLE WORKS of the late Doctor ISAAC WATTS, and that they are now printing, and preparing for the Press, new Editions, with Improvements, of several of the separate Pieces of the said Doctor *Isaac Watts:* They have therefore most humbly prayed us, that we would be graciously pleased to grant them our Royal Licence and Protection for the sole printing, publishing, and vending, the said Works, in as ample Manner and Form as has been done in Cases of the like Nature: We, being willing to give all due Encouragement to Works of this Nature, which may be of public Use and Benefit, are graciously pleased to condescend to their Request, and do therefore, by these Presents, as far as may be agreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, grant unto them, the said *James Buckland, James Waugh, John Ward, Thomas Longman,* and *Edward Dilly*, their Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, our Royal Privilege and Licence, for the sole printing, publishing, and vending, the said Works, for the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof; strictly forbidding and prohibiting all our Subjects, within our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint, abridge, or translate, the same, either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever; or to import, buy, vend, utter, or distribute, any Copies thereof, reprinted beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said *James Buckland, James Waugh, John Ward, Thomas Longman,* and *Edward Dilly*, their Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, by Writing under their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them, offending herein, will answer the contrary at their Peril: Whereof the Commissioners and other Officers of our Customs, the Master, Wardens, and Company, of *Stationers* of our City of *London*, and all our other Officers and Ministers, whom it may concern, are to take Notice, that due Obedience be rendered to our Pleasure herein signified.

W. PITT.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

POEMS,

CHIEFLY OF THE

LYRIC KIND.

In THREE BOOKS.

SACRED

I. To DEVOTION and PIETY.
II. To VIRTUE, HONOUR, and FRIENDSHIP.
III. To the MEMORY of the DEAD.

By I. WATTS, D. D.

——— *Si non*, Uranie, *Lyram*
Cœlestem cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton.
HOR. Od. I. imitat.

Ἀθάνατον μὲν πρῶτα Θεὸν, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα, (καὶ σέβε αὐτὸν,) ἔπειθ' Ἥρωας ἀγαθούς,
Τούς τε Καταχθονίους. PYTHAG. Aur. Car.

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THE

PREFACE.

IT has been long a complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness; that an art, inspired from Heaven, should have so far lost the memory of its birth-place, as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design! How basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of GOD, and abused to much dishonour! The iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

THE eldest song, which history has brought down to our ears, was a noble act of worship paid to the GOD of Israel, when his *right hand became glorious in*

power: When thy right hand, O Lord, dashed in pieces the enemy: The chariots of Pharoah and his hosts were cast into the red sea; thou didst blow with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters, Exod. xv. This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by DAVID, SOLOMON, and ISAIAH, in describing the nature and the glories of GOD, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method, they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world as the darkness of that dispensation would admit; and now and then a divine and poetic rapture lifted their souls far above the level of that œconomy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse of evangelic day. The life of angels was harmoniously breathed into the children of ADAM, and their minds raised near to Heaven in melody and devotion at once.

IN the younger days of heathenism, the muses were devoted to the same service: the language in which old HESIOD addresses them is this:

Μῶσαι Πιερίηθεν, ἀοιδῆσι κλείουσαι,
Δεῦτε, Δῒ ἐννέπετε σφέτερον πατέρ᾽ ὑμνείουσαι.

Pierian *muses, fam'd for heav'nly lays,*
Descend, and sing the God your Father's praise.

AND he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could not forbear to transcribe, if the aspect and sound of so much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

BUT ſome of the latter poets of the Pagan world have debaſed this divine gift; and many of the writers of the firſt rank, in this our age of national Chriſtians, have, to their eternal ſhame, ſurpaſſed the vileſt of the Gentiles. They have not only diſrob'd religion of all the ornaments of verſe, but have employed their pens in impious miſchief, to deform her native beauty, and defile her honours. They have expoſed her moſt ſacred character to drollery, and dreſſed her up in a moſt vile and ridiculous diſguiſe, for the ſcorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The vices have been painted like ſo many goddeſſes, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where nature needs the ſtrongeſt reſtraints. With ſweetneſs of ſound, and delicacy of expreſſion, they have given a reliſh to blaſphemies of the harſheſt kind; and, when they rant at their Maker in ſonorous numbers, they fancy themſelves to have acted the hero well.

THUS almoſt in vain have the throne and the pulpit cried reformation; while the ſtage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious deſign of church and ſtate. The preſs has ſpread the poiſon far, and ſcattered wide the mortal infection: Unthinking youth have been enticed to ſin beyond the vicious propenſities of nature, plunged early into diſeaſes and death, and ſunk down to damnation in multitudes. Was it for this that poeſy was endued with all thoſe allurements that lead the mind away in a pleaſing captivity? Was it for this, ſhe was furniſhed with ſo many intellectual charms,

that she might seduce the heart from GOD, the original beauty, and the most lovely of beings? can I ever be persuaded, that those sweet and resistless forces of metaphor, wit, sound, and number, were given with this design, that they should be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious spirit, to invade the rights of heaven, and to bring swift and everlasting destruction upon men? How will these allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane versifiers, stand aghast before the great Judge, when the blood of many souls, whom they never saw, shall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands? The Rev. Mr. COLLIER has set this awful scene before them in just and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble stanza of my lord ROSCOMMON, on Psalm cxlviii. might be addressed to them:

Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of death,
Change your dire hissings into heav'nly songs,
And praise your Maker with your forked tongues!

THIS profanation, and debasement, of so divine an art, has tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin; or, at least, that verse is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours, but it is too light and trivial a method to treat any thing that is serious and sacred. They submit, indeed, to use it in divine psalmody, but they love the driest translation of the psalm best. They will venture to sing a dull

hymn or two at church, in tunes of equal dulneſs; but ſtill they perſuade themſelves, and their children, that the beauties of poeſy are vain and dangerous. All that riſes a degree above Mr STERNHOLD is too airy for worſhip, and hardly eſcapes the ſentence of unclean and abominable. It is ſtrange, that perſons, that have the Bible in their hands, ſhould be led away by thoughtleſs prejudices to ſo wild and raſh an opinion. Let me intreat them not to indulge this ſour, this cenſorious, humour too far, leſt the ſacred writers fall under the laſh of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches. Let me intreat them to look into their Bibles, and remember the ſtyle and way of writing that is uſed by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Teſtament are Hebrew verſe? and the figures are ſtronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more ſurpriſing and ſtrange, than ever I read in any profane writer. When DEBORAH ſings her praiſes to the GOD of Iſrael, while he marched from the field of Edom, ſhe ſets the *Earth a trembling, the heavens drop, and the mountains diſſolve from before the Lord. They fought from heaven, the ſtars in their courſes fought againſt Siſera: When the river of Kiſhon ſwept them away, that ancient river, the river Kiſhon. O my ſoul, Thou haſt trodden down ſtrength*, Judges v. &c. When ELIPHAZ, in the book of JOB, ſpeaks his ſenſe of the holineſs of GOD, he introduces a machine in a viſion: *Fear came upon me, trembling on all my bones, the hair of my fleſh ſtood up; a ſpirit paſſed by and ſtood ſtill, but its form was undiſcernible; an image*

before mine eyes, and ſilence; then I heard a voice, ſaying, ſhall mortal man be more juſt than God? &c. Job iv. When he deſcribes the ſafety of the righteous, he *hides* him *from the ſcourge of the tongue*, he makes him *laugh at deſtruction and famine*, he brings the *ſtones of the field into league with him*, and makes the brute animals *enter into a covenant* of peace, Job v. 21, &c. When JOB ſpeaks of the grave, how melancholy is the gloom that he ſpreads over it! it is a region to which I muſt ſhortly go, *and whence I ſhall not return; it is a land of darkneſs, it is darkneſs itſelf, the land of the ſhadow of death*; all confuſion *and diſorder, and where the light is as darkneſs. This is my houſe, there have I made my bed: I have ſaid to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my ſiſter: as for my hope, who ſhall ſee it? I and my hope go down together to the bars of the pit*, Job x. 21. and xvii. 13. When he humbles himſelf in complainings before the almightineſs of GOD, what contemptible and feeble images doth he uſe? *Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? wilt thou purſue the dry ſtubble? I conſume away like a rotten thing, a garment eaten by the moth*, Job xiii. 25, &c. *Thou lifteſt me up to the wind, thou cauſeſt me to ride upon it, and diſſolveſt my ſubſtance*, Job xxiii. 22. Can any man invent more deſpicable ideas, to repreſent the ſcoundrel herd and refuſe of mankind, than thoſe which JOB uſes? chap. xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own ſorrows and reproaches to amazement: *They that are younger than I have me in deriſion, whoſe*

fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock: for want and famine they were solitary; fleeing into the wilderness, desolate and waste: they cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper-roots, for their meat: they were driven forth from among men, (they cried after them as after a thief,) to dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in the caves of the earth, and in rocks: among the bushes they brayed, under the nettles they were gathered together; they were the children of fools, yea, children of base men; they were viler than the earth: And now am I their song, yea, I am their by-word, &c. How mournful and dejected is the language of his own sorrows! *Terrors are turned upon him, they pursue his soul as the wind,* and his *welfare passes away as a cloud; his bones are pierced within him, and his soul is poured out; he goes mourning without the sun, a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls; while his harp and organ are turned into the voice of them that weep.* I must transcribe one half of this holy book, if I would shew the grandeur, the variety, and the justness, of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression: I must copy out a good part of the writings of DAVID and ISAIAH, if I would represent the poetical excellencies of their thoughts and style: nor is the language of the less prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much inferior to these.

Now, while they paint human nature in its various forms and circumstances, if their designing be so just and noble, their disposition so artful, and their colouring so bright, beyond the most famed human

writers, how much more muſt their deſcriptions of GOD and Heaven exceed all that is poſſible to be ſaid by a meaner tongue? When they ſpeak of the dwelling place of GOD, *He inhabits eternity, and ſits upon the throne of his holineſs, in the midſt of light inacceſſible.* When his holineſs is mentioned, *The heavens are not clean in his ſight, he charges his angels with folly: he looks to the moon, and it ſhineth not, and the ſtars are not pure before his eyes: he is a jealous God, and a conſuming fire.* If we ſpeak of ſtrength, *Behold he is ſtrong: he removes the mountains, and they know it not, he overturns them in his anger: he ſhakes the earth from her place, and her pillars tremble: he makes a path through the mighty waters, he diſcovers the foundations of the world: the pillars of heaven are aſtoniſhed at his reproof.* And, after all, *theſe are but a portion of his ways: the thunder of his power who can underſtand?* His ſovereignty, his knowledge, and his wiſdom, are revealed to us in language vaſtly ſuperior to all the poetical accounts of heathen divinity. *Let the potſherds ſtrive with the potſherds of the earth; but ſhall the clay ſay, to him that faſhioneth it, what makeſt thou? he bids the heavens drop down from above, and lets the ſkies pour down righteouſneſs. He commands the ſun, and it riſeth not, and he ſealeth up the ſtars. It is he that ſaith to the deep, be dry, and he drieth up the rivers. Woe to them that ſeek deep to hide their counſel from the Lord; his eyes are upon all their ways, he underſtands their thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before him, and deſtruction hath no covering. He calls out the ſtars by their names, he fruſtrateth the tokens of the liars, and makes the di-*

viners mad: he turns wise men backward, and their knowledge becomes foolish. His transcendent eminence above all things is most nobly represented, when he *sits upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers: all nations before him are as the drop of a bucket, and as the small dust of the balance: he takes up the isles as a very little thing; Lebanon, with all her beasts, is not sufficient for a sacrifice to this God,* nor are all her trees *sufficient for the burning:* This GOD, before whom *the whole creation is as nothing, yea, less than nothing, and vanity. To which* of all the heathen gods *then will ye compare me, saith the Lord, and what shall I be likened to?* And to which of all the heathen poets shall we liken or compare this glorious orator, the sacred describer of the Godhead? the orators of all nations are as nothing before him, and their words are vanity and emptiness. Let us turn our eyes now to some of the holy writings, where GOD is creating the world: how meanly do the best of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this subject, when brought into comparison with MOSES, whom LONGINUS himself, a Gentile critic, cites as a master of the sublime style, when he chose to use it: *And the Lord said, let there be light, and there was light; let there be clouds and seas, sun and stars, plants and animals, and, behold, they are:* he commanded, and they appear and obey: *by the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth:* this is working like a GOD, with infinite ease and omnipotence. His wonders of providence, for the terror and ruin of his adversaries, and for the succour of his saints, is set before

our eyes in the Scripture with equal magnificence, and as becomes divinity. When *he ariſes out of his place, the earth trembles, the foundations of the hills are ſhaken becauſe he is wroth: there goes a ſmoke up out of his noſtrils, and fire out of his mouth devoureth, coals are kindled by it. He bows the heavens, and comes down, and darkneſs is under his feet. The mountains melt like wax, and flow down at his preſence.* If VIRGIL, HOMER, or PINDAR, were to prepare an equipage for a deſcending GOD, they might uſe thunder and lightnings too, and clouds and fire, to form a chariot and horſes for the battle, or the triumph; but there is none of them provides him a flight of cherubs inſtead of horſes, or ſeats him in *chariots of ſalvation.* DAVID beholds him riding *upon the Heaven of Heavens, by his name* JAH: *He was mounted upon a cherub and did fly, he flew on the wings of the wind*; and HABAKKUK ſends *the peſtilence before him.* HOMER keeps a mighty ſtir with his Νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς, and HESIOD with his Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης. JUPITER, that raiſes up the clouds, and that makes a noiſe, or thunders on high. But a divine poet makes the *clouds but the duſt of his feet*; *and, when the higheſt gives his voice in the heavens, hail-ſtones and coals of fire follow.* A divine poet *diſcovers the channels of the waters, and lays open the foundations of nature*; *at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blaſt of the breath of thy noſtrils.* When the HOLY ONE alighted upon mount *Sinai, his glory covered the heavens: he ſtood and meaſured the earth: he beheld and drove aſunder the nations, and the everlaſting mountains were ſcat-*

tered; *the perpetual hills did bow*; *his ways are everlasting*. Then the prophet *saw the tents of Cushan in Affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble*, Hab. iii. Nor did the blessed spirit, which animated these writers, forbid them the use of visions, dreams, the opening of scenes dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occasions: the divine licence in this respect is admirable and surprising, and the images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninspired writer to imitate. Mr DENNIS has made a noble essay to discover how much superior is inspired poesy to the brightest and best descriptions of a mortal pen. Perhaps, if his Proposal of Criticism had been encouraged and pursued, the nation might have learnt more value for the word of GOD, and the wits of the age might have been secured from the danger of deism; while they must have been forced to confess at least the divinity of all the poetical books of Scripture, when they see a genius running through them more than human.

WHO is there now will dare to assert, that the doctrines of our holy faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dress? Shall the French poet* affright us, by saying,

De la foi d'un Chrêtien les mysteres terribles
D'ornemens egayés ne sont point susceptibles?

BUT the French critic †, in his reflections upon eloquence, tells us, "That the majesty of our re-

* Boileau.
† Rapin.

" ligion, the holineſs of its laws, the purity of its " morals, the height of its myſteries, and th eim- " portance of every ſubject that belongs to it, re- " quires a grandeur, a nobleneſs, a majeſty, and " elevation of ſtyle, ſuited to the theme: ſparkling " images and magnificent expreſſions muſt be uſed, " and are beſt borrowed from Scripture: Let the " preacher, that aims at eloquence, read the pro- " phets inceſſantly, for their writings are an abun- " dant ſource of all the riches and ornaments of " ſpeech." And, in my opinion, this is far better " counſel than HORACE gives us, when he ſays,

——— *Vos exemplaria Græca*
Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ.

As in the conduct of my ſtudies, with regard to divinity, I have reaſon to repent of nothing more than that I have not peruſed the Bible with more frequency; ſo if I were to ſet up for a poet, with a deſign to exceed all the modern writers, I would follow the advice of RAPIN, and read the prophets night and day. I am ſure, the compoſures of the following book would have been filled with much greater ſenſe, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the holy Scriptures.

BESIDES, we may fetch a farther anſwer to Monſieur BOILEAU's objection, from other poets of

his own country. What a noble uſe have RACINE and CORNEILLE made of chriſtian ſubjects, in ſome of their beſt tragedies? What a variety of divine ſcenes are diſplayed, and pious paſſions awakened in thoſe poems? the martyrdom of POLYEUCTE, how doth it reign over our love and pity, and at the ſame time animate our zeal and devotion! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand * that directed me to ſuch entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wiſhed for, and ſought in vain, in our own. Yet I muſt confeſs, that the DAVIDEIS, and the two ARTHURS, have ſo far anſwered BOILEAU's objection, in Engliſh, as that the obſtacles of attempting chriſtian poeſy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable is experimentally confuted †.

IT is true, indeed, the chriſtian myſteries have not ſuch need of gay trappings as beautified, or rather compoſed, the heathen ſuperſtition. But this ſtill makes for the greater eaſe and ſurer ſucceſs of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a ſimple dreſs, have a native grandeur, a dignity, and a beauty, in them, though they

* Philomela.

† Sir Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his laſt poem entitled Alfred, has more copiouſly refuted all Boileau's arguments on this ſubject, and that with great juſtice and elegance, 1723. I am perſuaded that many perſons who deſpiſe the poem would acknowledge the juſt ſentiments of that preface.

do not utterly disdain all methods of ornament. The book of Revelation seems to be a prophecy in the form of an opera, or a dramatic poem, where divine art illustrates the subject with many charming glories; but still it must be acknowledged, that the naked themes of Christianity have something brighter and bolder in them, something more surprising and celestial than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of false lustre, that form and garnish a heathen song: Here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the muse, and the heavenly theme would so relieve a dull hour and a languishing genius, that, when the muse nods, the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

WITH how much less toil and expence might a DRYDEN, an OTWAY, a CONGREVE, or a DENNIS, furnish out a christian poem than a modern play? There is nothing amongst all the ancient fables, or later romances, that have two such extremes united in them, as the eternal GOD becoming an infant of days; the Possessor of the palace of heaven laid to sleep in a manger; the holy JESUS, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in his body on the tree; agonies of sorrow loading the soul of him who was GOD over all, blessed for ever; and the Sovereign of life stretching his arms on a cross, bleeding and expiring: the heaven and the hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the

childiſh figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the furies with ſnaky hairs, or all the flowery ſtories of Elyſium. And, if we ſurvey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe, the advantage for touching the ſprings of paſſion will fall infinitely on the ſide of the chriſtian poet; our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and ſorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, muſt needs be under the command of an harmonious pen, whoſe every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his ſoul.

If the trifling and incredible tales, that furniſh out a tragedy, are ſo armed by wit and fancy as to become ſovereign of the rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our ſmiles and our tears at pleaſure, how wondrous a conqueſt might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it, at leaſt, to ſobriety, if the ſame happy talent were employed in dreſſing the ſcenes of religion in their proper figures of majeſty, ſweetneſs, and terror! The wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impiouſly neglected by thoſe whom heaven has endued with a gift ſo proper to adorn and cultivate them: an art, whoſe ſweet inſinuations might almoſt convey piety into reſiſting nature, and melt the hardeſt ſouls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would ſhine bright in a dramatic deſcrip-

tion; nor is there any need, or any reaſon, why we ſhould always borrow the plan or hiſtory from the ancient Jews or primitive martyrs; though ſeveral of theſe would furniſh out noble materials for this ſort of poeſy: but modern ſcenes would be better underſtood by moſt readers, and the application would be much more eaſy. The anguiſh of inward guilt; the ſecret ſtings and racks and ſcourges of conſcience; the ſweet retiring hours, and ſeraphical joys of devotion; the victory of a reſolved ſoul over a thouſand temptations; the inimitable love and paſſion of a dying GOD; the awful glories of the laſt tribunal; the grand deciſive ſentence, from which there is no appeal; and the conſequent tranſports or horrors of the two eternal worlds; theſe things may be variouſly diſpoſed, and form many poems. How might ſuch performances, under a divine bleſſing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty? this would make religion appear like itſelf, and confound the blaſphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleaſures.

BUT we have reaſon to fear, that the tuneful men of our day have not raiſed their ambition to ſo divine a pitch; I ſhould rejoice to ſee more of this celeſtial fire kindling within them; for the flaſhes, that break out in ſome preſent and paſt writings, betray an infernal ſource. This the incomparable Mr COWLEY, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir RICHARD BLACK-

MORE, in the beginning of his, have ſo pathetically deſcribed and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them than detain and tire him here. Theſe gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poeſy, have given the world happy examples of what they wiſh and encourage in proſe; the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the ſhining colours of profuſe and florid diction.

IF ſhorter ſonnets were compoſed on ſublime ſubjects, ſuch as the Pſalms of DAVID, and the holy tranſports interſperſed in the other ſacred writings, or ſuch as the moral odes of HORACE, and the ancient lyrics; I perſuade myſelf, that the chriſtian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet, in his deſign to diffuſe virtue and allure ſouls to GOD. If the heart were firſt inflamed from heaven, and the muſe were not left alone to form the devotion, and purſue a cold ſcent, but only called in as an aſſiſtant to the worſhip, then the ſong would end where the inſpiration ceaſes; the whole compoſure would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour; and the ſame pious flame would be propagated, and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the ſhorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Reverend Mr NORRIS's eſſays in verſe, are convincing inſtances of the ſucceſs of this propoſal.

IT is my opinion alſo, that the free and unconfined numbers of PINDAR, or the noble meaſures

of MILTON without rhime, would beſt maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a looſe to the devout ſoul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though, in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our pſalm-tranſlators, I have contracted and cramped the ſenſe, or rendered it obſcure and feeble, by the too ſpeedy and regular returns of rhime.

IF my friends expect any reaſon of the following compoſures, and of the firſt or ſecond publication, I entreat them to accept of this account.

THE title aſſures them that poeſy is not the buſineſs of my life; and, if I ſeized thoſe hours of leiſure, wherein my ſoul was in a more ſprightly frame, to entertain them or myſelf with a divine or moral ſong, I hope I ſhall find an eaſy pardon.

IN the firſt book are many odes which were written to aſſiſt the meditations and worſhip of vulgar Chriſtians, and with a deſign to be publiſhed in the volume of hymns, which have now paſſed a ſecond impreſſion; but, upon the review, I found ſome expreſſions that were not ſuited to the plaineſt capacity, and the metaphors are too bold to pleaſe the weaker Chriſtian, therefore I have allotted them a place here.

AMONG the ſongs that are dedicated to divine love, I think I may be bold to aſſert, that I never compoſed one line of them with any other

design than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavoured to secure them all from being perverted and debased to wanton passions, by several lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the noblest instances of the grace of Christ represented under the figure of a conjugal state, and described in one of the sweetest odes, and the softest pastoral, that ever was written? I appeal to SOLOMON *, in his song, and his father DAVID, in Psalm xlv. if DAVID was the author: and I am well assured, that I have never indulged an equal licence: it was dangerous to imitate the sacred writers too nearly in so nice an affair.

THE poems sacred to virtue, &c. were formed when the frame and humour of my soul was just suited to the subject of my verse: the image of my heart is painted in them; and, if they meet with a reader whose soul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulness of the fancy, and coarseness of expression, will disappear; the sameness of the humour will create a pleasure, and insensibly overcome and conceal the defects of the muse. Young gentlemen and ladies, whose genius and education have given them a relish of oratory and verse, may be tempted to seek satisfaction among the dangerous di-

* Solomon's Song was much more in use among preachers and writers of divinity, when these poems were written, than it is now. 1736.

verſions of the ſtage, and impure ſonnets, if there be no proviſion of a ſafer kind made to pleaſe them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy in this reſpect, I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raiſe it to a diſdain of brutal pleaſures. The frequent interpoſition of a devout thought may awaken the mind to a ſerious ſenſe of GOD, religion, and eternity. The ſame duty that might be deſpiſed in a ſermon, when propoſed to their reaſon, may here, perhaps, ſeize the lower faculty with ſurpriſe, delight, and devotion, at once; and thus, by degrees, draw the ſuperior powers of the mind to piety. Amongſt the infinite numbers of mankind, there is not more difference in their outward ſhape and features than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more eaſily ſuſceptive of religion in a grave diſcourſe and ſedate reaſoning. Some are beſt frightened from ſin and ruin by terror, threatening, and amazement: their fear is the propereſt paſſion to which we can addreſs ourſelves, and begin the divine work: others can feel no motive ſo powerful as that which applies itſelf to their ingenuity and their poliſhed imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any handle of the ſoul to lead it away betimes from vicious pleaſures; and if I could but make up a compoſition of virtue and delight, ſuited to the taſte of well-bred youth and a refined education, I had ſome

hope

hope to allure and raiſe them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and cuſtom that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a ſlight inclination to ſatire or burleſque, I thought it proper to ſuppreſs it. The grinning and the growling muſe are not hard to be obtained; but I would diſdain their aſſiſtance, where a manly invitation to virtue and a friendly ſmile may be ſucceſsfully employed. Could I perſuade any man by a kinder method, I ſhould never think it proper to ſcold or laugh at him.

PERHAPS there are ſome moroſe readers, that ſtand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of love; but have we not the cares and the felicities of that ſort of ſocial life repreſented to us in the ſacred writings? Some expreſſions are there uſed, with a deſign to give a mortifying influence to our ſofteſt affections; others again brighten the character of that ſtate, and allure virtuous ſouls to purſue the divine advantage of it, the mutual aſſiſtance in the way to ſalvation. Are not the cxxviiith and cxxviiith Pſalms indited on this very ſubject? ſhall it be lawful for the preſs and the pulpit to treat of it with a becoming ſolemnity in proſe, and muſt the mention of the ſame thing in poeſy be pronounced for ever unlawful? is it utterly unworthy of a ſerious character to write on this argument, becauſe it has been unhappily polluted by ſome ſcurrilous pens? why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing miſchief, while a thouſand vile poems, of the amorous kind, ſwarm

abroad, and give a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world that I have endeavoured to recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear, that virtue and love are not such strangers as they are represented. The blissful intimacy of souls, in that state, will afford sufficient furniture for the gravest entertainment in verse; so that it need not be everlastingly dressed up in ridicule, nor assumed only to furnish out the lewd sonnets of the times. May some happier genius promote the same service that I proposed, and, by superior sense and sweeter sound, render what I have written contemptible and useless.

The imitations of that noble Latin poet of modern ages, Casimire Sarbiewski, of Poland, would need no excuse, did they but arise to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or to leave out as many, that I might suit my song more to my own design, or because I saw it impossible to present the force, the fineness, and the fire, of his expression, in our language. There are a few copies wherein I borrowed some hints from the same author, without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks I can allow so superior a genius to be now and then lavish in his imagination, and to indulge some excursions beyond the limits of sedate judgement: The riches and glory of his verse make atonement in abundance. I wish some English pen would import more of his treasures, and bless our nation.

THE inſcriptions to particular friends are warranted and defended by the practice of almoſt all the lyric writers. They frequently convey the rigid rules of morality to the mind in the ſofter method of applauſe. Suſtained by their example, a man will not be eaſily overwhelmed by the heavieſt cenſures of the unthinking and unknowing; eſpecially when there is a ſhadow of this practice in the divine Pſalmiſt, while he inſcribes to ASAPH or JEDUTHUN his ſongs that were made for the harp, or (which is all one) his lyric odes, though they are addreſſed to GOD himſelf.

IN the poems of heroic meaſure, I have attempted in rhime the ſame variety of cadence, comma, and period, which blank verſe glories in, as its peculiar elegance and ornament. It degrades the excellency of the beſt verſification when the lines run on by couplets, twenty together, juſt in the ſame pace, and with the ſame pauſes. It ſpoils the nobleſt pleaſure of the ſound: the reader is tired with the tedious uniformity, or charmed to ſleep with the unmanly ſoftneſs of the numbers, and the perpetual chime of even cadences.

IN the eſſays without rhime, I have not ſet up MILTON for a perfect pattern; though he ſhall be for ever honoured as our deliverer from the bondage. His works contain admirable and unequalled inſtances of bright and beautiful diction, as well as majeſty and ſereneneſs of thought. There are ſeveral epiſodes, in his longer works, that ſtand in ſupreme

dignity without a rival; yet all that vaſt reverence, with which I read his Paradiſe Loſt, cannot perſuade me to be charmed with every page of it. The length of his periods, and ſometimes of his parentheſes, runs me out of breath: ſome of his numbers ſeem too harſh and uneaſy. I could never believe, that roughneſs and obſcurity added any thing to the true grandeur of a poem: Nor will I ever affect archaiſms, exoticiſms, and a quaint uncouthneſs of ſpeech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. It is my opinion, that blank verſe may be written with all due elevation of thought in a modern ſtyle, without borrowing any thing from CHAUCER's tales, or running back ſo far as the days of COLIN, the ſhepherd, and the reign of the fairy queen. The oddneſs of an antique ſound gives but a falſe pleaſure to the ear, and abuſes the true reliſh, even when it works delight. There were ſome ſuch judges of poeſy among the old Romans, and MARTIAL ingeniouſly laughs at one of them, that was pleaſed, even to aſtoniſhment, with obſolete words and figures.

Attonituſque legis terrai frugiferai.

So the ill-drawn poſtures and diſtortion of ſhape, that we meet with in Chineſe pictures, charm a ſickly fancy by their very awkwardneſs; ſo a diſtempered appetite will chew coals and ſand, and pronounce them guſtful.

IN the Pindarics I have generally conformed my lines to the ſhorter ſize of the ancients, and avoid-

ed to imitate the exceſſive length to which ſome modern writers have ſtretched their ſentences, and eſpecially the concluding verſe. In theſe the ear is the trueſt judge: nor was it made to be enſlaved to any preciſe model of elder or later times.

After all, I muſt petition my reader to lay aſide the ſour and ſullen air of criticiſm, and to aſſume the friend. Let him chooſe ſuch copies to read at particular hours, when the temper of his mind is ſuited to the ſong. Let him come with a deſire to be entertained and pleaſed, rather than to ſeek his own diſguſt and averſion, which will not be hard to find. I am not ſo vain as to think there are no faults, nor ſo blind as to eſpy none: Though I hope the multitude of alterations in the ſecond edition are not without amendment. There is ſo large a difference between that and the former, in the change of titles, lines, and whole poems, as well as in the various tranſpoſitions, that it would be uſeleſs and endleſs, and all confuſion, for any reader to compare them throughout. The additions, alſo, make up almoſt half the book, and ſome of theſe have need of as many alterations as the former. Many a line needs the file to poliſh the roughneſs of it, and many a thought wants richer language to adorn and make it ſhine. Wide defects and equal ſuperfluities may be found, eſpecially in the larger pieces; but I have at preſent neither inclination nor leiſure to correct, and I hope I never ſhall. It is one of the biggeſt ſatisfactions I take in

giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be for ever free from the temptation of making or mending poems again *. So that my friends may be perfectly secure againſt this impreſſion's growing waſte upon their hands, and uſeleſs, as the former has done. Let minds that are better furniſhed for ſuch performances purſue theſe ſtudies, if they are convinced that poeſy can be made ſerviceable to religion and virtue. As for myſelf, I almoſt bluſh to think that I have read ſo little and written ſo much. The following years of my life ſhall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my ſtation, excepting thoſe hours that may be employed in finiſhing my imitation of the Pſalms of DAVID in Chriſtian language, which I have now promiſed the world †.

I CANNOT court the world to purchaſe this book for their pleaſure or entertainment, by telling them that any one copy intirely pleaſes me. The beſt of them ſinks below the idea which I form of a divine or moral ode. He, that deals in the myſteries of heaven or of the muſes, ſhould be a genius of no vulgar mould: and, as the name Vates belongs to both, ſo the furniture of both is compriſed in that line of HORACE,

——— *Cui mens divinior, atque os,*
Magna ſonaturum. ———

* *Naturam expellas furcâ licet, uſque recurret.* HOR. Will this ſhort note of Horace excuſe a man who has reſiſted nature many years, but has been ſometimes overcome? 1736. Edition the 7th.

† In the year 1719 theſe were finiſhed and printed.

BUT what JUVENAL ſpake in his age abides true in ours: a complete poet or a prophet is ſuch a one;

Qualem nequeo monſtrare, & ſentio tantùm.

PERHAPS neither of theſe characters in perfection ſhall ever be ſeen on earth, till the ſeventh angel has ſounded his awful trumpet; till the victory be complete over the beaſt and his image, when the natives of Heaven ſhall join in conſort with prophets and ſaints, and ſing to their golden harps, *Salvation, honour, and glory, to Him that ſits upon the throne, and to the* LAMB *for ever!*

May 14, 1709.

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

ON READING

Mr. WATTS's POEMS,

SACRED TO

PIETY AND DEVOTION.

REGARD the man, who, in ſeraphic lays
And flowing numbers, ſings his Maker's praiſe:
He needs invoke no fabled muſe's art,
The heavenly ſong comes genuine from his heart,—
From that pure heart, which GOD has deign'd t'inſpire
With holy raptures and a ſacred fire.
Thrice happy man! whoſe ſoul, and guiltleſs breaſt,
Are well prepar'd to lodge th'almighty Gueſt!
'Tis HE that lends thy tow'ring thoughts their wing,
And tunes thy lyre, when thou attempt'ſt to ſing:
HE to thy ſoul lets in celeſtial day,
Ev'n whilſt impriſon'd in this mortal clay.
By death's grim aſpect thou art not alarm'd,
HE, for thy ſake, has death itſelf diſarm'd;
Nor ſhall the grave o'er thee a victory boaſt;
Her triumph in thy riſing ſhall be loſt,
When thou ſhalt join th'angelic choirs above,
In never-ending ſongs of praiſe and love!

EUSEBIA.

TO

Mr. WATTS.

ON HIS

POEMS SACRED TO DEVOTION.

I.

TO murmuring ſtreams, in tender ſtrains,
My penſive muſe no more
Of love's enchanting force complains
Along the flow'ry ſhore.

II.

No more MIRTILIO's fatal face
My quiet breaſt alarms,
His eyes, his air, and youthful grace,
Have loſt their uſual charms.

III.

No gay ALEXIS in the grove
Shall be my future theme;
I burn with an immortal love,
And ſing a purer flame.

IV.

Seraphic heights I ſeem to gain,
And ſacred tranſports feel,
While WATTS, to thy celeſtial ſtrain,
Surpris'd, I liſten ſtill.

V.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear,
When I thy lays repeat;
The blending foreſt lends an ear;
The birds their notes forget.

VI.

With ſuch a graceful harmony
Thy numbers ſtill prolong;
And let remoteſt lands reply,
And echo to thy ſong.

VII.

Far as the diſtant regions, where
The beauteous morning ſprings,
And ſcatters odours through the air,
From her reſplendent wings;

VIII.

Unto the new-found realms, which ſee
The latter ſun ariſe,
When, with an eaſy progreſs, he
Rolls down the nether ſkies.

July, 1706.

PHILOMELA.

TO

Mr. I. WATTS,

ON READING HIS

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

HAIL, heaven-born muſe! that, with celeſtial flame
And high ſeraphic numbers, durſt attempt
To gain thy native ſkies. No common theme
Merits thy thought, ſelf-conſcious of a ſoul
Superior, though on earth detain'd awhile;
Like ſome propitious angel, that's deſign'd
A reſident in this inferior orb,
To guide the wand'ring ſouls to heavenly bliſs,
Thou ſeem'ſt; while thou their everlaſting ſongs
Haſt ſung to mortal ears, and down to earth
Tranſferr'd the work of heaven; with thought ſublime,
And high ſonorous words, thou ſweetly ſing'ſt
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd, we view

The tow'ring height ſtupendous, while thou ſoar'ſt
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th'eternal Father; as of old
When firſt th'Almighty from the dark abyſs
Of everlaſting night and ſilence call'd
The ſhining worlds with one creating word,
And rais'd from nothing all the heav'nly hoſts,
And with external glories fill'd the void,
Harmonious ſeraphs tun'd their golden harps,
And with their cheerful Hallelujahs bleſs'd
The bounteous Author of their happineſs;
From orb to orb th'alternate muſic rang,
And from the cryſtal arches of the ſky
Reach'd our then glorious world, the native ſeat
Of the firſt happy pair, who join'd their ſongs
To the loud echoes of th'angelic choirs,
And fill'd with bliſsful hymns, terreſtrial heaven,
The paradiſe of God, where all delights
Abounded, and the pure ambroſial air,
Fann'd by mild zephyrs, breath'd eternal ſweets,
Forbidding death and ſorrow, and beſtow'd
Freſh heav'nly bloom, and gay immortal youth.

Not ſo, alas! the vile apoſtate race,
Who in mad joys their brutal hours employ'd,
Aſſaulting with their impious blaſphemies
The Power ſupreme that gave 'em life and breath;
Incarnate fiends! outrageous, they defy'd
Th'Eternal's thunder, and almighty wrath
Fearleſs provok'd, which all the other devils
Would dread to meet: remembring well the day,
When driven from pure immortal ſeats above,
A fiery tempeſt hurl'd 'em down the ſkies,
And hung upon the rear, urging their fall

To the dark, deep, unfathomable, gulph,
Where, bound on sulph'rous lakes to growing rocks
With adamantine chains, they wail their woes,
And know JEHOVAH great as well as good;
And, fix'd for ever by eternal fate,
With horror find his arm omnipotent.

Prodigious madness! that the sacred muse,
First taught in heaven to mount immortal heights,
And trace the boundless glories of the sky,
Should now to every idol basely bow,
And curse the Deity she once ador'd,
Erecting trophies to each sordid vice,
And celebrating the infernal praise
Of haughty Lucifer, the desperate foe
Of GOD and man, and winning every hour
New votaries to hell, while all the fiends
Hear these accurs'd lays, and, thus outdone,
Raging, they try to match the human race,
Redoubling all their hellish blasphemies,
And with loud curses rend the gloomy vault.

Ungrateful mortals! ah! too late you'll find
What 'tis to banter heaven, and laugh at hell;
To dress up vice in false delusive charms,
And with gay colours paint her hideous face,
Leading besotted souls through slow'ry paths,
In gawdy dreams and vain fantastic joys,
To dismal scenes of everlasting woe;
When the great Judge shall rear his awful throne,
And raging flames surround the trembling globe,
While the loud thunders roar from pole to pole,
And the last trump awakes the sleeping dead;
And guilty souls to ghastly bodies driven,

Within thoſe dire eternal priſons ſhut,
Expect their ſad inexorable doom.
Say now, ye men of wit! what turn of thought
Will pleaſe you then! alas! how dull and poor,
Ev'n to yourſelves, will your lewd flights appear!
How will you envy then the happy fate
Of ideots! And perhaps in vain you'll wiſh
You'd been as very tools as once you thought
Others, for the ſublimeſt wiſdom ſcorn'd;
When pointed light'nings from the wrathful Judge
Shall ſinge your laurels, and the men,
Who thought they flew ſo high, ſhall fall ſo low.

No more, my muſe, of that tremendous thought!
Reſume thy more delightful theme, and ſing
Th'immortal man, that with immortal verſe
Rivals the hymns of angels, and like them
Deſpiſes mortal critics idle rules:
While the celeſtial flame that warms thy ſoul
Inſpires us, and with holy tranſports moves
Our labouring minds, and nobler ſcene preſents
Than all the pagan poets ever ſang,
Homer or Virgil; and far ſweeter notes
Than Horace ever taught his ſounding lyre,
And purer far, though Martial's ſelf might ſeem
A modeſt poet in our chriſtian days.
May thoſe forgotten and neglected lie,
No more let men be fond of fab'lous gods,
Nor heathen wit debauch one chriſtian line,
While with the coarſe and daubing paint we hide
The ſhining beauties of eternal truth,
That in her native dreſs appears moſt bright,
And charms the eyes of angels.—Oh! like thee
Let every nobler genius tune his voice

To subjects worthy of their tow'ring thoughts.
Let HEAVEN and Anna then your tuneful art
Improve, and consecrate your deathless lays
To Him who reigns above, and her who rules below.

April 17, 1706.

JOSEPH STANDEN.

TO

Mr. WATTS,

ON HIS

DIVINE POEMS.

SAY, human ſeraph, whence that charming force,
That flame! that ſoul! which animates each line;
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful eaſe,
Loaded with pond'rous ſenſe! ſay, did not he,
The lovely JESUS, who commands thy breaſt,
Inſpire thee with himſelf? With JESUS dwells,
Knit in myſterious bands, the PARACLETE,
The breath of GOD, the everlaſting ſource
Of love: And what is love, in ſouls like thine,
But air, and incenſe to the poet's fire?
Should an expiring ſaint, whoſe ſwimming eyes
Mingle the images of things about him,
But hear the leaſt exalted of thy ſtrains,
How greedily he'd drink the muſic in.

Thinking his heav'nly convoy waited near!
So great a ſtreſs of powerful harmony
Nature, unable longer to ſuſtain,
Would ſink, oppreſs'd with joy, to endleſs reſt.

Let none henceforth of providence complain,
As if the world of ſpirits lay unknown,
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable night;
What though no ſhining angel darts from thence
With leave to publiſh things conceal'd from ſenſe,
In language bright as theirs, we are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the bleſs'd, what makes their bliſs;
Songs ſuch as WATTS's are, and love like his.

But then, dear ſir, be cautious how you uſe,
To tranſports ſo intenſely rais'd, your muſe,
Leſt, while the ecſtatic impulſe you obey,
The ſoul leap out, and drop the meaner clay.

Sept. 4, 1706.

HENRY GROVE.

TO

Dr. WATTS.

On the FIFTH EDITION of his

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

SOVEREIGN of ſacred verſe; accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praiſe.
A muſe, the meaneſt of the vocal throng,
New to the bays, nor equal to the ſong,
Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame
Joins all her powers to celebrate thy name.

No vulgar themes thy pious muſe engage,
No ſcenes of luſt pollute thy ſacred page:
You in majeſtic numbers mount the ſkies,
And meet deſcending angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt applauſes charm the crowded groves,
And ADDISON thy tuneful ſong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each ſprightly line,
For every grace of every muſe is thine.
MILTON, immortal bard, divinely bright,
Conducts his fav'rite to the realms of light;
Where RAPHAEL's lyre charms the celeſtial throng,
Delighted cherubs liſt'ning to the ſong:

From bliſs to bliſs the happy beings rove,
And taſte the ſweets of muſic and of love.
But, when the ſofter ſcenes of life you paint,
And join the beauteous virgin to the ſaint;
When you deſcribe how few the happy pairs,
Whoſe hearts united, ſoften all their cares;
We ſee to whom the ſweeteſt joys belong,
And MYRA's beauties conſecrate your ſong.
Fain the unnumber'd graces I would tell,
And on the pleaſing theme for ever dwell;
But the muſe faints, unequal to the flight,
And hears thy ſtrains with wonder and delight.
When tombs of princes ſhall in ruins lie,
And all, but heaven-born PIETY, ſhall die,
When the laſt trumpet wakes the ſilent dead,
And each laſcivious poet hides his head,
With thee ſhall thy divine URANIA riſe,
Crown'd with freſh laurels to thy native ſkies:
Great HOWE and GOUGE ſhall hail thee on thy way,
And welcome thee to the bright realms of day,
Adapt thy tuneful notes to heav'nly ſtrings,
And join the lyric ode while ſome fair ſeraph ſings!

Sic ſpirat, ſic optat,

Tui amantiſſimus

BRITANNICUS.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK I.

Sacred to DEVOTION and PIETY.

Worſhipping with Fear.

I.

WHO dares attempt th'eternal name
With notes of mortal ſound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And ſpread deſpair around.

II.

Deſtruction waits t'obey his frown,
And heav'n attends his ſmile:
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it ſtill.

III.

Celeſtial king, our ſpirits lie
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wiſh, and caſt a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty ſeat.

IV.

When ſhall we ſee the great Unknown,
And in thy preſence ſtand?
Reveal the ſplendors of thy throne,
But ſhield us with thy hand.

V.

In thee what endleſs wonders meet!
What various glory ſhines!
The croſſing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

VI.

Angels are loſt in ſweet ſurpriſe
If thou unveil thy grace,
And humble awe runs through the ſkies
When wrath arrays thy face.

VII.

When mercy joins with majeſty,
To ſpread their beams abroad,
Not all their faireſt minds on high
Are ſhadows of a God.

VIII.

Thy works the ſtrongeſt ſeraph ſings
In a too feeble ſtrain,
And labours hard on all his ſtrings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

IX.

Created pow'rs how weak they be!
How ſhort our praiſes fall!
So much a-kin to nothing we,
And thou th'eternal All.

Aſking Leave to ſing.

I.

YET, mighty GOD, indulge my tongue
Nor let thy thunders roar,
Whilſt the young notes and vent'rous ſong
To worlds of glory ſoar.

II.

If thou my daring flight forbid,
The muſe folds up her wings:
Or, at thy word, her ſlender reed
Attempts almighty things.

III.

Her ſlender reed, inſpir'd by thee,
Bids a new Eden grow,
With blooming life on ev'ry tree,
And ſpreads a heav'n below.

IV.

She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms,
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath;
And calls th'angelic hoſts to arms,
To give the nations death.

V.

But, when she tastes her Saviour's love,
And feels the rapture strong,
Scarce the divinest harp above
Aims at a sweeter song.

Divine Judgements.

I.

NOT from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies:
Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head;
How vain their curses, if th'eternal King
Look through the clouds and bless me with his eyes.
Creatures, with all their boasted sway,
Are but his slaves, and must obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance or the love.

II.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to sleep;
The North wind blusters, and assumes command
Over the desert and the deep;
Old Boreas, with his freezing pow'rs,
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,
Arrests the dancing riv'lets as they pass,
And chains them moveless to their shores;

The graſing ox lows to the gelid ſkies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
Walks o'er the ſolid lakes, ſnuffs up the wind, and dies.

III.

Fly to the polar world, my ſong,
And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched throng!)
Seized and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of ſtatues on the Ruſſian plains,
And life ſtands frozen in the purple veins.
Atheiſt, forbear; no more blaſpheme:
God has a thouſand terrors in his name,
A thouſand armies at command,
Waiting the ſignal of his hand,
And magazines of froſt and magazines of flame.
Dreſs thee in ſteel to meet his wrath;
His ſharp artillery from the North
Shall pierce thee to the ſoul, and ſhake thy mortal frame.
Sublime on winter's rugged wings
He rides in arms along the ſky,
And ſcatters fate on ſwains and kings;
And flocks, and herds, and nations, die;
While impious lips, profanely bold,
Grow pale, and, quiv'ring at his dreadful cold,
Give their own blaſphemies the lie.

IV.

The miſchiefs that infeſt the earth,
When the hot dog-ſtar fires the realms on high,
Drought and diſeaſe, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flaſhes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd divinity.

In vain our parching palates thirſt,
For vital food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath;
The verdant fields are burnt to duſt,
The ſun has drunk the channels dry,
And all the air is death.
Ye ſcourges of our maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

V.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods,
That all the leafy ſtandards ſtrip,
And bear down, with a mighty ſweep,
The riches of the fields and honours of the woods;
Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,
And bury millions in the waves;
Earthquakes, that, in midnight ſleep,
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves:
While you diſpenſe your mortal harms,
'Tis the Creator's voice that ſounds your loud alarms,
When guilt with louder cries provokes a GOD to arms!

VI.

O for a meſſage from above,
To bear my ſpirits up!
Some pledge of my Creator's love,
To calm my terrors and ſupport my hope!
Let waves and thunders mix and roar;
Be thou my GOD, and the whole world is mine:
While thou art ſov'reign, I'm ſecure;
I ſhall be rich till thou art poor;
For all I fear, and all I wiſh, heav'n, earth, and hell, are thine!

Earth and Heaven.

I.

HAST thou not ſeen, impatient boy,
Haſt thou not read, the ſolemn truth,
That grey experience writes for giddy youth
On ev'ry mortal joy?
Pleaſure muſt be daſh'd with pain:
And yet, with heedleſs haſte,
The thirſty boy repeats the taſte,
Nor hearkens to deſpair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleaſure never run ſincere:
(Earth has no unpolluted ſpring:)
From the curs'd ſoil ſome dang'rous taint they bear;
So roſes grow on thorns, and honey wears a ſting.

II.

In vain we ſeek a heav'n below the ſky;
The world has falſe but flatt'ring charms;
Its diſtant joys ſhew big in our eſteem,
But leſſen ſtill as they draw near the eye.
In our embrace the viſions die;
And, when we graſp the airy forms,
We loſe the pleaſing dream.

III.

Earth, with her ſcenes of gay delight,
Is but a landſcape rudely drawn,
With glaring colours and falſe light;

Distance commends it to the sight,
For fools to gaze upon;
But, bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

IV.

Look up, my soul! pant tow'rd th'eternal hills;
Those heav'ns are fairer than they seem;
There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills;
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief disturbs, the stream.
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No cursed soil, no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

Felicity above.

I.

NO, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss;
For bliss can ne'er be found
Till we arrive where JESUS is,
And tread on heav'nly ground.

II.

There's nothing round these painted skies,
Or round this dusty clod,
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy GOD.

III.

'Tis heav'n on earth to taſte his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace;
And all the heav'n I hope above
Is but to ſee his face.

IV.

Why move my years in ſlow delay?
O GOD of ages! why?
Let the ſphere cleave, and mark my way
To the ſuperior ſky.

V.

Dear Sov'reign, break theſe vital ſtrings
That bind me to my clay;
Take me, URIEL, on thy wings,
And ſtretch and ſoar away.

GOD's *Dominion and Decrees.*

I.

KEEP ſilence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
The muſe ſtands trembling while ſhe ſings
The honours of her GOD.

II.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He ſits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

III.

Th'almighty voice bade antient night
Her endleſs realms reſign;
And, lo, ten thouſand globes of light
In fields of azure ſhine.

IV.

Now wiſdom, with ſuperior ſway,
Guides the vaſt moving frame,
Whilſt all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

V.

He ſpake: The ſun obedient ſtood,
And held the falling day:
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And diſappoints the ſea.

VI.

Lord of the armies of the ſky,
He marſhals all the ſtars:
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

VII.

Chain'd to the throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With ev'ry angel's form and ſize,
Drawn by th'eternal pen.

VIII.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counſels ſhine:
Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry ſtroke,
Fulfils ſome deep deſign.

IX.

Here he exalts neglected worms
To ſcepters and a crown;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

X.

Not Gabriel aſks the reaſon why,
Nor GOD the reaſon gives;
Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

XI.

My GOD, I never long'd to ſee
My fate with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright ſcenes ſhall riſe.

XII.

In thy fair book of Life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded, in ſome humble place,
Beneath my LORD, the LAMB!

Self-Conſecration.

I.

IT grieves me, LORD, it grieves me ſore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more,
And waſted half my days;

My inward pow'rs shall burn and flame
With zeal and passion for thy name:
I would not speak but for my GOD, nor move but to his praise.

II.

What are my eyes, but aids to see
The glories of the deity,
Inscrib'd, with beams of light,
On flow'rs and stars? LORD, I behold
The shining azure, green, and gold;
But, when I try to read thy name, a dimness veils my Sight.

III.

Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil sings
Sicilian swains or Trojan kings,
And drink the music in:
Why should the trumpet's brazen voice,
Or oaten reed, awake my joys,
And yet my heart so stupid lie when sacred hymns begin?

IV.

Change me, O GOD; my flesh shall be
An instrument of song to thee,
And thou the notes inspire:
My tongue shall keep the heav'nly chime,
My cheerful pulse shall beat the time,
And sweet variety of sound shall in thy praise conspire.

V.

The dearest nerve about my heart,
Should it refuse to bear a part
With my melodious breath,
I'd tear away the vital chord,
A bloody victim to my LORD,
And live without that impious string, or shew my zeal in death.

The CREATOR *and Creatures.*

I.

GOD is a name my soul adores,
Th'ALMIGHTY THREE, th'ETERNAL ONE;
Nature and grace, with all their pow'rs,
Confess the infinite Unknown.

II.

From thy great self thy being springs;
Thou art thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficience bears them all.

III.

Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears,
Through all these spacious works of thine.

IV.

Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

V.

A glance of thine runs through the globes,
Rules the bright world, and moves their frame;
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes;
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

VI.

Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worſhip in ſubmiſſive forms;
Thy preſence ſhakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

VII.

How ſhall affrighted mortals dare
To ſing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie ſo far,
And ſee but ſhadows of thy face?

VIII.

Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach conſuming flame?
None but thy wiſdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can ſpeak thy name.

The Nativity of CHRIST.

I.

" SHEPHERDS, rejoice! lift up your eyes,
" And ſend your fears away:
" News from the region of the ſkies!
" Salvation's born to-day!

II.

" JESUS, the GOD whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you;
" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.

III.

" No gold, nor purple ſwaddling-bands,
" Nor royal ſhining things:
" A manger for his cradle ſtands,
" And holds the KING of kings.

IV.

" Go, ſhepherds, where the Infant lies,
" And ſee his humble throne;
" With tears of joy in all your eyes,
" Go, ſhepherds, kiſs the SON."

V.

Thus Gabriel ſang, and ſtraight around
The heav'nly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty ſound,
And thus conclude the ſong:

VI.

" Glory to GOD that reigns above;
" Let peace ſurround the earth.
" Mortals ſhall know their Maker's love
" At their Redeemer's birth."

VII.

LORD! and ſhall angels have their ſongs,
And men no tunes to raiſe?
O may we loſe theſe uſeleſs tongues,
When they forget to praiſe!

VIII.

Glory to GOD that reigns above,
That pity'd us forlorn;
We join to ſing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

GOD *glorious and Sinners saved.*

I.

FATHER, how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known through the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſands through the ſkies.

II.

Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill,
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience ſtill.

III.

Part of thy name divinely ſtands
On all thy creatures writ;
They ſhew the labour of thine hands,
Or impreſs of thy feet.

IV.

But, when we view thy ſtrange deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms;

V.

Our thoughts are loſt in rev'rend awe;
We love and we adore.
The firſt archangel never ſaw
So much of GOD before.

VI.

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.

VII.

When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones.
Oh! the dear myst'ries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

VIII.

Now the full glories of the LAMB
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn IMMANUEL's name,
And try their choicest strains.

IX.

O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joys shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

The humble Enquiry.

A *French* Sonnet imitated. 1695.

Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens, &c.

I.

GRACE rules below and sits enthron'd above.
How few the sparks of wrath! how slow they move,
And drop and die in boundless seas of love!

II.

But me, vile wretch! should pitying love embrace
Deep in its ocean, hell itself would blaze,
And flash, and burn me through the boundless seas.

III.

Yea, LORD, my guilt, to such a vastness grown,
Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
And calls thy pow'r to vindicate thy throne.

IV.

Thy honour bids, "Avenge thine injur'd name;"
Thy slighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
While my moist tears might but incense thy flame.

V.

Should heav'n grow black, almighty thunder roar,
And vengeance blast me, I could plead no more,
But own thy justice, dying, and adore.

VI.

Yet can those bolts of death, that cleave the flood
To reach a rebel, pierce this sacred shroud,
Ting'd in the vital stream of my Redeemer's blood?

The Penitent pardoned.

I.

HENCE from my soul, my sins, depart;
Your fatal friendship now I see;
Long have you dwelt too near my heart;
Hence, to eternal distance flee.

II.

Ye gave my dying LORD his wound,
Yet I caress'd your vip'rous brood,
And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round,
You, the vile murd'rers of my GOD.

III.

Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll
O'er my poor breaſt with boding fears,
And, cruſhing hard my tortur'd ſoul,
Wring through my eyes the briny tears.

IV.

Forgive my treaſons, Prince of grace;
The bloody Jews were traitors too;
Yet thou haſt pray'd for that curs'd race:
Father, they know not what they do.

V.

Great Advocate! look down, and ſee
A wretch whoſe ſmarting ſorrows bleed!
O plead the ſame excuſe for me!
For, LORD, I knew not what I did.

VI.

Peace, my complaints: let ev'ry groan
Be ſtill, and ſilence wait his love;
Compaſſions dwell amidſt his throne,
And through his inmoſt bowels move.

VII.

Lo, from the everlaſting ſkies,
Gently as morning dews diſtil,
The dove immortal downward flies,
With peaceful olive in his bill.

VIII.

How ſweet the voice of pardon ſounds!
Sweet the relief to deep diſtreſs!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my pow'rs adore the grace.

A Hymn of Praise for three great Salvations:

VIZ.

1. From the Spanish Invasion, 1588.
2. From the Gun-powder Plot, Nov. 5.
3. From Popery and Slavery, by King WILLIAM, of glorious Memory, who landed Nov. 5, 1688.

Composed Nov. 5, 1695.

I.

INFINITE GOD! thy counsels stand
Like mountains of eternal brass,
Pillars to prop our sinking land,
Or guardian-rocks to break the seas.

II.

From pole to pole thy name is known;
Thee a whole heav'n of angels praise;
Our lab'ring tongues would reach thy throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

III.

Part of thy church, by thy command,
Stands rais'd upon the British isles:
"There, said the LORD, to ages stand,
"Firm as the everlasting hills."

IV.

In vain the Spaniſh ocean roar'd;
Its billows ſwell'd againſt our ſhore:
Its billows ſunk beneath thy word,
With all the floating war they bore.

V.

"Come," ſaid the ſons of bloody Rome,
"Let us provide new arms from hell:"
And down they digg'd through earth's dark womb,
And ranſack'd all the burning cell.

VI.

Old Satan lent them fiery ſtores,
Infernal coal and ſulph'rous flame,
And all that burns and all that roars,
Outrageous fires of dreadful name!

VII.

Beneath the ſenate and the throne
Engines of helliſh thunder lay:
There the dark ſeeds of fire were ſown,
To ſpring a bright, but diſmal, day.

VIII.

Thy love beheld the black deſign,
Thy love, that guards our iſland round:
Strange! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And cruſh'd the tempeſt under ground!

The Second Part.

I.

ASSUME, my tongue, a nobler ſtrain,
Sing the new wonders of the LORD;
The foes revive their pow'rs again,
Again they die beneath his ſword.

II.

Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
While tyranny poſſeſs'd the throne,
And murd'rers, of an Iriſh ſoul,
Ran, threat'ning death, through ev'ry town.

III.

The Roman prieſt and Britiſh prince
Join'd their beſt force and blackeſt charms,
And the fierce troops of neighb'ring France
Offer'd the ſervice of their arms.

IV.

" 'Tis done," they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud;
The courts of darkneſs rang with joy;
Th'old ſerpent hiſs'd, and hell grew proud,
While Zion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

V.

But, lo, the great deliv'rer ſails,
Commiſſion'd from JEHOVAH's hand,
And ſmiling ſeas and wiſhing gales
Convey him to the longing land.

VI.

The happy day and happy year } Nov. 5, 1688.
Both in our new ſalvation meet: }
The day that quench'd the burning ſnare, } Nov. 5.
The year that burnt th'invading fleet. } 1588.

VII.

Now did thine arm, O GOD of hoſts,
Now did thine arm ſhine dazzling bright!
The ſons of might their hands had loſt,
And men of blood forgot to fight.

VIII.

Brigades of angels lin'd the way,
And guarded William to his throne:
There, ye celeſtial warriors, ſtay,
And make his palace like your own.

IX.

Then, mighty GOD, the earth ſhall know,
And learn the worſhip of the ſky:
Angels and Britons join below
To raiſe their hallelujahs high.

X.

All hallelujah, heav'nly king!
While diſtant lands thy vict'ry ſing,
And tongues their utmoſt pow'rs employ,
The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

The Incomprehenſible.

I.

FAR in the heav'ns my GOD retires,
My GOD, the mark of my deſires,
And hides his lovely face.
When he deſcends within my view,
He charms my reaſon to purſue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th'unequal chace.

II.

Or, if I reach unuſual height,
Till near his preſence brought,
There floods of glory check my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
And all untune my thought;
Plung'd in a ſea of light I roll,
Where Wiſdom, Juſtice, Mercy, ſhines;
Infinite rays, in croſſing lines,
Beat thick confuſion on my ſight, and overwhelm my ſoul.

III.

Come to my aid, ye fellow-minds,
And help me reach the throne;
(What ſingle ſtrength in vain deſigns
United force hath done;
Thus worms may join, and graſp the poles,
Thus atoms fill the ſea;)
But the whole race of creature-ſouls,
Stretch'd to their laſt extent of thought, plunge and are loſt in thee.

IV.

Great GOD, behold, my reaſon lies
Adoring, yet my love would riſe
On pinions not her own.
Faith ſhall direct her humble flight,
Through all the trackleſs ſeas of light,
To thee, th'eternal Fair, the infinite Unknown!

Death

Death and Eternity.

I.

MY thoughts, that often mount the ſkies,
Go ſearch the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her ſov'reign, Death.

II.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies ſpread around!
And heaps of duſt and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

III.

Theſe ſculls, what ghaſtly figures now!
How lotheſome to the eyes!
Theſe are the heads we lately knew
So beauteous and ſo wiſe.

IV.

But where the ſouls, thoſe deathleſs things,
That left this dying clay?
My thoughts, now ſtretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

V.

O that unfathomable ſea!
Thoſe deeps without a ſhore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

VI.

Thus muſt we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful ſea;
Vain are our groans, and dying ſtrife,
To gain a moment's ſtay.

VII.

There we ſhall ſwim in heav'nly bliſs,
Or ſink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcaſe thoughtleſs lies
Amongſt the ſilent graves.

VIII.

Some hearty friend ſhall drop his tear
On our dry bones, and ſay:
" Theſe once were ſtrong, as mine appear,
" And mine muſt be as they."

IX.

Thus ſhall our mould'ring members teach
What now our ſenſes learn:
For duſt and aſhes loudeſt preach
Man's infinite concern.

A Sight of Heaven in Sickneſs.

I.

OFT have I ſat in ſecret ſighs
To feel my fleſh decay;
Then groan'd aloud, with frighted eyes,
To view the tott'ring clay.

II.

But I forbid my ſorrows now,
Nor dares the fleſh complain;
Diſeaſes bring their profits too,
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

III.

My cheerful ſoul now all the day
Sits waiting here, and ſings;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practiſes her wings.

IV.

Faith almoſt changes into ſight,
While from afar ſhe ſpies
Her fair inheritance in light
Above created ſkies.

V.

Had but the priſon-walls been ſtrong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkneſs ſhe had dwelt too long,
And leſs of glory ſaw.

VI.

But now the everlaſting hills
Through ev'ry chink appear,
And ſomething of the joy ſhe feels
While ſhe's a pris'ner here.

VII.

The ſhines of heav'n ruſh ſweetly in
At all the gaping flaws;
Viſions of endleſs bliſs are ſeen,
And native air ſhe draws.

VIII.

O may theſe walls ſtand tott'ring ſtill,
The breaches never cloſe,
If I muſt here in darkneſs dwell,
And all this glory loſe!

IX.

Or rather let this fleſh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till, glad to ſee th'enlarged way,
I ſtretch my pinions through.

The universal Hallelujah.

Psalm cxlviii. paraphrased.

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD with joyful tongue,
Ye pow'rs that guard his throne;
JESUS, the MAN, shall lead the song,
The GOD inspire the tune.

II.

Gabriel, and all th'immortal choir
That fill the realms above,
Sing; for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

III.

Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter GOD.

IV.

Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

V.

Blush, and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names:
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

VI.

Winds, ye ſhall bear his name aloud
Through the etherial blue;
For, when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

VII.

Thunder and hail, and fires and ſtorms,
The troops of his command,
Appear, in all your dreadful forms,
And ſpeak his awful hand.

VIII.

Shout to the LORD, ye ſurging ſeas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe,
And ſhore reply to ſhore;

IX.

While monſters, ſporting on the flood,
In ſcaly ſilver ſhine,
Speak terribly their Maker, GOD,
And laſh the foaming brine.

X.

But gentler things ſhall tune his name
To ſofter notes than theſe;
Young Zephyrs breathing o'er the ſtream,
Or whiſp'ring through the trees.

XI.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bade you grow;
Sweet cluſters bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.

XII.

Let the ſhrill birds his honour raiſe,
And climb the morning-ſky;
While grov'ling beaſts attempt his praiſe
In hoarſer harmony.

XIII.

Thus while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals take the ſound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

XIV.

Th'eternal Name muſt fly abroad
From Britain to Japan,
And the whole race ſhall bow to GOD
That owns the name of man.

The Atheiſt's Miſtake.

I.

LAUGH, ye profane, and ſwell and burſt
With bold impiety;
Yet ſhall ye live, for ever curs'd,
And ſeek in vain to die.

II.

The gaſp of your expiring breath
Conſigns your ſouls to chains,
By the laſt agonies of death
Sent down to fiercer pains.

III.

Ye ſtand upon a dreadful ſteep,
And all beneath is hell;
Your weighty guilt will ſink you deep
Where the old ſerpent fell.

IV.

When iron ſlumbers bind your fleſh,
With ſtrange ſurpriſe you'll find
Immortal vigour ſpring afreſh,
And tortures wake the mind!

V.

Then you'll confeſs, the frightful names
Of plagues, you ſcorn'd before,
No more ſhall look like idle dreams,
Like fooliſh tales no more.

VI.

Then ſhall ye curſe that fatal day,
(With flames upon your tongues,)
When you exchang'd your ſouls away
For vanity and ſongs.

VII.

Behold, the ſaints rejoice to die,
For heav'n ſhines round their heads,
And angel-guards, prepar'd to fly,
Attend their fainting beds.

VIII.

Their longing ſpirits part, and riſe
To their celeſtial ſeat;
Above theſe ruinable ſkies
They make their laſt retreat.

IX.

Hence, ye profane! I hate your ways,
I walk with pious ſouls;
There's a wide diff'rence in our race,
And diſtant are our goals.

The Law given at Sinai.

I.

ARM thee with thunder, heav'nly muſe,
And keep th'expecting world in awe.
Oft haſt thou ſung, in gentler mood,
The melting mercies of thy GOD;
Now give thy fierceſt fires a looſe,
And ſound his dreadful law:
To Iſr'el firſt the words were ſpoke,
To Iſr'el, freed from Egypt's yoke.
Inhuman bondage! the hard galling load
Over-preſs'd their feeble ſouls,
Bent their knees to ſenſeleſs bulls,
And broke their ties to GOD.

II.

Now had they paſs'd th'Arabian bay,
And march'd between the cleaving ſea:
The riſing waves ſtood guardians of their wondrous way;
But fell with moſt impetuous force
On the purſuing ſwarms,
And bury'd Egypt all in arms,
Blending in wat'ry death the rider and the horſe:
O'er ſtruggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty tide,
And ſav'd the labours of a pyramid.
Apis and Ore in vain he cries,
And all his horned gods beſide;
He ſwallows fate with ſwimming eyes,
And curs'd the Hebrews as he dy'd.

III.

Ah! fooliſh Iſr'el to comply
With Memphian idolatry,
And bow to brutes, (a ſtupid ſlave,)
To idols, impotent to ſave!

Behold thy GOD, the sovereign of the sky,
Has wrought salvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron sleep,
And rais'd thine honours high.
His grace forgives thy follies past,
Behold he comes in majesty,
And Sinai's top proclaims his law:
Prepare to meet thy GOD in haste;
But keep an awful distance still;
Let Moses round the sacred hill
The circling limits draw.

IV.

Hark! the shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near;
Slow and unwilling they appear,
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear:
'Twas the same herald, and the trump the same
Which shall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of nature stand,
And heav'n's eternal will proclaim,
That "Time shall be no more."

V.

Thus while the labouring angel swell'd the sound,
And rent the skies, and shook the ground,
Up rose th'Almighty; round his sapphire seat
Adoring thrones in order fell;
The lesser pow'rs at distance dwell,
And cast their glories down successive at his feet;
Gabriel the great prepares his way,
"Lift up your heads, eternal doors," he cries:
Th'eternal doors his word obey,
Open and shoot celestial day
Upon the lower skies.

Heav'ns mighty pillars bow'd their head,
As their Creator bade,
And down JEHOVAH rode from the ſuperior ſphere,
A thouſand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

VI.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,
The wheels beſet with burning gems:
The winds in harneſs with the flames
Flew o'er the æthereal road:
Down through his magazines he paſt
Of hail, and ice, and fleecy ſnow,
Swift roll'd the triumph, and as faſt
Did hail and ice, in melted rivers, flow:
The day was mingled with the night,
His feet on ſolid darkneſs trod,
His radiant eyes proclaim'd the GOD,
And ſcatter'd dreadful light;
He breath'd, and ſulphur ran, a fiery ſtream:
He ſpoke, and (though with unknown ſpeed he came)
Chid the ſlow tempeſt, and the lagging flame.

VII.

Sinai receiv'd his glorious flight,
With axle red, and glowing wheel,
Did the winged chariot light,
And riſing ſmoke obſcur'd the burning hill.
Lo, it mounts in curling waves,
Lo, the gloomy pride out-braves
The ſtately pyramids of fire;
The pyramids to heav'n aſpire,
And mix with ſtars, but ſee their gloomy offspring higher.

So have you ſeen ungrateful ivy grow
Round the tall oak that ſix-ſcore years has ſtood,
And proudly ſhoot a leaf or two
Above its kind ſupporter's utmoſt bough,
And glory there to ſtand, the loftieſt of the wood.

VIII.

Forbear, young muſe, forbear;
The flow'ry things that poets ſay,
The little arts of ſimile,
Are vain and uſeleſs here;
Nor ſhall the burning hills of old,
With Sinai be compar'd,
Nor all that lying Greece has told,
Or learned Rome has heard;
Ætna ſhall be nam'd no more,
Ætna, the torch of Sicily;
Not half ſo high
Her lightnings fly,
Not half ſo loud her thunders roar
Croſs the Sicanian ſea, to fright the Italian ſhore:
Behold the ſacred hill, its trembling ſpire
Quakes at the terrors of the fire,
While all below its verdant feet
Stagger and reel under th'almighty weight:
Preſs'd with a greater than feign'd Atlas' load,
Deep groan'd the mount; it never bore
Infinity before:
It bow'd, and ſhook beneath the burden of a GOD!

IX.

Freſh horrors ſeize the camp, deſpair,
And dying groans, torment the air,

And ſhrieks, and ſwoons, and deaths, were there;
The bellowing thunder, and the lightning's blaze,
Spread through the hoſt a wild amaze;
Darkneſs on ev'ry ſoul, and pale was ev'ry face:
Confus'd and diſmal were the cries,
"Let Moſes ſpeak, or Iſrael dies:"
Moſes the ſpreading terror feels,
No more the man of GOD conceals
His ſhivering and ſurpriſe:
Yet, with recovering mind, commands
Silence, and deep attention, through the Hebrew bands.

X.

Hark! from the centre of the flame,
All arm'd and feather'd with the ſame,
Majeſtic ſounds break through the ſmoky cloud:
Sent from the all-creating tongue,
A flight of cherubs guard the words along,
And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd!

XI.

"I am the LORD: 'tis I proclaim
"That glorious and that fearful name,
"THY GOD AND KING: 'twas I, that broke
"Thy bondage, and th'Egyptian yoke;
"Mine is the right to ſpeak my will,
"And thine, the duty to fulfil:
"Adore no GOD beſide me, to provoke mine eyes,
"Nor worſhip me in ſhapes and forms that men deviſe;
"With rev'rence uſe my name, nor turn my words to jeſt;
"Obſerve my ſabbath well, nor dare profane my reſt;
"Honour, and due obedience, to thy parents give,
"Nor ſpill the guiltleſs blood, nor let the guilty live:

" Preſerve thy body chaſte, and flee th'unlawful bed,
" Nor ſteal thy neighbour's gold, his garment, or his
" bread;
" Forbear to blaſt his name with falſehood or deceit;
" Nor let thy wiſhes looſe upon his large eſtate."

Remember your Creator, &c. Eccleſ. xii.

I.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, GOD,
Your early honours pay,
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts aſtray.

II.

The memory of his mighty name
Demands your firſt regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
'Till you have lov'd the LORD.

III.

Be wiſe, and make his favour ſure,
Before the mournful days,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life, and ſtrength, decays.

IV.

No more the bleſſings of a feaſt,
Shall reliſh on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets the taſte
And pleaſure of a ſong.

V.

Old age, with all her dismal train,
Invades your golden years
With sighs, and groans, and raging pain,
And death that never spares.

VI.

What will you do when light departs
And leaves your withering eyes,
Without one beam to cheer your hearts
From the superior skies?

VII.

How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or stand before his seat,
While nature's old supporters bow,
Nor bear their tott'ring weight?

VIII.

Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a strong defence,
When Death, with terrible alarms,
Summons the pris'ner hence?

IX.

The silver bands of nature burst,
And let the building fall;
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
Its vile original.

X.

Laden with guilt, (a heavy load,)
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The soul returns t'an angry God,
To be shut out from heav'n.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, praiſe ye the LORD.

I.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou ſun, whoſe beams adorn the ſpheres,
And with unweary'd ſwiftneſs move,
To form the circles of our years.

II.

Praiſe the Creator of the ſkies,
That dreſs'd thine orb in golden rays:
Or may the ſun forget to riſe,
If he forget his Maker's praiſe.

III.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of ſilence, ſilver moon,
Whoſe gentle beams and borrow'd light,
Are ſofter rivals of the noon;

IV.

Ariſe, and to that ſov'reign Pow'r
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the duſky hour,
And half ſupply the abſent day.

V.

Ye twinkling ſtars, who gild the ſkies
When darkneſs has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch, with wakeful eyes,
When buſineſs, cares, and day, are gone.

VI.

Proclaim the glories of your LORD,
Diſpers'd through all the heav'nly ſtreet,
Whoſe boundleſs treaſures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

VII.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, ſupremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where, with inimitable light,
The Godhead condeſcends to ſhine.

VIII.

Praiſe thou thy great Inhabitant,
Who ſcatters lovely beams of grace
On ev'ry angel, ev'ry ſaint,
Nor veils the luſtre of his face.

IX.

O GOD of glory, GOD of love,
Thou art the ſun that makes our days:
With all thy ſhining works above,
Let earth and duſt attempt thy praiſe.

The Welcome Meſſenger.

I.

LORD, when we ſee a ſaint of thine,
Lie gaſping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death;

II.

How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

III.

Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his place;
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

IV.

JESUS, then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

V.

Oh! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

IV.

Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet:

VII.

I'd leap at once my seventy years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath, and all my cares,
Amidst those heav'nly charms.

VIII.

Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeleſs clay,
Without a ſigh, without a groan,
And ſtretch and ſoar away.

Sincere Praiſe.

I.

ALMIGHTY Maker, GOD!
How wond'rous is thy Name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame!

II.

Nature in every dreſs
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thouſand ways t'expreſs
Thine undiſſembled praiſe.

III.

In native white and red
The roſe and lily ſtand,
And, free from pride, their beauties ſpread,
To ſhew thy ſkilful hand.

IV.

The lark mounts up the ſky,
With unambitious ſong,
And bears her Maker's praiſe on high
Upon her artleſs tongue.

V.

My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

VI.

But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

VII.

Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design;
Some of the favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

VIII.

The very songs I frame
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name
To build their own applause.

IX.

Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

X.

Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above,
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love.

XI.

Let joy and worſhip ſpend
The remnant of our days,
And to my GOD, my ſoul, aſcend,
In ſweet perfumes of praiſe.

True Learning.

Partly imitated from a *French* Sonnet of Mr. *Poiret*.

I.

HAPPY the feet that ſhining TRUTH has led
With her own hand to tread the path ſhe pleaſe,
To ſee her native luſtre round her ſpread,
Without a vail, without a ſhade,
All beauty, and all light, as in herſelf ſhe is.

II.

Our ſenſes cheat us with the preſſing crouds
Of painted ſhapes they thruſt upon the mind:
The truth they ſhew lies wrapp'd in ſevenfold ſhrouds,
Our ſenſes caſt a thouſand clouds
On unenlighten'd ſouls, and leave them doubly blind.

III.

I hate the duſt that fierce diſputers raiſe,
And loſe the mind in a wild maze of thought:
What empty triflings, and what ſubtil ways,
To fence and guard my rule and rote!
Our GOD will never charge us, That we knew them not.

IV.

Touch, heav'nly WORD, O touch theſe curious ſouls;
Since I have heard but one ſoft hint from thee,
From all the vain opinions of the ſchools
(That pageantry of knowing fools)
I feel my powers releas'd, and ſtand divinely free.

V.

'Twas this almighty WORD that all things made,
He graſps whole nature in his ſingle hand;
All the eternal truths in him are laid,
The ground of all things, and their head,
The circle where they move, and centre where they ſtand.

VI.

Without his aid I have no ſure defence,
From troops of errors that beſiege me round;
But he that reſts his reaſon and his ſenſe
Faſt here, and never wanders hence,
Unmoveable he dwells upon unſhaken ground.

VII.

Infinite TRUTH, the life of my deſires,
Come from the ſky, and join thyſelf to me;
I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires;
But never tir'd of telling thee,
'Tis thy fair face alone my ſpirit burns to ſee.

VIII.

Speak to my ſoul, alone, no other hand
Shall mark my path out with deluſive art:
All nature, ſilent, in his preſence ſtand,
Creatures, be dumb at his command,
And leave his ſingle voice to whiſper to my heart.

IX.

Retire, my ſoul, within thyſelf retire,
Away from ſenſe and every outward ſhow:
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aſpire,
My knowledge now on wheels of fire
May mount and ſpread above, ſurveying all below.

X.

The LORD grows laviſh of his heav'nly light,
And pours whole floods on ſuch a mind as this:
Fled from the eyes ſhe gains a piercing ſight,
She dives into the infinite,
And ſees unutterable things in that unknown abyſs.

True Wiſdom.

I.

PRonounce him bleſt, my muſe, whom WISDOM guides
In her own path to her own heav'nly ſeat;
Through all the ſtorms his ſoul ſecurely glides,
Nor can the tempeſts, nor the tides,
That riſe and roar around, ſupplant his ſteady feet.

II.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
And ſeek in vain a paſſage to his breaſt,
Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
He ſmiles, and ſees them vainly try
To lure his ſoul aſide from her eternal reſt.

III.

Our head-ſtrong luſts, like a young fiery horſe,
Start, and flee raging in a violent courſe;
He tames and breaks them, manages and rides 'em,
Checks their career, and turns and guides 'em,
And bids his reaſon bridle their licentious force.

IV.

Lord of himſelf, he rules his wildeſt thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he deſign'd,
While he looks down and pities human faults;
Nor can he think, nor can he find,
A plague like reigning paſſions, and a ſubject mind.

V.

But, oh! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height,
To vanquiſh ſelf is a laborious art;
What manly courage to ſuſtain the fight,
To bear the noble pain, and part
With thoſe dear charming tempters rooted in the heart.

VI.

'Tis hard to ſtand when all the paſſions move,
Hard to awake the eye that paſſion blinds,
To rend and tear out this unhappy love,
That clings ſo cloſe about our minds,
And where th'enchanted ſoul ſo ſweet a poiſon finds.

VII.

Hard; but it may be done. Come, heav'nly fire,
Come to my breaſt, and with one pow'rful ray
Melt off my luſts, my fetters: I can bear
A while to be a tenant here,
But not be chain'd and priſon'd in a cage of clay.

VIII.

Heav'n is my home and I muſt uſe my wings;
Sublime above the globe my flight aſpires:
I have a ſoul was made to pity kings,
And all their little glittering things:
I have a ſoul was made for infinite deſires.

IX.

Loos'd from the earth, my heart is upward flown;
Farewel, my friends, and all that once was mine;
Now, ſhould you fix my feet on Cæſar's throne,
Crown me, and call the world my own,
The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my ſoul confine.

X.

I am the LORD's, and JESUS is my love;
He, the dear GOD, ſhall fill my vaſt deſire,
My fleſh below; yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my Saviour move;
There all my ſoul ſhall centre, all my pow'rs conſpire.

XI.

Thus I with angels live; thus, half divine,
I ſit on high, nor mind inferior joys:
Fill'd with his love, I feel that GOD is mine,
His glory is my great deſign,
That everlaſting project all my thoughts employs.

A Song to Creating Wisdom.

PART I.

I.

ETERNAL WISDOM, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.

II.

Place me on the bright wings of day
To travel with the sun;
With what amaze shall I survey
The wonders thou hast done!

III.

Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

IV.

There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run;
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the sun.

PART II.

V.

Downward I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy num'rous glories shew,

VI.

The noiſy winds ſtand ready there
Thy orders to obey,
With ſounding wings they ſweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

VII.

There, like a trumpet loud and ſtrong,
Thy thunder ſhakes our coaſt:
While the red light'nings wave along,
The banners of thine hoſt.

VIII.

On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful ſhowers around:
At thy command they ſink, and drop
Their fatneſs on the ground.

PART III.

IX.

Now to the earth I bend my ſong,
And caſt my eyes abroad:
Glancing the Britiſh iſles along;
Bleſt iſles, confeſs your GOD.

X.

How did his wond'rous ſkill array
Your fields in charming green;
A thouſand herbs his art diſplay,
A thouſand flowers between!

XI.

Tall oaks for future navies grow,
Fair Albion's beſt defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below,
Thoſe luxuries of ſenſe.

XII.

The bleating flocks his paſture feeds:
And herds of larger ſize,
That bellow through the Lindian meads,
His bounteous hand ſupplies.

PART IV.

XIII.

We ſee the Thames careſs the ſhores,
He guides her ſilver flood:
While angry Severn ſwells and roars,
Yet hears her ruler, GOD.

XIV.

The rolling mountains of the deep
Obſerve his ſtrong command;
His breath can raiſe the billows ſteep,
Or ſink them to the ſand.

XV.

Amidſt thy wat'ry kingdoms, LORD,
The finny nations play,
And ſcaly monſters, at thy word,
Ruſh through the northern ſea.

PART V.

XVI.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And ſtrike the gazing ſight,
Through ſkies, and ſeas, and ſolid ground,
With terror and delight.

XVII.

Infinite ſtrength, and equal ſkill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our ſouls with vaſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the builder, GOD.

XVIII.

But the ſweet beauties of thy grace
Our ſofter paſſions move;
Pity divine, in JESUS' face,
We ſee, adore, and love.

GOD's *abſolute Dominion.*

I.

LORD, when my thoughtful ſoul ſurveys
Fire, air, and earth, and ſtars and ſeas,
I call them all thy ſlaves;
Commiſſion'd by my Father's will,
Poiſons ſhall cure, or balms ſhall kill;
Vernal ſuns, or Zephyr's breath,
May burn or blaſt the plants to death
That ſharp December ſaves;
What can winds or planets boaſt
But a precarious pow'r?
The ſun is all in darkneſs loſt,
Froſt ſhall be fire, and fire be froſt,
When he appoints the hour.

II.

Lo, the Norwegians, near the polar ſky,
Chafe their frozen limbs with ſnow;
Their frozen limbs awake and glow.
The vital flame, touch'd with a ſtrange ſupply,
Rekindles, for the GOD of life is nigh;
He bids the vital flood in wonted circles flow.
Cold ſteel, expos'd to northern air,
Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight Bear,
And burns th'unwary ſtranger there.

III.

Enquire, my ſoul, of ancient fame,
Look back two thouſand years, and ſee
Th'Aſſyrian prince transform'd a brute,
For boaſting to be abſolute:
Once to his court the GOD of Iſrael came,
A KING more abſolute than he;
I ſee the furnace blaze with rage
Seven-fold: I ſee, amidſt the flame,
Three Hebrews of immortal name;
They move, they walk acroſs the burning ſtage,
Unhurt, and fearleſs, while the tyrant ſtood
A ſtatue; fear congeal'd his blood:
Nor did the raging element dare
Attempt their garments or their hair;
It knew the LORD of nature there.
Nature, compell'd by a ſuperior cauſe,
Now breaks her own eternal laws,
Now ſeems to break them, and obeys
Her ſov'reign King in different ways.
Father, how bright thy glories ſhine!
How broad thy kingdom, how divine!
Nature, and miracle, and fate, and chance, are thine.

IV.

Hence, from my heart, ye idols, flee,
Ye ſounding names of vanity!
No more my lips ſhall ſacrifice
To chance and nature, tales and lies:
Creatures without a God can yield me no ſupplies.
What is the ſun, or what the ſhade,
Or froſts, or flames, to kill or ſave?
His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me dead;
And as his awful dictates bid,
Earth is my mother, or my grave.

Condeſcending Grace.

In Imitation of the cxivth Pſalm.

I.

WHEN the Eternal bows the ſkies
To viſit earthly things,
With ſcorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings;

II.

Rides on a cloud, diſdainful, by
A ſultan, or a czar,
Laughs at the worms that riſe ſo high,
Or frowns 'em from afar;

III.

He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the ſkies,
To viſit every humble ſoul,
With pleaſure in his eyes.

IV.

Why ſhould the LORD, that reigns above,
Diſdain ſo lofty kings?
Say, LORD, and why ſuch looks of love
Upon ſuch worthleſs things?

V.

Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Diſpute his awful will?
Aſk no account of his affairs,
But tremble, and be ſtill.

VI.

Juſt like his nature is his grace,
All ſovereign, and all free;
Great GOD, how ſearchleſs are thy ways!
How deep thy judgements be!

The Infinite.

I.

SOME ſeraph, lend your heav'nly Tongue,
Or harps of golden ſtring,
That I may raiſe a lofty ſong
To our eternal King.

II.

Thy names, how infinite they be!
Great EVERLASTING One!
Boundleſs thy might and majeſty,
And unconfin'd thy throne!

III.

Thy glories ſhine of wond'rous ſize,
And wond'rous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

IV.

Thine eſſence is a vaſt abyſs,
Which angels cannot ſound,
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

V.

The myſteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can aſcend above the ſky,
And fly before the winds.

VI.

Reaſon may graſp the maſſy hills,
And ſtretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our ſpirit fills,
And overloads our ſoul.

VII.

In vain our haughty reaſon ſwells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundleſs inconceivables,
And vaſt eternity!

Confeſſion and Pardon.

I.

ALAS, my aking heart!
Here the keen torment lies;
It racks my waking hours with ſmart,
And frights my ſlumb'ring eyes.

II.

Guilt will be hid no more,
My griefs take vent apace;
The crimes, that blot my conscience o'er,
Flush crimson in my face.

III.

My sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my GOD,
Pour out a long complaint.

IV.

This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the LORD,
Could rush with violence on to sin,
In presence of thy sword.

V.

How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
The calls, the tenders, of a GOD,
And mercies loudest cries!

VI.

He offers all his grace,
And all his heav'n to me;
Offers! but 'tis to senseless brass,
That cannot feel nor see.

VII.

JESUS, the Saviour, stands
To court me from above,
And looks and spreads his wounded hands,
And shews the prints of love.

VIII.

But I, a ſtupid fool,
How long have I withſtood
The bleſſings purchas'd with his ſoul,
And paid for all in blood?

IX.

The heav'nly Dove came down
And tender'd me his wings,
To mount me upward to a crown,
And bright immortal things.

X.

LORD, I'm aſham'd to ſay
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And ſent thy Spirit griev'd away,
To his own realms of love.

XI.

Not all thine heav'nly charms,
Nor terrors of thy hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms,
And bow to thy command.

XII.

LORD, 'tis againſt thy face
My ſins like arrows riſe
And yet, and yet, (O matchleſs grace!)
Thy thunder ſilent lies.

XIII.

O ſhall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of ſuch hell-harden'd ſteel
That mercy cannot move?

XIV.

Now for one powerful glance,
Dear SAVIOUR, from thy face!
This rebel heart no more withſtands,
But ſinks beneath thy grace.

XV.

O'ercome by dying love I fall,
Here at thy croſs I lie:
And throw my fleſh, my ſoul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

XVI.

" Riſe, ſays the Prince of mercy, riſe,
" (With joy and pity in his eyes:)
" Riſe and behold my wounded veins,
" Here flows the blood to waſh thy ſtains.

XVII.

" See my great Father reconcil'd;"
He ſaid. And, lo, the Father ſmil'd;
The joyful cherubs clapp'd their wings,
And ſounded grace on all their ſtrings!

Young Men and Maidens, Old Men and Babes, praiſe ye the LORD. Pſal. cxlviii. 12.

I.

SONS of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild mazes of whoſe veins
A flood of fiery vigour reigns,
And wields your active limbs, with hardy ſinews ſtrung;
Fall proſtrate at th'eternal throne
Whence your precarious pow'rs depend:

Nor ſwell as if your lives were all your own,
But chooſe your Maker for your friend;
His favour is your life, his arm is your ſupport,
His hand can ſtretch your days, or cut your minutes ſhort!

II.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes,
And ſhoot delicious danger thence;
Swift the lovely lightning flies,
And melts our reaſon down to ſenſe;
Boaſt not of thoſe withering charms
That muſt yield their youthful grace
To age and wrinkles, earth and worms;
But love the Author of your ſmiling face;
That heav'nly Bridegroom claims your blooming hours:
O make it your perpetual care
To pleaſe that everlaſting Fair;
His beauties are the ſun, and but the ſhade is yours.

III.

Infants, whoſe different deſtinies
Are wove with threads of different ſize;
But from the ſame ſpring-tide of tears
Commence your hopes, and joys, and fears,
(A tedious train!) and date your following years:
Break your firſt ſilence in his praiſe
Who wrought your wond'rous frame:
With ſounds of tendereſt accent raiſe
Young honours to his name;
And conſecrate your early days
To know the Pow'r ſupreme.

IV.

Ye heads of venerable age,
Juſt marching off the mortal ſtage,
Fathers, whoſe vital threads are ſpun
As long as e'er the glaſs of life would run,

Adore the hand that led your way
Through flow'ry fields a fair long ſummer's day;
Gaſp out your ſoul in praiſes to the ſovereign Pow'r
That ſet your Weſt ſo diſtant from your dawning hour.

Flying Fowl and creeping Things, praiſe ye the LORD. Pſal. cxlviii. 10.

I.

SWEET flocks, whoſe ſoft enamell'd wing
Swift and gently cleaves the ſky;
Whoſe charming notes addreſs the ſpring
With an artleſs harmony:
Lovely minſtrels of the field,
Who in leafy ſhadows ſit,
And your wond'rous ſtructures build:
Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning light;
To nature's GOD your firſt devotions pay,
Ere you ſalute the riſing day:
'Tis he calls up the ſun, and gives him every ray.

II.

Serpents, who o'er the meadows ſlide,
And wear, upon your ſhining back,
Num'rous ranks of gaudy pride,
Which thouſand mingling colours make;
Let the fierce glances of your eyes
Rebate their baleful fire:
In harmleſs play twiſt and unfold
The volumes of your ſcaly gold:
That rich embroidery of your gay attire
Proclaims your Maker kind and wiſe.

III.

Insects and mites, of mean degree,
That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by wisdom's artful hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various dye;
In your innumerable forms
Praise him that wears th'ethereal crown,
And bends his lofty counsels down
To despicable worms!

The Comparison and Complaint.

I.

INfinite Power, eternal LORD,
How sov'reign is thy hand!
All nature rose t'obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

II.

With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

III.

But, ah! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her GOD!
My soul forgets the heav'nly prize,
And treads the downward road.

IV.

The raging fire and stormy sea
Perform thine awful will,
And every beast and every tree
Thy great designs fulfil:

V.

While my wild passions rage within,
Nor thy commands obey;
And flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,
Draw my best thoughts away.

VI.

Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee;
Creatures, that never knew thy name,
That never lov'd like me?

VII.

Great GOD, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

VIII.

Seize my whole frame into thy hand;
Here all my pow'rs I bring:
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern every spring.

IX.

Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor wand'ring senses rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

X.

Then not the ſun ſhall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel ſwifter through the ſky,
Nor with a zeal ſo warm.

GOD *Supreme and Self-ſufficient.*

I.

WHAT is our GOD, or what his name
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

II.

The ſpacious worlds of heav'nly light,
Compar'd with him, how ſhort they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and GOD is all.

III.

He ſpoke the wond'rous word, and, lo!
Creation roſe at his command:
Whirlwinds and ſeas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

IV.

There reſts the earth, there roll the ſpheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop:
But his own ſelf-ſufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

V.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

VI.

Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Michael raise:
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

JESUS the only Saviour.

I.

ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd; and justice doom'd us dead:
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve, nor pardon there.

II.

Call a bright council in the skies;
" Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
" Say, what expedient can you give,
" That sin be damn'd, and sinners live?

III.

" Speak, are you strong to bear the load,
" The weighty vengeance, of a GOD?
" Which of you loves our wretched race,
" Or dares to venture in our place?"

IV.

In vain we aſk: for all around
Stand ſilent through the heav'nly ground:
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the ſtrength or half the love.

V.

But, O unutterable grace!
Th'eternal SON takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretched his naked arms, and dies!

VI.

Juſtice was pleas'd to bruiſe the GOD,
And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then roſe: The law could aſk no more.

VII.

Amazing work! look down, ye ſkies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heav'nly thrones, ſtoop from above,
And bow to this myſterious love.

VIII.

See, how they bend! ſee, how they look!
Long they had read th'eternal book,
And ſtudied dark decrees in vain;
The croſs and Calvary make them plain.

IX.

Now they are ſtruck with deep amaze,
Each with his wings conceals his face;
Now clap their ſounding plumes, and cry,
"The wiſdom of a DEITY!"

X.

Low they adore th'incarnate Son,
And ſing the glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he ſunk, how high he reigns.

XI.

Triumph and reign, victorious LORD,
By all thy flaming hoſts ador'd:
And ſay, dear CONQUEROR, ſay, how long,
E'er we ſhall riſe to join their ſong?

XII.

Lo, from afar, the promis'd day
Shines with a well-diſtinguiſh'd ray;
But my wing'd paſſion hardly bears
Theſe lengths of ſlow delaying years.

XIII.

Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love;
Raiſe me beyond th'ethereal blue,
To ſing and love as angels do.

Looking upward.

I.

THE heavens invite mine eye,
The ſtars ſalute me round;
Father, I bluſh, I mourn to lie
Thus grov'ling on the ground.

II.

My warmer ſpirits move,
And make attempts to fly;
I wiſh aloud for wings of love
To raiſe me ſwift and high.

III.

Beyond thoſe cryſtal vaults,
And all their ſparkling balls;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.

IV.

Vain world, farewel to you;
Heav'n is my native air:
I bid my friends a ſhort adieu,
Impatient to be there.

V.

I feel my pow'rs releas'd
From their old fleſhy clod;
Fair guardian, bear me up in haſte
And ſet me near my GOD.

CHRIST *Dying, Rising, and Reigning.*

I.

HE dies! the heav'nly Lover dies!
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings: Deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground!

II.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your GOD;
He sheds a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

III.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The LORD of glory dies for men!
But, lo, what sudden joys I see!
JESUS the dead revives again.

IV.

The rising GOD forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

V.

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

VI.

Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter, "Where's his ſting?
"And where's thy victory, boaſting grave?"

The God *of Thunder.*

I.

O The immenſe, th'amazing height,
The boundleſs grandeur, of our God!
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And ſways the nations with his nod!

II.

He ſpeaks; and, lo, all nature ſhakes,
Heav'n's everlaſting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And ſhoots his fiery arrows through.

III.

Well, let the nations ſtart and fly
At the blue light'ning's horrid glare!
Atheiſts and emperors ſhrink and die,
When flame and noiſe torment the air.

IV.

Let noiſe and flame confound the ſkies,
And drown the ſpecious realms below,
Yet will we ſing the Thunderer's praiſe,
And ſend our loud Hoſannas through.

V.

Celeſtial King, thy blazing power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
We ſhout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

VI.

Thus ſhall the GOD our Saviour come,
And light'nings round his chariot play!
Ye light'nings fly to make him room,
Ye glorious ſtorms prepare his way.

The Day of Judgement.

An ODE.

Attempted in Engliſh Sapphic.

I.

WHEN the fierce north wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red light'ning, with a ſtorm of hail, comes
Ruſhing amain down:

II.

How the poor ſailors ſtand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarſe thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onſet to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them!

III.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly,)
Such the dire terror, when the great arch-angel
Shakes the creation:

IV.

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around 'em.

V.

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare through their eye-lids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

VI.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when their eye beholds the
Lofty judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

VII.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver
While devils push them to the pit wide-yawning,
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
Down to the centre!

VIII.

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas,) come, arise to JESUS!
How he sits God-like! and the saints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring!

IX.

O may I ſit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then aſcend to glory,
While our hoſannas, all along the paſſage,
Shout the Redeemer!

The Song of Angels above.

I.

EARTH has detain'd me priſoner long,
And I'm grown weary now:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

II.

Tir'd in my thoughts, I ſtretch me down,
And upward glance mine eyes;
Upward, my Father, to thy throne,
And to my native ſkies.

III.

There the dear MAN, my Saviour, ſits,
The GOD, how bright he ſhines!
And ſcatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

IV.

Seraphs, with elevated ſtrains,
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the ſtarry plains
With an immortal ſound.

V.

JESUS, the LORD, their harps employs,
JESUS, my love, they ſing;
JESUS, the name of both our joys,
Sounds ſweet from ev'ry ſtring.

VI.

Hark, how, beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and ſpace, they run,
And ſpeak, in moſt majeſtic ſounds,
The godhead of the SON.

VII.

How on the Father's breaſt he lay,
The darling of his ſoul,
Infinite years before the day
Or heavens began to roll.

VIII.

And now they ſink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th'eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

IX.

O ſacred beauties of the MAN!
(The GOD reſides within;)
His fleſh all pure, without a ſtain,
His ſoul without a ſin.

X.

Then, how he look'd, and how he ſmil'd,
What wond'rous things he ſaid!
Sweet cherubs, ſtay, dwell here a while,
And tell what JESUS did.

XI.

At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladſome rays;
He bids the dumb attempt to ſpeak,
They try their tongues in praiſe.

XII.

He ſhed a thouſand bleſſings round
Where'er he turn'd his eye;
He ſpoke, and, at the ſov'reign ſound,
The helliſh legions fly.

XIII.

Thus, while, with unambitious ſtrife,
Th'ethereal minſtrels rove
Through all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love.

XIV.

In the full choir a broken ſtring
Groans with a ſtrange ſurpriſe;
The reſt in ſilence mourn their King,
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

XV.

Seraph and ſaint, with dropping wings,
Ceaſe their harmonious breath;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling ſprings,
While JESUS ſleeps in death.

XVI.

Then all at once to living ſtrains
They ſummon every chord,
Break up the tomb, and burſt his chains,
And ſhew their riſing LORD.

XVII.

Around, the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the ſkies,
With loud hoſannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

XVIII.

In awful ſtate the conqu'ring GOD
Aſcends his ſhining throne,
While tuneful angels ſound abroad
The vict'ries he has won.

XIX.

Now let me riſe, and join their ſong,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

XX.

I would begin the muſic here,
And ſo my ſoul ſhould riſe:
Oh for ſome heavenly notes, to bear
My ſpirit to the ſkies!

XXI.

There, ye that love my Saviour, ſit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might ſee his face.

XXII.

I am confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haſte above,
To bleſs the GOD that I adore,
And ſing the MAN I love.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Sea, praise ye the LORD.

I.

EARTH, thou great footstool of our GOD
Who reigns on high; thou fruitful source
Of all our raiment, life, and food;
Our house, our parent, and our nurse;
Mighty stage of mortal scenes,
Drest with strong and gay machines,
Hung with golden lamps around;
(And flow'ry carpets spread the ground!)
Thou bulky globe, prodigious mass,
That hangs unpillar'd in an empty space!
While thy unweildy weight rests on the feeble air,
Bless that almighty Word that fix'd and holds thee there!

II.

FIRE, thou swift herald of his face,
Whose glorious rage, at his command,
Levels a palace with the sand,
Blending the lofty spires in ruin with the base;
Ye heav'nly flames, that singe the air,
Artillery of a jealous GOD,
Bright arrows, that his sounding quivers bear
To scatter deaths abroad;
Lightnings, adore the sovereign arm, that flings
His vengeance, and your fires, upon the heads of kings

III.

Thou vital element, the AIR,
Whose boundless magazines of breath
Our fainting flame of life repair,
And save the bubble MAN from the cold arms of death:
And ye, whose vital moisture yields
Life's purple stream a fresh supply,
Sweet WATERS, wand'ring through the flow'ry fields,
Or dropping from the sky;
Confess the Pow'r, whose all-sufficient name
Nor needs your aid to build or to support our frame.

IV.

Now the rude air, with noisy force,
Beats up and swells the angry SEA,
They join to make our lives a prey,
And sweep the sailor's hopes away;
Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the shores!
Lo, the wild seas and surging waves
Gape hideous in a thousand graves:
Be still, ye floods, and know your bounds of sand,
Ye storms, adore your Master's hand;
The winds are in his fist, the waves at his command.

V.

From the eternal emptiness
His fruitful word, by secret springs,
Drew the whole harmony of things
That form this noble universe:
Old Nothing knew his pow'rful hand;
Scarce had he spoke his full command,
Fire, Air, and Earth, and Sea, heard the creating call,
And leap'd from empty nothing to this beauteous all;
And still they dance, and still obey
The orders they receiv'd the great creation-day.

The Farewel.

I.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To ſenſual bliſs, that charms us ſo,
Be dark, my eyes, and deaf, my ears.

II.

Here I renounce my carnal taſte
Of the fair fruit that ſinners prize:
Their paradiſe ſhall never waſte
One thought of mine, but to deſpiſe.

III.

All earthly joys are over-weigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the ſweet that is not laid
A bait to ſome deſtructive ſnare?

IV.

Be gone, for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewel!
Angels aſpire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

V.

Come, heaven, and fill my vaſt deſires,
My ſoul purſues the ſov'reign good:
She was all made of heav'nly fires,
Nor can ſhe live on meaner food.

GOD *only known to himself.*

I.

STAND and adore! how glorious he
That dwells in bright eternity!
We gaze, and we confound our sight,
Plung'd in th'abyss of dazzling light!

II.

Thou sacred ONE, almighty THREE,
Great everlasting MYSTERY,
What lofty numbers shall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name!

III.

Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
Begin, and speak the great UNKNOWN;
Attempt the song, wind up your strings
To notes untry'd, and boundless things.

IV.

You, whose capacious pow'rs survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay:
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is seen, or known, or thought, by you!

V.

How flat your highest praises fall
Below th'immense ORIGINAL!
Weak creatures we, that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated strain!

VI.

Great GOD, forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praise;
A song so vast, a theme so high,
Calls for the voice that tun'd the sky.

Pardon and Sanctification.

I.

MY crimes awake; and hideous fear
Distracts my restless mind,
Guilt meets my eyes with horrid glare,
And hell pursues behind.

II.

Almighty vengeance frowns on high,
And flames array the throne;
While thunder murmurs round the sky,
Impatient to be gone.

III.

Where shall I hide this noxious head!
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall I wrap me in the shade
Of midnight and the grave?

IV.

Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging GOD?
JESUS, to thy dear wounds I fly!
Bedew me with thy blood.

V.

Those guardian drops my soul secure,
And wash away my sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

VI.

I bless that wond'rous purple stream
That whitens every stain;
Yet is my soul but half redeem'd,
If sin, the tyrant, reign.

VII.

LORD, blaſt his empire with thy breath,
That curſed throne muſt fall;
Ye flatt'ring plagues, that work my death,
Fly, for I hate you all.

Sovereignty and Grace.

I.

THE LORD! how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Reſts on his mighty hand.

II.

Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe;
While, with a ſmile or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

III.

A word of his almighty breath
Can ſwell or ſink the ſeas;
Build the vaſt empires of the earth,
Or break them as he pleaſe.

IV.

Adoring angels round him fall
In all their ſhining forms,
His ſov'reign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

V.

His bowels to our worthleſs race,
In ſweet compaſſion move;
He clothes his looks with ſofteſt grace,
And takes his title, Love.

VI.

Now let the LORD for ever reign,
And sway us as he will,
Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,
We are his favourites still.

VII.

No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain;
'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

The Law and Gospel.

I.

"CURS'D be the man, for ever curs'd,
"That doth one wilful sin commit;
"Death and damnation for the first,
"Without relief and infinite!"

II.

Thus Sinai roars; and, round the earth,
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings;
But JESUS, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary, say gentler things.

III.

"Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
"Streaming along a SAVIOUR's blood,
"And life, and joys, and crowns above,
"Dear purchas'd by a bleeding GOD!"

IV.

Hark, how he prays, (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips,) FORGIVE;
And every groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, "Father, let the rebels live!"

V.

Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil, and seek salvation there;
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair!

VI.

But I'll retire beneath the cross,
SAVIOUR, at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen sword, that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

Seeking a divine Calm in a restless World.

O mens, quæ stabili fata regis vice, *&c.*
Casimire, Book IV. Od. 28.

I.

ETernal Mind, who rul'st the fates
Of dying realms and rising states
With one unchang'd decree,
While we admire thy vast affairs,
Say, can our little trifling cares
Afford a smile to thee?

II.

Thou scatterest honours, crowns, and gold;
We fly to seize, and fight to hold,
The bubbles and the ore:
So emmets struggle for a grain;
So boys their petty wars maintain
For shells upon the shore.

III.

Here a vain man his ſcepter breaks,
The next a broken ſcepter takes,
And warriors win and loſe;
This rolling world will never ſtand,
Plunder'd and ſnatch'd from hand to hand,
As power decays or grows.

IV.

Earth's but an atom: greedy ſwords
Carve it amongſt a thouſand lords,
And yet they can't agree:
Let greedy ſwords ſtill fight and ſlay,
I can be poor; but, LORD, I pray
To ſit and ſmile with thee.

Happy Frailty.

I.

" HOW meanly dwells th'immortal mind!
" How vile theſe bodies are!
" Why was a clod of earth deſign'd
" T'encloſe a heav'nly ſtar?

II.

" Weak cottage where our ſouls reſide!
" This fleſh a tott'ring wall;
" With frightful breaches, gaping wide,
" The building bends to fall.

III.

" All round it ſtorms of trouble blow,
" And waves of ſorrow roll;
" Cold waves and winter-ſtorms beat through,
" And pain the tenant-ſoul.

IV.

" Alas! how frail our ſtate!" ſaid I;
And thus went mourning on,
'Till ſudden, from the cleaving ſky,
A gleam of glory ſhone.

V.

My ſoul all felt the glory come,
And breath'd her native air;
Then ſhe remember'd heaven her home,
And ſhe a pris'ner here.

VI.

Straight ſhe began to change her key,
And, joyful in her pains,
She ſang the frailty of her clay
In pleaſurable ſtrains.

VII.

" How weak the pris'n is where I dwell!
" Fleſh but a tott'ring wall!
" The breaches cheerfully foretel,
" The houſe muſt ſhortly fall.

VIII.

" No more, my friends, ſhall I complain,
" Though all my heart-ſtrings ache;
" Welcome, diſeaſe, and every pain,
" That makes the cottage ſhake.

IX.

" Now let the tempeſt blow all round,
" Now ſwell the ſurges high,
" And beat this houſe of bondage down,
" To let the ſtranger fly.

X.

" I have a manſion built above
" By the eternal Hand;
" And, ſhould the earth's old baſis move,
" My heav'nly houſe muſt ſtand.

XI.

" Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
" (I long to ſee the GOD,)
" And his immortal ſtrength ſuſtains
" The courts that coſt him blood!"

XII.

Hark, from on high my Saviour calls:
" I come, my LORD, my LOVE:"
Devotion breaks the priſon-walls,
And ſpeeds my laſt remove.

Launching into Eternity.

IT was a brave attempt! adventurous he,
Who in the firſt ſhip broke the unknown ſea:
And, leaving his dear native ſhores behind,
Truſted his life to the licentious wind.
I ſee the ſurging brine: the tempeſt raves:
He on a pine-plank rides acroſs the waves,
Exulting on the edge of thouſand gaping graves:
He ſteers the winged boat, and ſhifts the ſails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales,

Such is the ſoul that leaves this mortal land,
Fearleſs, when the great Maſter gives command!
Death is the ſtorm: ſhe ſmiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempeſt waft her from the ſhore:
Then with a ſkilful helm ſhe ſweeps the ſeas,
And manages the raging ſtorm with eaſe;
"Her faith can govern death;" ſhe ſpreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as ſhe ſails ſhe ſings,
And loſes by degrees the ſight of mortal things.
As the ſhores leſſen, ſo her joys ariſe,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempeſt dies.
Now vaſt eternity fills all her ſight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The ſeas for ever calm, the ſkies for ever bright!

A Proſpect of the Reſurrection.

I.

HOW long ſhall Death, the tyrant, reign
And triumph o'er the juſt,
While the rich blood of martyrs ſlain
Lies mingled with the duſt?

II.

When ſhall the tedious night be gone?
When will our LORD appear?
Our fond deſires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

III.

Let faith ariſe and climb the hills,
And from afar deſcry
How diſtant are his chariot-wheels,
And tell how faſt they fly.

IV.

Lo, I behold the ſcatt'ring ſhades,
The dawn of heav'n appears,
The ſweet immortal morning ſpreads
Its bluſhes round the ſpheres.

V.

I ſee the LORD of Glory come,
And flaming guards around:
The ſkies divide to make him room,
The trumpet ſhakes the ground.

VI.

I hear the voice, "Ye dead, ariſe!"
And, lo, the graves obey,
And waking ſaints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th'expected day.

VII.

They leave the duſt, and on the wing
Riſe to the middle air,
In ſhining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

VIII.

O may my humble ſpirit ſtand
Amongſt them, cloth'd in white!
The meaneſt place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

IX.

How will our joy and wonder riſe,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the ſkies
On love's triumphant wing.

Ad Dominum noſtrum & Servatorem,
JESUM CHRISTUM.

ODA.

Nov. 1694.

I.

TE, grande Numen, corporis incola,
Te, magna magni Progenies Patris,
Nomen verendum noſtri, JESU,
Vox, citharæ, calami, ſonabunt.

II.

Aptentur auro grandiſonæ fides,
CHRISTI triumphos incipe barbite,
Fractoſque terrores Averni,
Victum Erebum, domitamque Mortem.

III.

Immenſa vaſtos ſæcula circulos
Volvêre, blando dum Patris in ſinû
Toto fruebatur JEHOVAH,
Gaudia mille bibens JESUS;

IV.

Donec ſuperno vidit ab æthere
Adam cadentem, Tartara hiantia
Unâque mergendos ruinâ
Heu nimium miſeros nepotes!

V.

Vidit minaces vindicis angeli
Ignes & enſem, telaque ſanguine
Tingenda noſtro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuere, Erebæa monſtra.

VI.

Commota ſacras viſcera protinus
Sensêre flammas, omnipotens furor
Ebullit, immenſique amoris
Æthereum calet igne pectus.

VII.

" Non tota prorſus gens hominum dabit
" Hoſti triumphos: quid Patris & labor
" Dulciſque imago? num peribunt
" Funditus? O prius aſtra cæcis.

VIII.

" Mergantur undis, & redeat chaos:
" Aut ipſe diſperdam Satanæ dolos,
" Aut ipſe diſperdar, & iſti
" Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

IX.

" Teſtor paternum numen, & hoc caput
" Æquale teſtor," dixit; & ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
Deſiliitque ruens Olympo.

X.

Mortale corpus impiger induit
Artuſque noſtros, heu tenues nimis
Nimiſque viles! Vindicique
Corda dedit fodienda ferro.

XI.

Vitamque morti; proh dolor! O graves
Tonandis iræ! O lex nimis aſpera!
Merceſque peccati ſevera
Adamici, vetitique fructus.

XII.

Non pœna lenis! quò ruis, impotens!
Quò, Muſa! largas fundere lachrymas,
Buſtique divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?

XIII.

Sepone queſtus, læta DEUM cane
Majore chordâ. Pſalle ſonoriùs
Ut ferreas mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.

XIV.

Sensêre numen regna feralia,
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,
Dirùm fremebat rex Gehennæ,
Perque ſuum tremebundus orcum.

XV.

Latè refugit. "Nil agis, impie,
"Mergat vel imis te Phlegethon vadis,
"Hoc findet undas fulmen," inquit,
Et patrios jaculatus ignes.

XVI.

Trajecit hoſtem. Nigra ſilentia
Umbræque flammas æthereas pavent
Dudum peroſæ, ex quo coruſco
Precipites cecidere cœlo.

XVII.

Immane rugit jam tonitru; fragor
Latè ruinam mendat: ab infimis
Lectæque deſtinata genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

XVIII.

Heîc ſtrata paſſim vincula, & heîc jacent
Unci cruenti, tormina mentium
Inviſa; ploratuque vaſto
Spicula mors ſibi adempta plangit.

XIX.

En, ut reſurgit victor ab ultimo
Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
Aſtricta raptans monſtra noctis
Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.

XX.

Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilant
Victor paternum dum repetit polum!
En qualis ardet, dum beati
Limina ſcandit ovans Olympi!

XXI.

Io triumphe! plectra ſeraphica,
Io triumphe! Grex hominum ſonet,
Dum læta quaquaverſus ambos
Aſtra repercutiunt triumphos.

Sui-ipsius Increpatio.

EPIGRAMMA.

CORPORE cur hæres, Wattsi? cur incola terræ?
Quid cupis indignum, mens, habitare lutum?
Te caro mille malis premit; hinc juvenes gravat artus
Languor, & hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit.
Cura, amor, ira, dolor, mentem malè distrahit; auceps
Undique adest Satanas rètia sæva struens.
Suspice ut æthereum signant tibi nutibus astra
Tramitem, & aula vocat parta cruore DEI.
Te manet Uriel dux; & tibi subjicit alas
Stellatas seraphîn officiosa cohors.
Te superûm chorus optat amans, te invitat JESUS,
"Huc ades, & nostro tempora conde sinû."
Verè amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut Satan arcet,
Inde nec alliciunt angelus, astra, DEUS.

Excitatio Cordis Cœlum versus.

1694.

HEU quod sêcla terris carcere corporis,
Wattsi? quid refugis limen & exitum?
Nec mens æthereum culmen, & atria
Magni Patris anhelitat?

Corpus vile creat mille moleſtias,
Circum corda volant & dolor & metus,
Peccatumque malis durius omnibus
Cæcas inſidias ſtruit.

Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de ſolo
Surgunt: CHRISTUS abeſt, deliciæ tuæ,
Longè CHRISTUS abeſt, inter & angelos
Et picta aſtra perambulans.

* Cœli ſumma petas, nec jaculabitur,
Iracunda tonans fulmina: Te DEUS
Hortatur; vacuum tende per aëra
Pennas nunc homini datas.

Breathing towards the heavenly Country.

Caſimire, Book I. Od. 19. imitated.

Urit me patriæ decor, &c.

THE beauty of my native land
Immortal love inſpires;
I burn, I burn, with ſtrong deſires,
And ſigh, and wait the high command.
There glides the moon her ſhining way,
And ſhoots my heart through with a ſilver ray.

* Vide Horat. Lib. I. Od. 3.

Upward my heart aſpires:
A thouſand lamps of golden light,
Hung high in vaulted azure, charm my ſight,
And wink and beckon with their amorous fires.
O ye fair glories of my heav'nly home,
Bright centinels! who guard my Father's court,
Where all the happy minds reſort,
When will my Father's chariot come?
Muſt ye for ever walk the ethereal round,
For ever ſee the mourner lie
An exile of the ſky,
A priſoner of the ground?
Deſcend, ſome ſhining ſervant from on high,
Build me a haſty tomb;
A graſſy turf will raiſe my head;
The neighbouring lilies dreſs my bed
And ſhed a ſweet perfume.
Here I put off the chains of death
My ſoul too long has worn:
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
Or tear to wet my urn;
Raphael! behold me all undreſt,
Here gently lay this fleſh to reſt:
Then mount, and lead the path unknown,
Swift I purſue thee, flaming guide, on pinions of my own!

Caſimiri *Epigramma* 100.

In Sanctum Ardalionem *qui, ex Mimo Chriſtianus factus, Martyrium paſſus eſt.*

ARDALIO ſacros deridet carmine ritus,
Feſtaque non æqua voce theatra quatit.
Audiit Omnipotens; "Non eſt opus, inquit, hiulco
"Fulmine; tam facilem, gratia, vince virum."
Deſerit illa polos, & deſerit iſte theatrum,
Et tereti ſacrum volvit in enſe caput.
"Sic, ſic, inquit, abit noſtræ comœdia vitæ;
"Terra, vale; cœlum, plaude; tyranne, feri."

Engliſhed.

On Saint Ardalio, *who from a Stage-Player became a Chriſtian, and ſuffered Martyrdom.*

I.

ARDALIO jeers, and in his comic ſtrains
The myſteries of our bleeding GOD profanes,
While his loud laughter ſhakes the painted ſcenes.

II.

Heav'n heard; and ſtraight around the ſmoking throne
The kindling light'ning in thick flaſhes ſhone,
And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone.

III.

Mercy ſtood near, and with a ſmiling brow
Calm'd the loud thunder; "there's no need of you;
"Grace ſhall deſcend, and the weak man ſubdue."

IV.

Grace leaves the skies, and he the stage forsakes,
He bows his head down to the martyring ax,
And, as he bows, this gentle farewel speaks:

V.

"So goes the comedy of life away;
"Vain earth, adieu; heav'n will applaud to-day;
"Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude the play."

When the Protestant Church at Montpelier *was demolished by the* French *King's Order, the Protestants laid the Stones up in their Burying-place; whereon a Jesuit made a Latin Epigram.*

Englished thus:

A Hug'not church, once at Montpelier built,
Stood and proclaim'd their madness and their guilt;
Too long it stood beneath heav'n's angry frown,
Worthy when rising to be thunder'd down.
Lewis at last, th'avenger of the skies,
Commands, and level with the ground it lies:
The stones dispers'd, their wretched offspring come,
Gather and heap them on their father's tomb.
Thus the curs'd house falls on the builder's head:
And, though beneath the ground their bones are laid,
Yet the just vengeance still pursues the guilty dead.

The Answer, by a French *Protestant.*

Englished thus:

A Christian church once at Montpelier stood,
And nobly spoke the builder's zeal for GOD.
It stood the envy of the fierce dragoon,
But not deserv'd to be destroy'd so soon:
Yet Lewis, the vile tyrant of the age,
Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage.
Young faithful hands pile up the sacred stones
(Dear monument!) o'er their dead father's bones;
The stones shall move when the dead fathers rise,
Start up before the pale destroyer's eyes,
And testify his madness to th'avenging skies.

Two happy Rivals, Devotion and the Muse.

I.

WILD, as the lightning, various as the moon,
Roves my Pindaric song:
Here she glows, like burning noon,
In fiercest flames, and here she plays
Gentle as star-beams on the midnight seas;
Now in a smiling angel's form,
Anon she rides upon the storm,
Loud as the noisy thunder, as a deluge strong,
Are my thoughts and wishes free,
And know no number nor degree!
Such is the muse: Lo she disdains

The links and chains,
Meaſures and rules of vůlgar ſtrains,
And o'er the laws of harmony a ſov'reign queen ſhe reigns!

II.

If ſhe roves
By ſtreams or groves,
Tuning her pleaſures or her pains,
My paſſion keeps her ſtill in ſight,
My paſſion holds an equal flight
Through love's or nature's wide campaigns.
If, with bold attempt ſhe ſings
Of the biggeſt mortal things,
Tott'ring thrones and nations ſlain;
Or breaks the fleets of warring kings,
While thunders roar
From ſhore to ſhore,
My ſoul ſits faſt upon her wings,
And ſweeps the crimſon ſurge, or ſcours the purple plain;
Still I attend her, as ſhe flies,
Round the broad globe, and all beneath the ſkies.

III.

But, when from the meridian ſtar
Long ſtreaks of glory ſhine,
And heav'n invites her from afar,
She takes the hint, ſhe knows the ſign,
The muſe aſcends her heavenly car,
And climbs the ſteepy path and means the throne divine:
Then ſhe leaves my flutt'ring mind,
Clogg'd with clay and unrefin'd;
Lengths of diſtance far behind,
Virtue lags with heavy wheel;

Faith has wings, but cannot rise,
Cannot rise, —— swift and high,
As the winged numbers fly,
And faint Devotion panting lies
Half way th'ethereal hill.

IV.

O why is piety so weak,
And yet the muse so strong?
When shall these hateful fetters break
That have confin'd me long?
Inward a glowing heat I feel,
A spark of heav'nly day;
But earthly vapours damp my zeal,
And heavy flesh drags me the downward way.
Faint are the efforts of my will,
And mortal passion charms my soul astray.
Shine, thou sweet hour of dear release,
Shine from the sky,
And call me high,
To mingle with the choirs of glory and of bliss.
Devotion there begins the flight,
Awakes the song, and guides the way;
There love and zeal, divine and bright,
Trace out new regions in the world of light,
And scarce the boldest muse can follow or obey.

V.

I'm in a dream, and fancy reigns,
She spreads her gay delusive scenes;
Or is the vision true?
Behold RELIGION on her throne,
In awful state descending down,
And her dominions vast and bright within my spacious view.

She ſmiles, and with a courteous hand
She beckons me away;
I feel mine airy pow'rs looſe from the cumb'rous clay,
And with a joyful haſte obey
RELIGION's high command.
What lengths, and heights, and depths, unknown!
Broad fields with blooming glory ſown,
And ſeas, and ſkies, and ſtars, her own,
In an unmeaſur'd ſphere!
What heav'ns of joy, and light ſerene,
Which nor the rolling ſun has ſeen,
Where nor the roving Muſe has been,
That greater traveller!

VI.

A long farewel to all below,
Farewel to all that ſenſe can ſhew,
To golden ſcenes, and flow'ry fields,
To all the worlds that fancy builds,
And all that poets know.
Now the ſwift tranſports of the mind
Leave the fluttering muſe behind,
A thouſand looſe Pindaric plumes fly ſcattering down the wind.
Among the clouds I loſe my breath,
The rapture grows too ſtrong:
The feeble pow'rs that nature gave
Faint and drop downward to the grave;
Receive their fall, thou treaſurer of death;
I will no more demand my tongue,
Till the groſs organ, well refin'd,
Can trace the boundleſs flights of an unfetter'd mind,
And raiſe an equal ſong!

The following Poems of this Book are peculiarly dedicated to DIVINE LOVE *.

The Hazard of loving the Creatures.

I.

WHERE'ER my flatt'ring paſſions rove
I find a lurking ſnare;
'Tis dang'rous to let looſe our love
Beneath th'eternal Fair.

II.

Souls, whom the tie of friendſhip binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the leſs for GOD.

III.

Nature has ſoft but pow'rful bands,
And reaſon ſhe controuls;
While children with their little hands
Hang cloſeſt to our ſouls.

IV.

Thoughtleſs they act th'old ſerpent's part;
What tempting things they be!
LORD, how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee!

* Different ages have their different airs and faſhions of writing. It was much more the faſhion of the age, when theſe poems were written, to treat of divine ſubjects in the ſtyle of Solomon's Song than it is at this day, *which will afford ſome apology for the writer in his younger years.*

V

Our haſty wills ruſh blindly on
Where riſing paſſion rolls,
And thus we make our fetters ſtrong
To bind our ſlaviſh ſouls.

VI.

Dear ſov'reign, break theſe fetters off,
And ſet our ſpirits free;
GOD in himſelf is bliſs enough,
For we have all in thee.

Deſiring to love CHRIST.

I.

COME, let me love: Or is my mind
Harden'd to ſtone, or froze to ice?
I ſee the bleſſed Fair-one bend
And ſtoop t'embrace me from the ſkies!

II.

O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That thoſe ſweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should ſeek and wiſh a mortal love!

III.

I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to ſuſtain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of ſtrong deſire,
Aſſum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

IV.

Infinite grace! almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye whirling ſkies,
JESUS, the GOD, with naked arms,
Hangs on a croſs of love, and dies!

V.

Did pity ever ſtoop ſo low,
Dreſs'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted ſo
In groans of an expiring GOD?

VI.

Again he lives; and ſpreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring ſmart;
"By theſe dear wounds," ſays he; and ſtands
And prays to claſp me to his heart.

VII.

Sure I muſt love: or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my paſſion move?
Then let me melt this heart to tears;
This heart ſhall yield to death or love.

The Heart given away.

I.

IF there are paſſions in my ſoul,
(And paſſions ſure there be,)
Now they are all at thy controul,
My JESUS, all for thee.

II.

If love, that pleaſing pow'r, can reſt
In hearts ſo hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour, to my breaſt,
For all my love is thine.

III.

Let the gay world, with treach'rous art,
Allure my eyes in vain:
I have convey'd away my heart,
Ne'er to return again.

IV.

I feel my warmeſt paſſions dead
To all that earth can boaſt;
This ſoul of mine was never made
For vanity and duſt.

V.

Now I can fix my thoughts above,
Amidſt their flatt'ring charms,
Till the dear LORD, that hath my love,
Shall call me to his arms.

VI.

So Gabriel, at his King's command,
From yon celeſtial hill,
Walks downward to our worthleſs land,
His ſoul points upward ſtill.

VII.

He glides along by mortal things
Without a thought of love;
Fulfils his taſk, and ſpreads his wings
To reach the realms above.

Meditation in a Grove.

I.

SWEET muſe, deſcend and bleſs the ſhade,
And bleſs the evening grove;
Buſineſs, and noiſe, and day, are fled,
And every care but love.

II.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair,
Mine is a purer flame;
No Phyllis shall infect the air
With her unhallow'd name.

III.

JESUS hath all my pow'rs possest,
My hopes, my fears, my joys:
He, the dear sov'reign of my breast,
Shall still command my voice.

IV.

Some of the fairest choirs above
Shall flock around my song
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

V.

His charms shall make my numbers flow,
And hold the falling floods,
While silence sits on every bough,
And bends the list'ning woods.

VI.

I'll carve our passion on the bark,
And every wounded tree
Shall drop and bear some mystic mark
That JESUS dy'd for me.

VII.

The swains shall wonder when they read,
Inscrib'd on all the grove,
That Heav'n itself came down, and bled,
To win a mortal's love!

The Faireſt and the only Beloved.

I.

HONOUR to that diviner ray
That firſt allur'd my eyes away
From every mortal fair;
All the gay things that held my ſight
Seem but the twinkling ſparks of night,
And, languiſhing in doubtful light,
Die at the morning-ſtar.

II.

Whatever ſpeaks the Godhead great
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever makes the creature ſweet
And worthy of my paſſion, meet
Harmonious in my LORD.
A thouſand graces ever riſe
And bloom upon his face;
A thouſand arrows, from his eyes,
Shoot through my heart with dear ſurpriſe,
And guard around the place.

III.

All nature's art ſhall never cure
The heav'nly pains I found,
And 'tis beyond all beauty's pow'r
To make another wound:
Earthly beauties grow and fade;
Nature heals the wounds ſhe made;
But charms, ſo much divine,
Hold a long empire of the heart;
What heav'n has joined ſhall never part,
And JESUS muſt be mine.

IV.

In vain the envious ſhades of night,
Or flatt'ries of the day,
Would veil his image from my ſight,
Or tempt my ſoul away;
JESUS is all my waking theme,
His lovely form meets every dream
And knows not to depart:
The paſſion reigns
Through all my veins,
And, floating round the crimſon ſtream,
Still finds him at my heart.

V.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my Love;
Here I confine my ſenſe;
Nor dare my wildeſt wiſhes rove,
Nor ſtir a thought from thence.
Amidſt thy glories and thy grace
Let my remnant-minutes paſs;
Grant, thou EVERLASTING FAIR,
Grant my ſoul a manſion there:
My ſoul aſpires to ſee thy face
Though life ſhould for the viſion pay;
So rivers run to meet the ſea,
And loſe their nature in th'embrace.

VI.

Thou art my ocean, thou my GOD;
In thee the paſſions of the mind,
With joys and freedoms unconfin'd,
Exult, and ſpread their pow'rs abroad.
Not all the glitt'ring things on high
Can make my heav'n, if thou remove;
I ſhall be tir'd and long to die;
Life is a pain without thy love;

Who could ever bear to be
Curſt with immortality
Among the ſtars, but far from thee?

Mutual Love ſtronger than Death.

I.

NOT the rich world of minds above
Can pay the mighty debt of love
I owe to CHRIST, my GOD:
With pangs, which none but he could feel,
He bought my guilty ſoul from hell:
Not the firſt ſeraph's tongue can tell
The value of his blood.

II.

Kindly he ſeiz'd me in his arms,
From the falſe world's pernicious charms,
With force divinely ſweet.
Had I ten thouſand lives my own,
At his demand,
With cheerful hand,
I'd pay the vital treaſure down
In hourly tributes at his feet.

III.

But, SAVIOUR, let me taſte thy grace
With every fleeting breath;
And through that heav'n of pleaſure paſs
To the cold arms of death;
Then I could loſe ſucceſſive ſouls
Faſt as the minutes fly;
So billow after billow rolls
To kiſs the ſhore, and die!

The Substance of the following Copy, and many of the Lines were sent me by an esteemed Friend, Mr. W. Nokes, *with a Desire that I would form them into a* Pindaric *Ode; but I retained his measures, lest I should too much alter the Sense.*

A Sight of CHRIST.

ANGELS of light, your GOD and KING surround
With noble songs; in his exalted flesh
He claims your worship; while his saints on earth
Bless their REDEEMER-GOD with humble tongues.
Angels, with lofty honours crown his head;
We, bowing at his feet by faith, may feel
His distant influence, and confess his love.

Once I beheld his face, when beams divine
Broke from his eye-lids, and unusual light
Wrapt me at once in glory and surprise.
My joyful heart, high-leaping in my breast,
With transport cry'd, "This is the CHRIST of GOD!"
Then threw my arms around in sweet embrace,
And clasp'd, and bow'd, adoring low, till I was lost in him.

While he appears, no other charms can hold
Or draw my soul, asham'd of former things,
Which no remembrance now deserve, or name,
Though with contempt; best in oblivion hid.

But the bright ſhine and preſence ſoon withdrew;
I ſought him whom I love, but found him not;
I felt his abſence; and with ſtrongeſt cries
Proclaim'd, "Where JESUS is not, all is vain!"
Whether I hold him with a full delight,
Or ſeek him panting with extreme deſire,
'Tis he alone can pleaſe my wond'ring ſoul;
To hold or ſeek him is my only choice.
If he refrain on me to caſt his eye
Down from his palace, nor my longing ſoul
With upward look can ſpy my deareſt LORD
Through his blue pavement, I'll behold him ſtill
With ſweet reflection, on the peaceful croſs,
All in his blood and anguiſh groaning deep
Gaſping and dying there!———
This ſight I ne'er can loſe, by it I live:
A quick'ning virtue, from his death inſpir'd,
Is life and breath to me; his fleſh my food;
His vital blood I drink, and hence my ſtrength.

I live, I'm ſtrong, and now eternal life
Beats quick within my breaſt; my vigorous mind
Spurns the dull earth, and on her fiery wings
Reaches the mount of purpoſes divine,
Counſels of peace betwixt th'almighty Three,
Conceiv'd at once, and ſign'd without debate,
In perfect union of th'eternal mind.
With vaſt amaze I ſee th'unfathom'd thoughts,
Infinite ſchemes, and infinite deſigns,
Of GOD's own heart, in which he ever reſts.
Eternity lies open to my view;
Here the beginning and the end of all
I can diſcover; CHRIST the end of all,

And CHRIST the great beginning; he my head,
My GOD, my glory, and my all in all.

O that the day, the joyful day, were come,
When the first Adam from his ancient dust,
Crown'd with new honours, shall revive, and see
JESUS his son and lord; while shouting saints
Surround their King, and GOD's eternal Son
Shines in the midst, but with superior beams,
And like himself; then the mysterious WORD,
Long hid behind the letter, shall appear
All spirit and life, and in the fullest light
Stand forth to public view; and there disclose
His Father's sacred works, and wond'rous ways:
Then wisdom, righteousness, and grace divine,
Through all the infinite transactions past,
Inwrought and shining, shall with double blaze
Strike our astonish'd eyes, and ever reign,
Admir'd and glorious, in triumphant light.

Death, and the tempter, and the man of sin,
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgement cast,
Shall vex the saints no more: but perfect love
And loudest praises perfect joy create,
While ever-circling years maintain the blissful state.

* *

Love on a Croſs and a Throne.

I.

NOW let my faith grow ſtrong, and riſe,
And view my LORD in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and ſee his throne above.

II.

See where he languiſh'd on the croſs;
Beneath my ſins he groan'd and dy'd;
See where he ſits to plead my cauſe
By his almighty Father's ſide!

III.

If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of ſorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing ſmart,
And buys my pleaſure with his pains.

IV.

Or, if I climb th'eternal hills
Where the dear CONQU'ROR ſits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compaſſion dwells
Near the memorials of his wound.

V.

How ſhall a pardon'd rebel ſhew
How much I love my dying GOD?
LORD, here I baniſh every foe,
I hate the ſins that coſt thy blood.

VI.

I hold no more commerce with hell,
My deareſt luſts ſhall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell
Stamp'd as a ſeal upon my heart.

A preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper.

In Imitation of Iſaiah lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

I.

WHAT heav'nly MAN, or lovely GOD,
Comes marching downward from the ſkies!
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes!

II.

The LORD! the SAVIOUR! yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the ſmiles he wears;
Dear glorious MAN! that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.

III.

Lo! he reveals his ſhining breaſt;
I own thoſe wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feaſt,
Sweet fruit of the ſharp pangs he bore!

IV.

Whence flow theſe favours ſo divine!
LORD! why ſo laviſh of thy blood?
Why for ſuch earthly ſouls as mine,
This heav'nly fleſh, this ſacred food?

V.

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the curſed tree;
'Twas his own love this table ſpread
For ſuch unworthy worms as we.

VI.

Then let us taſte the Saviour's love;
Come, faith, and feed upon the LORD:
With glad conſent our lips ſhall move,
And ſweet Hoſannas crown the board.

Converſe with CHRIST.

I.

I'M tir'd with viſits, modes, and forms,
And flatt'ries made to fellow-worms;
Their converſation cloys:
Their vain amours and empty ſtuff:
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy beſt company, my LORD, thou life of all my joys.

II.

When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my paſſions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight ſhades, on froſty ground,
I could attend the pleaſing ſound,
Nor ſhould I feel December cold, nor think the darkneſs long.

III.

There, while I hear my SAVIOUR-GOD
Count o'er the ſins (a heavy load!)

He bore upon the tree,
Inward I bluſh with ſecret ſhame,
And weep, and love, and bleſs the name
That knew nor guilt nor grief his own, but bare it all for me.

IV.

Next he deſcribes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody paſſion o'er,
'Till I am drown'd in tears:
Yet, with the ſympathetic ſmart,
There's a ſtrange joy beats round my heart;
The curſed tree has bleſſings in't, my ſweeteſt balm it bears.

V.

I hear the glorious Sufferer tell
How on his croſs he vanquiſh'd hell,
And all the pow'rs beneath:
Tranſported and inſpir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a ſong;
"How has the ſerpent loſt his ſting, and where's thy victory, Death?"

VI.

But, when he ſhews his hands and heart,
With thoſe dear prints of dying ſmart,
He ſets my ſoul on fire:
Not the beloved John could reſt
With more delight upon that breaſt,
Nor Thomas pry into thoſe wounds with more intenſe deſire.

VII.

Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my ſorrows there,

And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I eaſe my burden'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping head ſuſtains.

VIII.

Fly from my thoughts, all human things,
And ſporting ſwains, and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love:
My ſoul diſdains that little ſnare
The tangles of Amira's hair;
Thine arms, my GOD, are ſweeter bands, nor can my heart remove.

Grace ſhining, and Nature fainting.

Sol. Song, i. 3. and ii. 5. and vi. 5.

I.

TELL me, faireſt of thy kind,
Tell me, SHEPHERD, all divine,
Where this fainting head reclin'd
May relieve ſuch cares as mine:
SHEPHERD, lead me to thy grove:
If burning noon infect the ſky
The ſick'ning ſheep to covert fly,
The ſheep not half ſo faint as I,
Thus overcome with love.

II.

Say, thou dear SOV'REIGN of my breaſt,
Where doſt thou lead thy flock to reſt?
Why ſhould I appear like one
Wild and wand'ring all alone,
Unbeloved and unknown?
O my great REDEEMER, ſay,
Shall I turn my feet aſtray!

Will JESUS bear to ſee me rove,
To ſee me ſeek another love?

III.

Ne'er had I known his deareſt name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward flame,
Had not his heart-ſtrings firſt begun the tender ſound:
Nor can I bear the thought that he
Should leave the ſky,
Should bleed and die,
Should love a wretch ſo vile as me
Without returns of paſſion for his dying wound!

IV.

His eyes are glory mix'd with grace;
In his delightful awful face
Sit majeſty and gentleneſs.
So tender is my bleeding heart
That with a frown he kills;
His abſence is perpetual ſmart;
Nor is my ſoul refin'd enough
To bear the beamings of his love,
And feel his warmer ſmiles.
Where ſhall I reſt this drooping head?
I love, I love, the ſun, and yet I want the ſhade.

V.

My ſinking ſpirits feebly ſtrive
T' endure the extacy;
Beneath theſe rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.
None knows the pleaſure and the pain
That all my inward powers ſuſtain
But ſuch as feel a Saviour's love, and love the God again.

VI.

Oh! why ſhould beauty, heav'nly bright,
Stoop to charm a mortal's ſight,
And torture with the ſweet exceſs of light?
Our hearts, alas! how frail their make!
With their own weight of joy they break;
Oh! why is love ſo ſtrong, and nature's ſelf ſo weak?

VII.

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
Aſcend the azure hills, and ſhine
Among the happy tenants of the ſkies;
They can ſuſtain a viſion ſo divine.
O turn thy lovely glories from me,
The joys are too intenſe, the glories overcome me.

VIII.

Dear LORD, forgive my raſh complaint,
And love me ſtill
Againſt my froward will;
Unveil thy beauties, though I faint.
Send the great herald from the ſky,
And, at the trumpet's awful roar,
This feeble ſtate of things ſhall fly,
And pain and pleaſure mix no more:
Then ſhall I gaze, with ſtrengthen'd ſight,
On glories infinitely bright!
My heart ſhall all be love, my JESUS all delight!

Love to CHRIST *present or absent.*

I.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
JESUS, thy love, exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
And nearest image of the blest.

II.

Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares,
When the celestial flame I feel;
In all my hopes, and all my fears,
There's something kind and pleasing still.

III.

While I am held in his embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile, he wears upon his face,
Fixes, and charms, and fires, my love.

IV.

He speaks, and straight immortal joys
Run through my ears, and reach my heart;
My soul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleasure shoots through every part.

V.

If he withdraw a moment's space,
He leaves a sacred pledge behind;
Here in this breast his image stays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

VI.

While of his absence I complain,
And long, and weep, as lovers do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.

VII.

When round his courts by day I rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night
For some kind tidings of my love,
His very name creates delight.

VIII.

JESUS, my GOD! yet rather come;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis best to see my LORD at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

The Absence of CHRIST.

I.

COME, lead me to some lofty shade
Where turtles moan their loves:
Tall shadows were for lovers made,
And grief becomes the groves.

II.

'Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has inslav'd mine eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the skies.

III.

JESUS, the spring of all that's bright,
The everlasting fair,
Heav'n's ornament, and heav'n's delight,
Is my eternal care.

IV.

But, ah! how far above this grove
Does the bright charmer dwell!
Absence, thou keenest wound to love,
That sharpest pain I feel!

V.

Penſive, I climb the ſacred hills,
And near him vent my woes;
Yet his ſweet face he ſtill conceals,
Yet ſtill my paſſion grows.

VI.

I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And bleſs the echo in her cell
That beſt repeats his name.

VII.

My paſſion breathes perpetual ſighs,
Till pitying winds ſhall hear,
And gently bear them up the ſkies,
And gently wound his ear.

Deſiring his Deſcent to Earth.

I.

JESUS I love. Come, deareſt name,
Come and poſſeſs this heart of mine;
I love, though 'tis a fainter flame,
And infinitely leſs than thine.

II.

O! if my LORD would leave the ſkies,
Dreſt in the rays of mildeſt grace,
My ſoul ſhould haſten to my eyes
To meet the pleaſures of his face.

III.

How would I feaſt on all his charms,
Then round his lovely feet entwine!
Worſhip and love, in all their forms,
Should honour beauty ſo divine.

IV.

In vain the tempter's flatt'ring tongue,
The world in vain ſhould bid me move;
In vain; for I ſhould gaze ſo long
'Till I were all transform'd to love.

V.

Then (mighty GOD) I'd ſing and ſay,
"What empty names are crowns and kings!
"Among 'em give theſe worlds away,
"Theſe little deſpicable things."

VI.

I would not aſk to climb the ſky,
Nor envy angels their abode,
I have a heav'n as bright and high
In the bleſt viſion of my GOD.

Aſcending to him in Heaven.

I.

'TIS pure delight without alloy,
JESUS, to hear thy name,
My ſpirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the ſacred flame.

II.

My paſſions hold a pleaſing reign,
While love inſpires my breaſt,
Love, the divineſt of the train,
The ſov'reign of the reſt.

III.

This is the grace muſt live and ſing
When faith and fear ſhall ceaſe,
Muſt ſound from every joyful ſtring
Through the ſweet groves of bliſs.

IV.

Let life immortal seize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my GOD.

V.

Swift I ascend the heav'nly place,
And hasten to my home,
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come, O LORD, I come.

VI.

Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let guilt and death remove,
'Tis love that drives my chariot-wheels,
And death must yield to love.

The Presence of GOD *worth dying for: or, The Death of* MOSES.

I.

LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

II.

This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heav'n repeats the song.

III.

While the bright nation ſounds thy praiſe
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

IV.

Thy love, a ſea without a ſhore,
Spreads life and joy abroad:
O 'tis a heav'n worth dying for,
To ſee a ſmiling GOD!

V.

Shew me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, LORD, and here I quit my clay,
And ſtretch my airy wings.

VI.

Sweet was the journey to the ſky
The wond'rous prophet try'd;
"Climb up the mount," ſays GOD, "and die;"
The prophet climb'd and dy'd.

VII.

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breaſt,
His Maker kiſs'd his ſoul away,
And laid his fleſh to reſt.

VIII.

In GOD's own arms he left the breath
That GOD's own ſpirit gave;
His was the nobleſt road to death,
And his the ſweeteſt grave.

Longing for his Return.

I.

O 'TWAS a mournful parting day!
"Farewel, my ſpouſe," he ſaid;
(How tedious, LORD, is thy delay!
How long my LOVE hath ſtaid!)

II.

"Farewel;" at once he left the ground,
And climb'd his Father's ſky:
LORD, I would tempt thy chariot down,
Or leap to thee on high.

III.

Round the creation would I rove,
And ſearch the globe in vain;
There's nothing here that's worth my love,
Till thou return again.

IV.

My paſſions fly to ſeek their KING,
And ſend their groans abroad,
They beat the air with heavy wing,
And mourn an abſent GOD.

V.

With inward pain my heart-ſtrings ſound,
My ſoul diſſolves away;
Dear SOV'REIGN, whirl the ſeaſons round,
And bring the promis'd day.

Hope in Darkneſs.

I. 1694.

YET, gracious GOD,
Yet will I ſeek thy ſmiling face;
What though a ſhort eclipſe his beauties ſhrowd,
And bar the influence of his rays,
'Tis but a morning vapour, or a ſummer cloud;
He is my ſun, though he refuſe to ſhine;
Though for a moment he depart,
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever he on mine.
Early before the light ariſe
I'll ſpring a thought away to GOD:
The paſſion of my heart and eyes
Shall ſhout a thouſand groans and ſighs,
A thouſand glances ſtrike the ſkies,
The floor of his abode.

II.

Dear SOV'REIGN, hear thy ſervant pray,
Bend the blue heav'ns, eternal King,
Downward thy cheerful graces bring;
Or ſhall I breathe in vain, and pant my hours away?
Break, glorious BRIGHTNESS, through the gloomy veil,
Look how the armies of deſpair
Aloft their ſooty banners rear
Round my poor captive ſoul, and dare
Pronounce me priſoner of hell!
But thou, my SUN, and thou, my SHIELD,
Wilt ſave me in the bloody field;
Break, glorious BRIGHTNESS, ſhoot one glimm'ring ray,
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of hell away.

III.

Happy the times, but, ah! the times are gone,
When wond'rous power and radiant grace
Round the tall arches of the temple ſhone,
And mingled their victorious rays;
Sin, with all its ghaſtly train,
Fled to the deeps of death again,
And ſmiling triumph ſat on every face:
Our ſpirits, raptur'd with the ſight,
Were all devotion, all delight,
And loud hoſannas ſounded the Redeemer's praiſe.
Here could I ſay,
(And point the place whereon I ſtood,)
Here I enjoy'd a viſit half the day
From my deſcending GOD:
I was regal'd with heavenly fare,
With fruit and manna from above;
Divinely ſweet the bleſſings were
While mine EMMANUEL was there:
And o'er my head
The conqu'ror ſpread
The banner of his love.

IV.

Then why my heart ſunk down ſo low?
Why do my eyes diſſolve and flow,
And hopeleſs nature mourn?
Review, my ſoul, thoſe pleaſing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Through the diſpleaſure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A father's love may raiſe a frown,
To chide the child, or prove the ſon,
But love will ne'er deſtroy;

The hour of darkneſs is but ſhort,
Faith be thy life, and patience thy ſupport,
The morning brings the joy.

Come, Lord JESUS.

I.

WHEN ſhall thy lovely face be ſeen?
When ſhall our eyes behold our GOD?
What lengths of diſtance lie between,
And hills of guilt. A heavy load!

II.

Our months are ages of delay,
And ſlowly every minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
Theſe tedious rounds of ſluggiſh years.

III.

Ye heav'nly gates, looſe all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Bleſt SAVIOUR, cleave the ſtarry plains,
And make the cryſtal mountains flow.

IV.

Hark, how thy ſaints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom:
Come, thou, THE SOUL OF ALL OUR JOYS,
Thou, THE DESIRE OF NATIONS, come.

V.

Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bleſs our eyes, and bleſs our ears,
Thou abſent Love, thou dear UNKNOWN,
Thou FAIREST OF TEN THOUSAND FAIRS.

VI.

Our heart-ſtrings groan with deep complaint,
Our fleſh lies panting, LORD, for thee,
And every limb, and every joint,
Stretches for immortality.

VII.

Our ſpirits ſhake their eager wings,
And burn to meet thy flying throne:
We riſe away from mortal things
T'attend thy ſhining chariot down.

VIII.

Now let our cheerful eyes ſurvey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And ſmile to ſee the lightnings play,
And flaſh along before thy wheels.

IX.

O for a ſhout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thund'ring ſound!
The angel herald ſhakes the ſkies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

X.

Ye ſlumb'ring ſaints, a heav'nly hoſt
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let every ſacred ſleeping duſt
Leap into life, for JESUS comes.

XI.

JESUS, the GOD of might and love,
New moulds our limbs of cumb'rous clay;
Quick as ſeraphic flames we move,
Active, and young, and fair, as they.

XII.

Our airy feet with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heav'nly light,
And leave the welt'ring world in fire.

Bewailing my own Inconstancy.

I.

I LOVE the LORD; but, ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are!
This wanton heart, how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

II.

If my soul burn to see my GOD,
I tread the courts of his abode,
But troops of rivals throng the place
And tempt me off before his face.

III.

Would I enjoy my LORD alone,
I bid my passion all be gone,
All but my love; and change my will
To bar the door and guard it still.

IV.

But cares or trifles make or find
Still new avenues to the mind,
Till I with grief and wonder see
Huge crowds betwixt the LORD and me.

V.

Oft I am told the muſe will prove
A friend to piety and love;
Straight I begin ſome ſacred ſong,
And take my SAVIOUR on my tongue.

VI.

Strangely I loſe his lovely face,
To hold the empty ſounds in chaſe;
At beſt the chimes divide my heart,
And the muſe ſhares the larger part.

VII.

Falſe confident! and falſer breaſt!
Fickle, and fond of every gueſt:
Each airy image as it flies
Here finds admittance through my eyes.

VIII.

This fooliſh heart can leave her GOD,
And ſhadows tempt her thoughts abroad:
How ſhall I fix this wand'ring mind,
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

IX.

Look gently down, ALMIGHTY GRACE,
Priſon me round in thine embrace;
Pity the ſoul that would be thine,
And let thy pow'r my love confine.

X.

Say, when ſhall that bright moment be
That I ſhall live alone for thee,
My heart no foreign lords adore,
And the wild muſe prove falſe no more?

Forſaken, yet hoping.

I.

HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my JESUS mine,
And ſit and view his ſmiling face,
And melt in pleaſure all divine.

II.

Near to my heart, within my arms,
He lay, 'till ſin defil'd my breaſt,
'Till broken vows, and earthly charms,
Tir'd and provok'd my heav'nly Gueſt.

III.

And now he's gone, (O mighty woe!)
Gone from my ſoul, and hides his love!
Curſe on you, Sins, that griev'd him ſo,
Ye ſins, that forc'd him to remove.

IV.

Break, break, my heart; complain, my tongue;
Hither, my friends, your ſorrows bring:
Angels, aſſiſt my doleful ſong,
If you have e'er a mourning ſtring.

V.

But, ah! your joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely face you ſee:
While my poor ſpirits pant and die,
And groan, for thee, my GOD, for thee!

VI.

Yet let my hope look through my tears,
And spy afar his rolling throne;
His chariot, through the cleaving spheres,
Shall bring the bright BELOVED down.

VII.

Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My soul springs out to meet him high,
Then the fair CONQU'ROR turns his wheels,
And climbs the mansions of the sky.

VIII.

There smiling joy for ever reigns,
No more the turtle leaves the dove;
Farewel to jealousies, and pains,
And all the ills of absent love.

The CONCLUSION.

GOD *exalted above all Praise.*

I.

ETERNAL Pow'r! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a GOD;
Infinite length! beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

II.

The lowest step about thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet,
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thy height with wond'ring eyes.

III.

Thy dazzling beauties while he ſings
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of ſhining thrones around
Fall worſhipping and ſpread the ground.

IV.

LORD, what ſhall earth and aſhes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From ſin and duſt to thee we cry,
"The GREAT, the HOLY, and the HIGH!"

V.

Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to liſp thy name:
But, oh! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our ſoaring thoughts behind.

VI.

GOD is in heav'n, and men below;
Be ſhort, our tunes; our words be few;
A ſacred reverence checks our ſongs,
And praiſe ſits ſilent on our tongues.

The End of the FIRST BOOK.

Tibi ſilet laus, O DEUS, Pſal. lxv. 1.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK II.

Sacred to VIRTUE, HONOUR, and FRIENDSHIP.

TO

Her MAJESTY.

QUEEN of the northern world, whose gentle sway
Commands our love, and charms our hearts t'obey,
Forgive the nation's groan when WILLIAM dy'd:
Lo, at thy feet, in all the loyal pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And WILLIAM's urn almost without a tear
Stands; nor complains; while from thy gracious tongue
Peace flows in silver streams amidst the throng.
Amazing balm, that on those lips was found
To sooth the torment of that mortal wound,

And calm the wild affright! the terror dies,
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,
And Albion shouts thy honour as her joys arise.

The German eagle feels her guardian dead,
Not her own thunder can secure her head;
Her trembling eaglets hasten from afar,
And Belgia's lion dreads the Gallic war:
All hide behind thy shield. Remoter lands,
Whose lives lay trusted in Nassauvian hands,
Transfer their souls, and live; secure they play
In thy mild rays, and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms
Fainting religion, while, in various forms,
Fair piety shines through the British isles:
Here at thy side, and in thy kindest smiles,*
Blazing in ornamental gold she stands,
To bless thy councils and assist thy hands,
And crowds wait round her to receive commands.
There at a humble distance from the throne§
Beauteous she lies; her lustre all her own,
Ungarnish'd; yet not blushing, nor afraid,
Nor knows suspicion, nor affects the shade:
Cheerful and pleas'd she not presumes to share
In thy parental gifts, but owns thy guardian care.
For thee, dear sov'reign, endless vows arise,
And zeal with early wing salutes the skies
To gain thy safety: Here a solemn form*
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,

* The established church of England.

§ The Protestant Dissenters.

And guides, but bounds, our wishes: there the mind
Feels its own fire, and kindles unconfin'd
With bolder hopes: yet still beyond our vows
Thy lovely glories rise, thy spreading terror grows.

PRINCESS, the world already owns thy name;
Go, mount the chariot of immortal fame,
Nor die to be renew'd: fame's loudest breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.
The vengeance of thy rod, with general joy,
Shall scourge rebellion and the rival boy:†
Thy sounding arms his Gallic patron hears
And speeds his flight; nor overtakes his fears,
Till hard despair wring from the tyrant's soul
The iron tears out. Let thy frown controul
Our angry jars at home, till wrath submit
Her impious banners to thy sacred feet.
May zeal and phrenzy, with her murd'rous train,
Flee these sweet realms in thine auspicious reign,
Envy expire in rage, and treason bite the chain.

Let no black scenes affright fair Albion's stage:
Thy thread of life prolong our golden age,
Long bless the earth, and late ascend thy throne
Ethereal; (not thy deeds are there unknown,
Nor there unsung; for by thine awful hands
Heav'n rules the waves, and thunders o'er the lands,
Creates inferior kings, ‖ and gives 'em their commands.)

* The Protestant Dissenters.

† The Pretender.

‖ She made Charles the emperor's second son king of Spain, who is now emperor of Germany.

Legions attend thee at the radiant gates;
For thee thy sister-seraph, blest MARIA, waits.

But, oh! the parting stroke! some heav'nly power
Cheer thy sad Britons in the gloomy hour;
Some new propitious star appear on high
The fairest glory of the western sky,
And ANNA be its name; with gentle sway
To check the planets of malignant ray,
Sooth the rude north wind, and the rugged bear,
Calm rising wars, heal the contagious air,
And reign with peaceful influence to the southern sphere.

Note, This poem was written in the year 1705, in that honourable part of the reign of our late queen, when she had broken the French power at Blenheim, asserted the right of Charles the present emperor to the crown of Spain, exerted her zeal for the *Protestant Succession*, and promised *inviolably to maintain the toleration* to the Protestant Dissenters. Thus she appeared the chief *support of the reformation*, and the *patroness of the liberties of* Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour, and was by no means attended with the accomplishment of those glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the muse cannot satisfy herself to publish this new edition without acknowledging the mistake of her former presages; and, while she does the world this justice, she does herself the honour of a voluntary retraction.

August 1, 1722.

PALINODIA.

BRITONS, forgive the forward muse
That dar'd prophetic seals to loose,
(Unskill'd in fate's eternal book,)
And the deep characters mistook.

GEORGE is the name, that glorious ſtar;
Ye ſaw his ſplendours beaming far;
Saw in the eaſt your joys ariſe,
When ANNA ſunk in weſtern ſkies,
Streaking the heav'ns with crimſon gloom,
Emblems of tyranny and Rome,
Portending blood and night to come.
'Twas GEORGE diffus'd a vital ray,
And gave the dying nations day:
His influence ſooths the Ruſſian bear,
Calms riſing wars, and heals the air;
Join'd with the ſun, his beams are hurl'd
To ſcatter bleſſings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the muſe has ſpoke,
And crown the work that ANNE forſook.

Auguſt 1, 1721.

TO

JOHN LOCKE, Eſq.

Retired from Buſineſs.

I.

ANGELS are made of heav'nly things,
And light and love our ſouls compoſe,
Their bliſs within their boſom ſprings,
Within their boſom flows.
But narrow minds ſtill make pretence
To ſearch the coaſts of fleſh and ſenſe,
And fetch diviner pleaſures thence.

Men are akin to ethereal forms,
But they belie their nobler birth,
Debase their honours down to earth,
And claim a share with worms.

II.

He that has treasures of his own
May leave the cottage or the throne,
May quit the globe, and dwell alone
Within his spacious mind.
LOCKE hath a soul wide as the sea,
Calm as the night, bright as the day,
There may his vast ideas play,
Nor feel a thought confin'd.

TO

JOHN SHUTE, Esq.

(Now Lord BARRINGTON.)

On Mr. LOCKE's *dangerous Sickness, some Time after he had retired to study the Scriptures.*

June, 1704.

I.

AND must the man of wond'rous mind
(Now his rich thoughts are just refin'd)
Forsake our longing eyes?
REASON at length submits to wear
The wings of FAITH; and, lo, they rear
Her chariot high, and nobly bear
Her prophet to the skies.

II.

Go, friend, and wait the prophet's flight,
Watch if his mantle chance to light,
And seize it for thy own;
SHUTE is the darling of his years,
Young SHUTE his better likeness bears;
All but his wrinkles and his hairs
Are copy'd in his son.

III.

Thus, when our follies, or our faults,
Call for the pity of thy thoughts,
Thy pen shall make us wise:
The sallies of whose youthful wit
Could pierce the British fogs with light,
Place our true interest* in our sight,
And open half our eyes.

TO

Mr. WILLIAM NOKES.

Friendship.

1702.

I.

FRiendship, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou sweet deluding ill,
The brightest minute mortals find,
And sharpest hour we feel.

II.

Fate has divided all our shares
Of pleasure and of pain;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

* The Interest of England, written by J. S. Esq.

III.

But, while in floods our sorrow rolls
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling souls
Serves but to swell our woe.

IV.

Oh! why should bliss depart in haste,
And friendship stay to moan?
Why the fond passion cling so fast,
When every joy is gone?

V.

Yet never let our hearts divide,
Nor death dissolve the chain:
For love and joy were once ally'd,
And must be join'd again.

TO
NATHANAEL GOULD, Esq.
NOW
Sir NATHANAEL GOULD.

1704.

I.

'TIS not by splendor, or by state,
Exalted mien, or lofty gait,
My muse takes measure of a king:

If wealth, or height, or bulk, will do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majeſtic thing.
Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boaſt
O'er fellow-minds enſlav'd in clay,
Or ſwell when I ſhall have engroſs'd
A larger heap of ſhining duſt,
And wear a bigger load of earth than they.
Let the vain world ſalute me loud,
My thoughts look inward, and forget
The ſounding names of High and Great,
The flatteries of the crowd.

II.

When GOULD commands his ſhips to run
And ſearch the traffic of the ſea,
His fleet o'ertakes the falling day,
And bears the weſtern mines away,
Or richer ſpices from the riſing ſun:
While the glad tenants of the ſhore
Shout, and pronounce him ſenator *,
Yet ſtill the man's the ſame:
For well the happy merchant knows
The ſoul with treaſure never grows,
Nor ſwells with airy fame.

III.

But truſt me, GOULD, 'tis lawful pride
To riſe above the mean controul
Of fleſh and ſenſe, to which we're ty'd;
This is ambition that becomes a ſoul.

* Member of Parliament for a port in Suſſex.

We ſteer our courſe up through the ſkies;
Farewel this barren land;
We ken the heav'nly ſhore with longing eyes,
There the dear wealth of ſpirits lies,
And beck'ning angels ſtand.

TO

Dr. THOMAS GIBSON.

The Life of Souls.

1704.

I.

SWIFT as the ſun revolves the day
We haſten to the dead,
Slaves to the wind we puff away,
And to the ground we tread.
'Tis air that lends us life, when firſt
The vital bellows heave:
Our fleſh we borrow of the duſt:
And when a mother's care has nurs'd
The babe to manly ſize, we muſt
With uſury pay the grave.

II.

Rich juleps, drawn from precious ore,
Still tend the dying flame:
And plants and roots, of barbarous name,
Torn from the Indian ſhore.
Thus we ſupport our tott'ring fleſh,
Our cheeks reſume the roſe afreſh,
When bark and ſteel play well their game
To ſave our ſinking breath.
And GIBSON, with his awful pow'r,
Reſcues the poor precarious hour
From the demands of death.

III.

But art and nature, pow'rs and charms,
And drugs, and recipes, and forms,
Yield us, at laſt, to greedy worms
A deſpicable prey:
I'd have a life to call my own,
That ſhall depend on heav'n alone;
Nor air, nor earth, nor ſea,
Mix their baſe eſſences with mine,
Nor claim dominion ſo divine
To give me leave to be.

IV.

Sure there's a mind within, that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins;
I feel the inward pulſe beat high
With vig'rous immortality.
Let earth reſume the fleſh it gave,
And breath diſſolve among the winds;
GIBSON, the things that fear a grave,
That I can loſe, or you can ſave,
Are not akin to minds.

V.

We claim acquaintance with the ſkies,
Upward our ſpirits hourly riſe,
And there our thoughts employ:
When heav'n ſhall ſign our grand releaſe,
We are no ſtrangers to the place,
The buſineſs, or the joy.

× ×

False Greatness.

I.

MYLO, forbear to call him bless'd
That only boasts a large estate;
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet, and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream with golden sands
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

II.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And, proudly poizing what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.
He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Crœsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be,
To think that shape their own!

III.

Thus, mingled ſtill with wealth and ſtate,
Crœſus himſelf can never know,
His true dimenſions and his weight
Are far inferior to their ſhow.
Were I ſo tall to reach the pole,
Or graſp the ocean with my ſpan,
I muſt be meaſur'd by my ſoul:
The mind's the ſtandard of the man.

TO

SARISSA.

An EPISTLE.

BEAR up, SARISSA, through the ruffling ſtorms
Of a vain vexing world: Tread down the cares
Thoſe rugged thorns that lie acroſs the road,
Nor ſpend a tear upon them. Truſt the muſe,
She ſings experienc'd truth: This briny dew,
This rain of eyes, will make the briers grow.
We travel through a deſert, and our feet
Have meaſur'd a fair ſpace, have left behind
A thouſand dangers, and a thouſand ſnares
Well 'ſcap'd. Adieu, ye horrors of the dark,
Ye finiſh'd labours, and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours: The twinge of real ſmart,
And the falſe terrors of ill-boding dreams,
Vaniſh together, be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.

Farewel, ye waxing and ye waning moons,
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill, or setting or ascending,
Or in meridian height: Then silence reign'd
O'er half the world; then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witness'd our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns
Or richer orb ye silver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round,
Those hours are fled, farewel. Months that are gone
Are gone for ever, and have borne away
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,
Mountainous woes, still leffen as they fly
Far off. So billows, in a stormy sea,
Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
Beyond the ken of sight: The sailors, safe,
Look far a-stern till they have lost the storm,
And shout their boisterous joys. A gentler muse
Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares
To dark oblivion; bury'd deep in night,
Lose them, SARISSA, and assist my song.

Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line
Of fate's immortal NOW divides the past
From all the future, with eternal bars
Forbidding a return. The past temptations
No more shall vex us; every grief we feel
Shortens the destin'd number; every pulse
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At life's sweet period: O celestial point,
That ends this mortal story!

But, if a glimpſe of light with flatt'ring ray
Breaks through the clouds of life, or wand'ring fire,
Amidſt the ſhades, invites your doubtful feet,
Beware the dancing meteor; faithleſs guide,
That leads the loneſome pilgrim wide aſtray,
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death!
Should vicious pleaſure take an angel-form
And at a diſtance riſe, by ſlow degrees,
Treacherous, to wind herſelf into your heart,
Stand firm aloof: nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze: The juſt delight
That heav'n indulges, lawful, muſt obey
Superior pow'rs; nor tempt your thoughts too far
In ſlavery to ſenſe, nor ſwell your hope
To dang'rous ſize: If it approach your feet
And court your hand, forbid th'intruding joy
To ſit too near your heart: Still may our ſouls
Claim kindred with the ſkies, nor mix with duſt
Our better-born affections; leave the globe
A neſt for worms, and haſten to our home.

O there are gardens of th'immortal kind
That crown the heavenly Eden's riſing hills
With beauty and with ſweets; no lurking miſchief
Dwells in the fruit, nor ſerpent twines the boughs;
The branches bend, laden with life and bliſs,
Ripe for the taſte, but 'tis a ſteep aſcent:
Hold faſt the * golden chain let down from heav'n,
'Twill help your feet and wings: I feel its force
Draw upwards; faſten'd to the pearly gate,
It guides the way unerring: Happy clue
Through this dark wild! 'Twas wiſdom's nobleſt work,
All join'd by power divine, and every link is love.

* The Goſpel.

TO

Mr. T. BRADBURY.

Paradise.

1708.

I.

YOUNG as I am I quit the stage,
Nor will I know th'applauses of the age;
Farewel to growing fame. I leave below
A life not half worn out with cares,
Or agonies, or years:
I leave my country all in tears,
But heaven demands me upward, and I dare to go.
Among ye, friends, divide and share
The remnant of my days,
If ye have patience, and can bear
A long fatigue of life, and drudge through all the race.

II.

Hark, my fair guardian chides my stay,
And waves his golden rod:
"Angel, I come; lead on the way:"
And now by swift degrees
I sail aloft through azure seas,
Now tread the milky road:
Farewel, ye planets, in your spheres;
And, as the stars are lost, a brighter sky appears.
In haste for paradise
I stretch the pinions of a bolder thought;
Scarce had I will'd, but I was past
Deserts of trackless light and all th'ethereal waste,
And to the sacred borders brought;
There, on the wing, a guard of cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen flame as he flies,
And well defends the walls from sieges and surprise.

III.

With pleaſing rev'rence I behold
The pearly portals wide unfold:
Enter, my ſoul, and view th'amazing ſcenes;
Sit faſt upon the flying muſe,
And let thy roving wonder looſe
O'er all th'empyreal plains.
Noon ſtands eternal here: Here may thy ſight
Drink in the rays of primogenial light;
Here breathe immortal air:
Joy muſt beat high in ev'ry vein,
Pleaſure through all thy boſom reign;
The laws forbid the ſtranger, pain,
And baniſh every care.

IV.

See how the bubbling ſprings of love
Beneath the throne ariſe;
The ſtreams in cryſtal channels move,
Around the golden ſtreets they rove,
And bleſs the manſions of the upper ſkies.
There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
Nor ſin nor death infects the fruit;
Young life hangs freſh on all the boughs,
And ſprings from ev'ry root;
Here may thy greedy ſenſes feaſt
While ecſtaſy and health attend on every taſte.
With the fair proſpect charm'd I ſtood;
Fearleſs I feed on the delicious fare,
And drink profuſe ſalvation from the ſilver flood,
Nor can exceſs be there.

V.

In ſacred order, rang'd along
Saints new-releas'd by death
Join the bold ſeraph's warbling breath,
And aid th'immortal ſong.
Each has a voice that tunes his ſtrings
To mighty ſounds, and mighty things,
Things of everlaſting weight,
Sounds, like the ſofter viol, ſweet,
And, like the trumpet, ſtrong.
Divine attention held my ſoul,
I was all ear!
Through all my pow'rs the heav'nly accents roll,
I long'd and wiſh'd my BRADBURY there;
" Could he but hear theſe notes, I ſaid,
" His tuneful ſoul would never bear
" The dull unwinding of life's tedious thread,
" But burſt the vital chords to reach the happy dead."

VI.

And now my tongue prepares to join
The harmony, and with a noble aim
Attempts th'unutterable name,
But faints, confounded by the notes divine:
Again my ſoul th'unequal honour ſought,
Again her utmoſt force ſhe brought,
And bow'd beneath the burden of th'unweildy thought.
Thrice I eſſay'd, and fainted thrice:
Th'immortal labour ſtrain'd my feeble frame,
Broke the bright viſion, and diſſolv'd the dream;
I ſunk at once and loſt the ſkies:
In vain I ſought the ſcenes of light
Rolling abroad my longing eyes,
For all around 'em ſtood my curtains and the night.

Strict Religion very rare.

I.

I'M borne aloft, and leave the crowd,
I ſail upon a morning cloud
Skirted with dawning gold:
Mine eyes beneath the opening day
Commands the globe with wide ſurvey,
Where ants in buſy millions play,
And tug and heave the mould.

II.

" Are theſe the things (my paſſion cry'd)
" That we call men? Are theſe ally'd
" To the fair worlds of light?
" They have ras'd out their Maker's name,
" Grav'n on their minds, with pointed flame,
" In ſtrokes divinely bright.

III.

" Wretches! they hate their native ſkies;
" If an ethereal thought ariſe,
" Or ſpark of virtue ſhine,
" With cruel force they damp its plumes,
" Choke the young fire with ſenſual fumes,
" With buſineſs, luſt, or wine.

IV.

" Lo! how they throng with panting breath
" The broad deſcending road
" That leads unerring down to death,
" Nor miſs the dark abode."
Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a noble few
Dare to ſtray upward, and purſue
Th'unbeaten way to GOD,

V.

I met Myrtillo mounting high,
I knew his candid soul afar;
Here Dorylus and Thyrsis fly,
Each like a rising star.
Charin I saw and Fidea there,
I saw them help each other's flight,
And bless them as they go;
They soar beyond my lab'ring sight,
And leave their loads of mortal care,
But not their love below.
On heav'n, their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their GOD:
With morning incense up they rise
Sublime, and through the lower skies
Spread the perfumes abroad.

VI.

Across the road a seraph flew,
"Mark (said he) that happy pair,
"Marriage helps devotion there:
"When kindred minds their GOD pursue,
"They break with double vigour through
"The dull incumbent air."
Charm'd with the pleasure and surprise
My soul adores and sings,
"Bless'd be the Pow'r that springs their flight,
"That streaks their path with heav'nly light,
"That turns their love to sacrifice,
"And joins their zeal for wings."

To Mr. C. and S. FLEETWOOD.

I.

FLEETWOODS, young gen'rous pair,
Despise the joys that fools pursue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air.

Try'd by a ſtandard bold and juſt,
Honour and gold are paint and duſt;
How vile the laſt is, and as vain the firſt!
Things that the crowd call great and brave,
With me how low their value's brought!
Titles and names, and life and breath,
Slaves to the wind and born for death;
The ſoul's the only thing we have
Worth an important thought.

II.

The ſoul! 'tis of th'immortal kind,
Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind,
Out-lives the mould'ring corpſe, and leaves the globe behind.
In limbs of clay though ſhe appears,
Array'd in roſy ſkin, and deck'd with ears and eyes,
The fleſh is but the ſoul's diſguiſe,
There's nothing in her frame, kin to the dreſs ſhe wears:
From all the laws of matter free,
From all we feel, and all we ſee,
She ſtands eternally diſtinct, and muſt for ever be.

III.

Riſe then, my thoughts, on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die;
Lo! on an awful throne
Sits the Creator and the Judge of ſouls,
Whirling the planets round the poles,
Winds off our threads of life, and brings our periods on,
Swift the approach, and ſolemn is the day,
When this immortal mind,
Stript of the body's coarſe array,
To endleſs pain or endleſs joy
Muſt be at once conſign'd.

IV.

Think of the ſands run down to waſte,
We poſſeſs none of all the paſt,
None but the preſent is our own:
Grace is not plac'd within our pow'r,
'Tis but one ſhort, one ſhining hour,
Bright and declining as a ſetting ſun.
See the white minutes wing'd with haſte;
The NOW that flies may be the laſt;
Seize the ſalvation e'er 'tis paſt,
Nor mourn the bleſſing gone:
A thought's delay is ruin here,
A cloſing eye, a gaſping breath,
Shuts up the golden ſcene in death,
And drowns you in deſpair.

TO

WILLIAM BLACKBOURN, Eſq.

Caſimir, Lib. II. Od. 2. imitated.

Quæ tegit canas modo bruma valles, &c.

I.

MARK how it ſnows! how faſt the valley fills;
And the ſweet groves the hoary garment wear:
Yet the warm ſun-beams, bounding from the hills,
Shall melt the veil away, and the young green appear.

II.

But, when old age has on your temples ſhed
Her ſilver-froſt, there's no returning ſun;
Swift flies our autumn, ſwift our ſummer's fled,
When youth, and love, and ſpring, and golden joys, are gone.

III.

Then cold, and winter, and your aged ſnow,
Stick faſt upon you; not the rich array,
Not the green garland, nor the roſy bough,
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy grey.

IV.

The chaſe of pleaſures is not worth the pains,
While the bright ſands of health run waſting down;
And honour calls you, from the ſofter ſcenes,
To ſell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

V.

'Tis but one youth, and ſhort, that mortals have,
And one old age diſſolves our feeble frame;
But there's a heav'nly art t'elude the grave,
And with the hero-race immortal kindred claim.

VI.

The man, that has his country's ſacred tears
Bedewing his cold hearſe, has liv'd his day:
Thus, BLACKBOURN, we ſhould leave our names our heirs;
Old time and waning moons ſweep all the reſt away.

True Monarchy.

1701.

THE rising year beheld th'imperious Gaul
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns
Crouch'd to the victor: But a steady soul
Stands firm on its own base, and reigns as wide
As absolute; and sways ten thousand slaves,
Lusts and wild fancies with a sov'reign hand.

We are a little kingdom; but the man,
That chains his rebel-will to reason's throne,
Forms it a large one, whilst his royal mind
Makes heav'n its council, from the rolls above
Draws his own statutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dy'd in the peoples blood, not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Though gilt with sun-beams and set round with stars,
A monarch he that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them; when he stands alone,
Makes his own camp, four guardian virtues wait
His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light; he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet th'attacks
Of time and chance, himself a num'rous host,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

In vain the harlot, Pleasure, spreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap,
To sensual ease, (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whose waxen images of souls

Are moulded into ſoftneſs,) ſtill his mind
Wears its own ſhape, nor can the heav'nly form
Stoop to be modell'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noiſe
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the ſhouts
Of popular applauſe, that empty ſound;
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or ſpite, or envy. In himſelf ſecure,
Wiſdom his tower, and conſcience is his ſhield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition ſwells, my wiſhes ſoar,
This be my kingdom: ſit above the globe,
My riſing ſoul, and dreſs thyſelf around
And ſhine in virtue's armour, climb the height
Of wiſdom's lofty caſtle, there reſide,
Safe from the ſmiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a day, drop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill, and with pitying eye
Survey the buſy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and buſtling in a thouſand forms
Of ſtriſe and toil to purchaſe wealth and fame,
A bubble or a duſt: Then call thy thoughts
Up to thyſelf to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

True Courage.

HONOUR demands my ſong. Forget the ground,
My gen'rous muſe, and ſit among the ſtars!
There ſing the ſoul, that, conſcious of her birth,
Lives like a native of the vital world
Amongſt theſe dying clods, and bears her ſtate
Juſt to herſelf: how nobly ſhe maintains
Her character, ſuperior to the fleſh,
She wields her paſſions like her limbs, and knows
The brutal pow'rs were only born t'obey.

This is the man whom ſtorms could never make
Meanly complain; nor can a flatt'ring gale
Make him talk proudly: He hath no deſire
To read his ſecret fate; yet, unconcern'd
And calm, could meet his unborn deſtiny,
In all its charming or its frightful ſhapes.

He that, unſhrinking and without a groan,
Bears the firſt wound, may finiſh all the war
With mere courageous ſilence, and come off
Conqueror: for the man that well conceals
The heavy ſtrokes of fate, he bears 'em well.

He, though th'Atlantic and the Midland ſeas
With adverſe ſurges meet, and riſe on high
Suſpended 'twixt the winds, then ruſh amain,

Mingled with flames, upon his ſingle head,
And clouds, and ſtars, and thunder, firm he ſtands,
Secure of his beſt life; unhurt, unmov'd;
And drops his lower nature, born for death.
Then from the lofty caſtle of his mind
Sublime looks down, exulting, and ſurveys
The ruins of creation; "ſouls alone
"Are heirs of dying worlds;" a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his cloſing lids
To reach his birth-place, and without a ſigh
He bids his batter'd fleſh lie gently down
Among his native rubbiſh; while the ſpirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted gueſt
Of the third heaven, th'unruinable ſky.

Thither, when fate has brought our willing ſouls,
No matter whether 'twas a ſharp diſeaſe,
Or a ſharp ſword that help'd the travellers on,
And puſh'd us to our home. Bear up, my friend,
Serenely, and break through the ſtormy brine
With ſteady prow; know, we ſhall once arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliſs
To which we ever ſteer; whether as kings
Of wide command we've ſpread the ſpacious ſea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cock-boat with a little oar.

There let my narrow plank ſhift me to land
And I'll be happy: Thus I'll leap aſhore,
Joyful and fearleſs, on th'immortal coaſt,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it muſt be loſt.

To the much honoured

Mr. THOMAS ROWE,

The Director of my youthful Studies.

Free Philosophy.

I.

CUSTOM, that tyranness of fools,
That leads the learned round the schools,
In magic chains of forms and rules!
My genius storms her throne:
No more, ye slaves, with awe profound
Beat the dull track, nor dance the round;
Loose hands, and quit th'inchanted ground:
Knowledge invites us each alone.

II.

I hate these shackles of the mind
Forg'd by the haughty wise;
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led, like Sampson, blind and bound;
But when his native strength he found,
He well aveng'd his eyes.
I love thy gentle influence, ROWE;
Thy gentle influence, like the sun,
Only dissolves the frozen snow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow,
And choose the channels where they run.

III.

Thoughts ſhould be free as fire or wind;
The pinions of a ſingle mind
Will through all nature fly:
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of leaden ſouls?
A genius, which no chain controuls,
Roves with delight, or deep, or high:
Swift I ſurvey the globe around,
Dive to the centre through the ſolid ground,
Or travel o'er the ſky.

To the Reverend

Mr. BENONI ROWE.

The Way of the Multitude.

I.

ROWE, if we make the crowd our guide
Through life's uncertain road,
Mean is the chace; and, wand'ring wide,
We miſs th'immortal good;
Yet, if my thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any leader-mind,
I'd mark thy ſteps, and tread the ſame:
Dreſs'd in thy notions I'd appear,
Not like a ſoul of mortal frame,
Nor with a vulgar air.

II.

Men live at random and by chance,
Bright reaſon never leads the dance;
Whilſt in the broad and beaten way,
O'er dales and hill, from truth we ſtray,
To ruin we deſcend, to ruin we advance.
Wiſdom retires; ſhe hates the crowd,
And, with a decent ſcorn,
Aloof ſhe climbs her ſteepy ſeat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy feet
Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude
Have e'er a paſſage worn.

III.

Mere hazard firſt began the track,
Where cuſtom leads her thouſands blind
In willing chains and ſtrong;
There's ſcarce one bold, one noble, mind
Dares tread the fatal error back;
But hand in hand ourſelves we bind,
And drag the age along.

IV.

Mortals, a ſavage herd, and loud
As billows on a noiſy flood,
In rapid order roll:
Example makes the miſchief good:
With jocund heel we beat the road,
Unheedful of the goal.
Me let * Ithuriel's friendly wing
Snatch from the crowd, and bear ſublime

* Ithuriel is the name of an angel in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

To wiſdom's lofty tower,
Thence to ſurvey that wretched thing,
Mankind; and in exalted rhime
Bleſs the delivering power.

To the Reverend

Mr. JOHN HOWE.

1704.

I.

GREAT man, permit the muſe to climb
And ſeat her at thy feet;
Bid her attempt a thought ſublime,
And conſecrate her wit.
I feel, I feel, th'attractive force
Of thy ſuperior ſoul:
My chariot flies her upward courſe,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men:
How they grow grey in trifling cares,
Or waſte the motions of the ſpheres
Upon delights as vain!

II.

A puff of honour fills the mind,
And yellow duſt is ſolid good:
Thus, like the aſs of ſavage kind,
We ſnuff the breezes of the wind,
Or ſteal the ſerpent's food.

Could all the choirs
That charm the poles
But ſtrike one doleful ſound,
'Twould be employ'd to mourn our ſouls,
Souls that were fram'd of ſprightly fires
In floods of folly drown'd.
Souls made of glory ſeek a brutal joy;
How they diſclaim their heavenly birth,
Melt their bright ſubſtance down with droſſy earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure alloy!

III.

Oft has thy genius rous'd us hence
With elevated ſong,
Bid us renounce this world of ſenſe,
Bid us divide th'immortal prize
With the ſeraphic throng:
"Knowledge and love make ſpirits bleſs'd,
"Knowledge their food, and love their reſt;"
But fleſh, th'unmanageable beaſt,
Reſiſts the pity of thine eyes,
And muſic of thy tongue.
Then let the worms of groveling mind,
Round the ſhort joys of earthly kind,
In reſtleſs windings roam:
HOWE hath an ample orb of ſoul,
Where ſhining worlds of knowledge roll,
Where love, the centre and the pole,
Completes the heav'n at home.

The Disappointment and Relief.

I.

VIRTUE, permit my fancy to impose
Upon my better pow'rs:
She casts sweet fallacies on half our woes,
And gilds the gloomy hours.
How could we bear this tedious round,
Of waning moons and rolling years,
Of flaming hopes and chilling fears,
If (where no sov'reign cure appears)
No opiates could be found?

II.

Love, the most cordial stream that flows,
Is a deceitful good:
Young Doris, who nor guilt nor danger knows,
On the green margin stood,
Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they rose,
And with more golden sands her fancy pav'd the flood:
Then, fond to be entirely bless'd,
And tempted by a faithless youth,
As void of goodness as of truth,
She plunges in with heedless haste,
And rears the nether mud:
Darkness and nauseous dregs arise
O'er thy fair current, love, with large supplies
Of pain to teaze the heart, and sorrow for the eyes.
The golden bliss, that charm'd her sight,
Is dash'd, and drown'd, and lost:
A spark, or glimm'ring streak at most,
Shines here and there, amidst the night,
Amidst the turbid waves, and gives a faint delight.

III.

Recover'd from the ſad ſurpriſe,
Doris awakes at laſt,
Grown by the diſappointment wiſe;
And manages with art th'unlucky caſt:
When the low'ring frown ſhe ſpies
On her haughty tyrant's brow,
With humble love ſhe meets his wrathful eyes,
And makes her ſov'reign beauty bow;
Cheerful ſhe ſmiles upon the grizzly form;
So ſhines the ſetting ſun on adverſe ſkies,
And paints a rainbow on the ſtorm.
Anon ſhe lets the ſullen humour ſpend,
And, with a virtuous book or friend,
Beguiles th'uneaſy hours:
Well colouring every croſs ſhe meets,
With heart ſerene ſhe ſleeps and eats,
She ſpreads her board with fancy'd ſweets,
And ſtrows her bed with flow'rs.

The Hero's School of Morality.

THERON, amongſt his travels, found
A broken ſtatue on the ground;
And, ſearching onward as he went,
He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
Mould, moſs, and ſhades, had overgrown
The ſculpture of the crumbling ſtone,
Yet ere he paſs'd, with much ado,
He gueſs'd, and ſpell'd out SCI-PI-O.

" Enough, he cry'd; I'll drudge no more
" In turning the dull Stoics o'er;
" Let pedants waſte their hours of eaſe
" To ſweat all night at Socrates;
" To feed their boys with notes and rules,
" Thoſe tedious recipes of ſchools,
" To cure ambition: I can learn
" With greater eaſe the great concern
" Of mortals; how we may deſpiſe
" All the gay things below the ſkies.

" Methinks a mould'ring pyramid
" Says all that the old ſages ſaid;
" For me theſe ſhatter'd tombs contain
" More morals than the Vatican;
" The duſt of heroes caſt abroad,
" And kick'd and trampled in the road,
" The relics of a lofty mind,
" That lately wars and crowns deſign'd,
" Toſs'd for a jeſt from wind to wind,
" Bid me be humble, and forbear
" Tall monuments of fame to rear,
" They are but caſtles in the air.
" The tow'ring heights and frightful falls,
" The ruin'd heaps and funerals,
" Of ſmoking kingdoms and their kings,
" Tell me a thouſand mournful things
" In melancholy ſilence.——— ———
" ——————————————He,
" That living could not bear to ſee
" An equal, now lies torn and dead;
" Here his pale trunk, and there his head;
" Great Pompey! while I meditate,
" With ſolemn horror, thy ſad fate,

" Thy carcaſe, ſcatter'd on the ſhore
" Without a name, inſtructs me more
" Than my whole library before.

" Lie ſtill, my Plutarch, then, and ſleep;
" And you, good Seneca, may keep
" Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
" I have no farther uſe for you:
" For, when I feel my virtue fail,
" And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
" I'll take a turn among the tombs,
" And ſee whereto all glory comes:
" There the vile foot of ev'ry clown
" Tramples the ſons of honour down;
" Beggars with awful aſhes ſport,
" And tread the Cæſars in the dirt."

Freedom.

1697.

I.

TEMPT me no more. My ſoul can ne'er comport
With the gay ſlaveries of a court:
I've an averſion to thoſe charms,
And hug dear liberty in both mine arms.
Go, vaſſal-ſouls, go, cringe and wait,
And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
Then run in troops before him to compoſe his ſtate;
Move as he moves, and, when he loiters, ſtand;
You're but the ſhadows of a man.
Bend when he ſpeaks; and kiſs the ground:
Go, catch th'impertinence of ſound:
Adore the follies of the great;
Wait 'till he ſmiles: but, lo, the idol frown'd,
And drove them to their fate.

II.

Thus baſe-born minds: But, as for me,
I can and will be free:
Like a ſtrong mountain, or ſome ſtately tree,
My ſoul grows firm upright,
And, as I ſtand and as I go,
It keeps my body ſo;
No, I can never part with my creation-right.
Let ſlaves and aſſes ſtoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee
Bend to a meaner pow'r than that which form'd it free.

III.

Thus my bold harp profuſely play'd
Pindarical; then on a branchy ſhade
I hung my harp aloft, myſelf beneath it laid.
Nature, that liſten'd to my ſtrain,
Reſum'd the theme, and acted it again.
Sudden roſe a whirling wind,
Swelling like Honorio proud,
Around the ſtraws and feathers crowd,
Types of a ſlaviſh mind;
Upwards the ſtormy forces riſe,
The duſt flies up and climbs the ſkies,
And, as the tempeſt fell, th'obedient vapours ſunk:
Again it roars with bellowing ſound;
The meaner plants, that grew around,
The willow and the aſp, trembled and kiſs'd the ground:
Hard by there ſtood the iron trunk
Of an old oak, and all the ſtorm defy'd;
In vain the winds their forces try'd.
In vain they roar'd; the iron oak
Bow'd only to the heav'nly thunder's ſtroke.

On Mr. LOCKE's *Annotations upon several Parts of the* NEW TESTAMENT, *left behind him at his Death.*

I.

THUS reason learns, by slow degrees,
What faith reveals; but still complains
Of intellectual pains,
And darkness from the too exuberant light.
The blaze of those bright mysteries,
Pour'd all at once on nature's eyes,
Offend and cloud her feeble sight.

II.

Reason could scarce contain to see
Th'almighty One, th'eternal Three,
Or bear the infant Deity;
Scarce could her pride descend to own
Her Maker stooping from his throne,
And dress'd in glories so unknown:
A ransom'd world, a bleeding GOD,
And heav'n appeas'd with flowing blood,
Were themes too painful to be understood.

III.

Faith, thou bright cherub, speak, and say,
Did ever mind of mortal race
Cost thee more toil, or larger grace,
To melt and bend it to obey?
'Twas hard to make so rich a soul submit,
And lay her shining honours at thy sov'reign feet.

IV.

Siſter of faith, fair charity,
Shew me the wond'rous man on high;
Tell how he ſees the Godhead three in one;
The bright conviction fills his eye,
His nobleſt pow'rs in deep proſtration lie
At the myſterious throne.
" Forgive, (he cries,) ye ſaints below,
" The wav'ring and the cold aſſent
" I gave to themes divinely true;
" Can you admit the bleſſed to repent?
" Eternal darkneſs, veil the lines
" Of that unhappy book,
" Where glimm'ring reaſon with falſe luſtre ſhines,
" Where the mere mortal pen miſtook
" What the celeſtial meant!"

See Mr. Locke's Annotations on Rom. iii. 25. and Paraphraſe on Rom. ix. 5. which has inclined ſome readers to doubt whether he believed the deity and ſatisfaction of CHRIST. Therefore, in the fourth ſtanza, I invoke Charity, that, by her help, I may find him out in Heaven, ſince his notes on 2 Cor. v. ult. and ſome other places, give me reaſon to believe he was no Socinian, though he has darkened the glory of the Goſpel, and debaſed Chriſtianity, in the book which he calls the Reaſonableneſs of it, and in ſome of his other works.

True Riches.

I Am not concern'd to know
What to-morrow fate will do:
'Tis enough that I can ſay,
I've poſſeſs'd myſelf to-day:
Then, if haply midnight-death
Seize my fleſh, and ſtop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I ſhall be
Heir to the beſt part of me.

Glitt'ring ſtones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever flutt'ring to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches, that the world beſtows,
She can take, and I can loſe;
But the treaſures that are mine
Lie a-far beyond her line.
When I view my ſpacious ſoul,
And ſurvey myſelf a-whole,
And enjoy myſelf alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never ſeen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here, on all the fair ſhining boughs,
Knowledge fair and uſeleſs grows;
On the ſame young flow'ry tree
All the ſeaſons you may ſee;
Notions, in the bloom of light,
Juſt diſcloſing to the ſight;

Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Rip'ning into ſolid truth;
Fruits refin'd, of noble taſte;
Seraphs feed on ſuch repaſt.
Here, in a green and ſhady grove,
Streams of pleaſure mix with love:
There, beneath the ſmiling ſkies,
Hills of contemplation riſe;
Now upon ſome ſhining top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raiſe my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endleſs beauties more
Earth hath no reſemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can deſcribe the ſoul:
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treaſures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru.
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the wat'ry ſtage
Cannot coaſt it in an age;
Harts or horſes, ſtrong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thouſand days or more.

Yet the ſilly wandering mind,
Lothe to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coaſting round the narrow ſhores,
Narrow ſhores of fleſh and ſenſe,
Picking ſhells and pebbles thence;

Or she sits at fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her,
Foreign visits still receiving,
And t' herself a stranger living;
Never, never, would she buy
Indian dust or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native store,
If her inward worth were known
She might ever live alone.

The Adventurous Muse.

I.

URANIA takes her morning flight
With an inimitable wing:
Through rising deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wond'rous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day;
Nor Rapin * gives her rules to fly, nor Purcell † notes to sing.

II.

She nor enquires, nor knows, nor fears,
Where lie the pointed rocks, or where th'ingulphing sand,
Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies,
She meets descending angels as she flies,
Nor asks them where their country lies,
Or where the sea-marks stand.
Touch'd with an empyreal ray
She springs, unerring, upward to eternal day,
Spreads her white sails aloft, and steers,
With bold and safe attempt, to the celestial land:

* A French critic. † An English master of music.

III.

While little skiffs along the mortal shores
With humble toil in order creep,
Coasting in sight of one another's oars,
Nor venture through the boundless deep:
Such low pretending souls are they
Who dwell inclos'd in solid orbs of skull;
Plodding along their sober way,
The snail o'ertakes them in their wildest play,
While the poor labourers sweat to be correctly dull.

IV.

Give me the chariot whose diviner wheels
Mark their own rout, and unconfin'd
Bound o'er the everlasting hills,
And lose the clouds below, and leave the stars behind;
Give me the muse whose generous force,
Impatient of the reins,
Pursues an unattempted course,
Breaks all the critics iron chains,
And bears to paradise the raptur'd mind.

V.

There Milton dwells: The mortal sung
Themes not presum'd by mortal tongue;
New terrors, or new glories, shine
In every page, and flying scenes divine
Surprise the wond'ring sense, and draw our souls along.
Behold his muse, sent out t'explore
The unapparent deep where waves of chaos roar,
And realms of night unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious path unknown,
Through fields of heavenly war, and seraphs over-
thrown,
Where his advent'rous genius led:

Sovereign, she fram'd a model of her own,
Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.
The noble hater of degenerate rhime
Shook off the chains, and built his verse sublime,
A monument too high for coupled souls to climb.
He mourn'd the garden lost below;
(Earth is the scene for tuneful woe!)
Now bliss beats high in all his veins,
Now the lost Eden he regains,
Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unrivall'd strains.

VI.

Immortal bard! Thus thy own Raphael sings,
And knows no rule but native fire:
All heav'n sits silent while to his sov'reign strings
He talks unutterable things;
With graces infinite his untaught fingers rove
Across the golden lyre:
From every note devotion springs,
Rapture, and harmony, and love,
O'erspread the list'ning choir.

TO

Mr. NICOLAS CLARK.

The Complaint.

I.

'TWAS in a vale, where osiers grow
By murm'ring streams, we told our woe,
And mingled all our cares:
Friendship sat pleas'd in both our eyes,
In both the weeping dews arise,
And drop alternate tears.

II.

The vigorous monarch of the day,
Now mounting half his morning way,
Shone with a fainter bright:
Still ſick'ning, and decaying ſtill,
Dimly he wander'd up the hill
With his expiring light.

III.

In dark eclipſe his chariot roll'd,
The queen of night obſcur'd his gold
Behind her ſable wheels;
Nature grew ſad to loſe the day,
The flow'ry vales in mourning lay,
In mourning ſtood the hills.

IV.

Such are our ſorrows, CLARK, I cry'd,
Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide
Our dark'ned ſouls behind;
In the young morning of our years
Diſtempering fogs have climb'd the ſpheres,
And choke the lab'ring mind.

V.

Lo, the gay planet rears his head,
And overlooks the lofty ſhade,
New-bright'ning all the ſkies:
But ſay, dear part'ner of my moan,
When will our long eclipſe be gone,
Or when our ſuns ariſe?

VI.

In vain are potent herbs apply'd,
Harmonious ſounds in vain have try'd
To make the darkneſs fly:

But drugs would raise the dead as soon,
Or clatt'ring brass relieve the moon,
When fainting in the sky.

VII.

Some friendly spirit from above,
Born of the light, and nurs'd with love,
Assist our feebler fires:
Force these invading glooms away;
Souls should be seen quite through their clay,
Bright as your heav'nly choirs.

VIII.

But, if the fogs must damp the flame,
Gently, kind Death, dissolve our frame,
Release the prisoner, Mind:
Our souls shall mount, at thy discharge,
To their bright source, and shine at large,
Nor clouded, nor confin'd.

The Afflictions of a Friend.

1702.

I.

NOW let my cares all bury'd lie,
My griefs for ever dumb:
Your sorrows swell my heart so high,
They leave my own no room.

II.

Sickness and pains are quite forgot,
The spleen itself is gone;
Plung'd in your woes I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.

III.

Infinite grief puts ſenſe to flight,
And all the ſoul invades;
So the broad gloom of ſpreading night
Devours the ev'ning ſhades.

IV.

Thus am I born to be unbleſs'd!
This ſympathy of woe
Drives my own tyrants from my breaſt
T'admit a foreign foe.

V.

Sorrows in long ſucceſſion reign;
Their iron rod I feel:
Friendſhip has only chang'd the chain,
But I'm the pris'ner ſtill.

VI.

Why was this life for miſery made?
Or why drawn out ſo long?
Is there no room among the dead?
Or is a wretch too young?

VII.

Move faſter on, great nature's wheel,
Be kind, ye rolling pow'rs,
Hurl my days headlong down the hill
With undiſtinguiſh'd hours.

VIII.

Be duſky, all my riſing ſuns,
Nor ſmile upon a ſlave:
Darkneſs, and death, make haſte at once
To hide me in the grave.

The Reverſe, or, *The Comforts of a Friend.*

I.

THUS nature tun'd her mournful tongue,
'Till grace lift up her head,
Revers'd the ſorrow and the ſong,
And, ſmiling, thus ſhe ſaid:

II.

Were kindred ſpirits born for cares?
Muſt every grief be mine?
Is there a ſympathy in tears,
Yet joys refuſe to join?

III.

Forbid it, heav'n, and raiſe my love,
And make our joys the ſame:
So bliſs and friendſhip join'd above
Mix an immortal flame.

IV.

Sorrows are loſt in vaſt delight
That brightens all the ſoul,
As deluges of dawning light
O'erwhelm the duſky pole.

V.

Pleaſures in long ſucceſſion reign,
And all my pow'rs employ;
Friendſhip but ſhifts the pleaſing ſcene,
And freſh repeats the joy.

VI.

Life has a ſoft and ſilver thread,
Nor is it drawn too long;
Yet when my vaſter hopes perſuade,
I'm willing to be gone.

VII.

Faſt as ye pleaſe roll down the hill,
And haſte away, my years;
Or I can wait my Father's will,
And dwell beneath the ſpheres.

VIII.

Riſe glorious, every future ſun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the laſt dear moment known
By well-diſtinguiſh'd rays.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN, Lord CUTTS.

At the
Siege of Namur.

The Hardy Soldier.

I.

" O WHY is man ſo thoughtleſs grown?
" Why guilty ſouls in haſte to die?
" Vent'ring the leap to worlds unknown,
" Heedleſs, to arms and blood they fly.

II.

" Are lives but worth a ſoldier's pay?
" Why will ye join ſuch wide extremes,
" And ſtake immortal ſouls in play
" At deſperate chance and bloody games?

III.

" VALOUR's a noble turn of thought,
" Whoſe pardon'd guilt forbids her fears:
" Calmly ſhe meets the deadly ſhot,
" Secure of life above the ſtars.

IV.

" But FRENZY dares eternal fate,
" And, spurr'd with honour's airy dreams,
" Flies to attack th'infernal gate,
" And force a passage to the flames."

V.

Thus, hov'ring o'er NAMURIA's plains,
Sang heav'nly love in Gabriel's form:
Young THRASO felt the moving strains,
And vow'd to pray before the storm.

VI.

Anon the thund'ring trumpet calls;
" Vows are but wind," the hero cries;
Then swears by heav'n, and scales the walls,
Drops in the ditch, despairs, and dies.

Burning several Poems of Ovid, Martial, Oldham, Dryden, &c.

I.

I JUDGE the muse of lewd desire;
Her sons to darkness, and her works to fire.
In vain the flatteries of their wit,
Now with a melting strain, now with a heav'nly flight,
Would tempt my virtue to approve
Those gaudy tinders of a lawless love.
So harlots dress: They can appear
Sweet, modest, cool, divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye; but, all within,
Stench, impudence and fire, and ugly raging sin.

II.

Die, Flora, die, in endleſs ſhame,
Thou proſtitute of blackeſt fame,
Stript of thy falſe array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern luſt, who gild our ſcenes,
Poiſon the Britiſh ſtage, and paint damnation gay,
Attend your miſtreſs to the dead;
When Flora dies, her imps ſhould wait upon her ſhade.

III.

Strephon*, of noble blood and mind,
(For ever ſhine his name!)
As death approach'd, his ſoul refin'd,
And gave his looſer ſonnets to the flame.
"Burn, burn, (he cry'd with ſacred rage,)
"Hell is the due of every page,
"Hell be the fate. (But, O indulgent heav'n!
"So vile the muſe, and yet the man forgiv'n!)
"Burn on my ſongs: For not the ſilver Thames,
"Nor Tyber with his yellow ſtreams,
"In endleſs currents rolling to the main,
"Can e'er dilute the poiſon, or waſh out the ſtain."
So Moſes by divine command
Forbade the lep'rous houſe to ſtand
When deep the fatal ſpot was grown,
"Break down the timber, and dig up the ſtone."

* Earl of Rocheſter.

TO

Mrs. B. BENDISH.

Againſt Tears.

1699.

I.

MADAM, perſuade me tears are good
To waſh our mortal cares away,
Theſe eyes ſhall weep a ſudden flood,
And ſtream into a briny ſea.

II.

Or, if theſe orbs are hard and dry,
(Theſe orbs that never uſe to rain,)
Some ſtar direct me where to buy
One ſov'reign drop for all my pain.

III.

Were both the golden Indies mine,
I'd give both Indies for a tear;
I'd barter all but what's divine;
Nor ſhall I think the bargain dear.

IV.

But tears, alas! are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our woe:
From trickling eyes new ſorrow ſprings,
As weeds in rainy ſeaſons grow.

V.

Thus weeping urges weeping on;
In vain our mis'ries hope relief,
For one drop calls another down,
'Till we are drown'd in ſeas of grief.

VI.

Then let theſe uſeleſs ſtreams be ſtaid,
Wear native courage on your face:
Theſe vulgar things were never made
For ſouls of a ſuperior race.

VII.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,
And thouſand foes your ſteps ſurround,
Tread the thorns down, charge through the foe:
The hardeſt fight is higheſt crown'd.

Few happy Matches.

Auguſt, 1701.

I.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my ſong,
To whom thy ſweeteſt joys belong,
And who the happy pairs,
Whoſe yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find bleſſings twiſted with their bands,
To ſoften all their cares.

II.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and ſwains,
That thoughtleſs fly into the chains,
As cuſtom leads the way:
If there be bliſs without deſign,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine
And be as bleſs'd as they.

III.

Not ſordid ſouls of earthy mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May ruſh to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

IV.

Not the mad tribe that hell inſpires
With wanton flames; thoſe raging fires
The purer bliſs deſtroy:
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And ſheets of lightning dreſs the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

V.

Not the dull pairs, whoſe marble forms
None of the melting paſſions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,
Are marry'd juſt like Stoic ſouls,
With oſiers for their bands.

VI.

Not minds of melancholy ſtrain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear bondage bleſs:
As well may heav'nly concerts ſpring
From two old lutes with ne'er a ſtring,
Or none beſide the baſs.

VII.

Nor can the ſoft enchantments hold
Two jarring ſouls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:

Sampſon's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a ſavage mind,
For love abhors the fight:
Looſe the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Riſe and forbid delight.

IX.

Two kindeſt ſouls alone muſt meet;
'Tis friendſhip makes the bondage ſweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentleſt birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

TO

DAVID POLHILL, Eſq.

An EPISTLE.

December, 1702.

I.

LET uſeleſs ſouls to woods retreat;
POLHILL ſhould leave a country ſeat
When virtue bids him dare be great.

II.

Nor Kent*, nor Suſſex, ſhould have charms,
While liberty, with loud alarms,
Calls you to counſels and to arms.

* His country-ſeat and dwelling.

III.

Lewis, by fawning ſlaves ador'd,
Bids you receive † a baſe-born lord;
Awake your cares! awake your ſword!

IV.

Factions among the Britons ‡ riſe,
And warring tongues, and wild ſurmiſe,
And burning zeal without her eyes.

V.

A vote decides the blind debate;
Reſolv'd, "'Tis of diviner weight
"To ſave the ſteeple than the ſtate."

VI.

The bold machine § is form'd and join'd
To ſtretch the conſcience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

VII.

Your grandſires ſhades, with jealous eye,
Frown down to ſee their offspring lie
Careleſs, and let their country die.

VIII.

If Trevia || fear to let you ſtand
Againſt the Gaul with ſpear in hand,
At leaſt ** petition for the land.

† The Pretender proclaimed king in France.

‡ The parliament.

§ The bill againſt occaſional conformity, 1702.

|| Mrs Polhill, of the family of the Lord Trevor.

** Mr Polhill was one of thoſe five zealous gentlemen who preſented the famous Kentiſh petition to the parliament, in the reign of king William, to haſten their ſupplies in order to ſupport the king in his war with France.

The celebrated victory of the Poles *over* Osman, *the* Turkish *Emperor, in the* Dacian *Battle.*

Translated from Casimire, B. IV. Od 4. *with large additions.*

GADOR, the old, the wealthy and the strong,
Cheerful in years, (nor of the heroic muse
Unknowing, nor unknown,) held fair possessions
Where flows the fruitful Danube: Seventy springs
Smil'd on his seed, and seventy harvest-moons
Fill'd his wide granaries with autumnal joy:
Still he resum'd the toil: and, fame reports,
While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his plough
In grassy furrows, the torn earth disclos'd
Helmets and swords, (bright furniture of war
Sleeping in rust,) and heaps of mighty bones.
The sun descending to the western deep
Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the yoke,
Yet held his wearied oxen from their food
With charming numbers and uncommon song.

Go, fellow-labourers, you may rove secure,
Or feed beside me; taste the greens and boughs
That you have long forgot; crop the sweet herb
And graze in safety, while the victor Pole
Leans on his spear, and breathes; yet still his eye
Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier, say,
How fair, a harvest of the slaughter'd Turks
Strew'd the Moldavian fields? What mighty piles
Of vast destruction and of Thracian dead
Fill and amaze my eyes? Broad bucklers lie,
(A vain defence,) spread o'er the pathless hills,

And coats of ſcaly ſteel, and hard habergeon,
Deep bruis'd and empty of Mahometan limbs.
This the fierce Saracen wore, (for, when a boy,
I was their captive, and remind their dreſs:)
Here the Polonians, dreadful, march'd along,
In auguſt port and regular array,
Led on to conqueſt: Here the Turkiſh chief,
Preſumptuous, trod, and in rude order rang'd
His long battalions, while his populous towns
Pour'd out freſh troops perpetual, dreſs'd in arms,
Horrent in mail, and gay in ſpangled pride.

Oh! the dire image of the bloody fight
Theſe eyes have ſeen, when the capacious plain
Was throng'd with Dacian ſpears; when poliſh'd helms
And convex gold blaz'd thick againſt the ſun,
Reſtoring all his beams! but frowning war,
All gloomy, like a gather'd tempeſt, ſtood
Wavering, and doubtful where to bend its fall.

The ſtorm of miſſive ſteel delay'd awhile
By wiſe command; fledg'd arrows on the nerve;
And ſcymiter and ſabre bore the ſheath
Reluctant; till the hollow brazen clouds
Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field
Loud thunder, and diſgorg'd their ſulph'rous fire.
Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with arms;
Then javelins anſwer'd javelins as they fled,
For both fled hiſſing death: with adverſe edge
The crooked fauchions met; and hideous noiſe,
From claſhing ſhields, through the long ranks of war,
Clang'd horrible. A thouſand iron ſtorms
Roar diverſe, and in harſh confuſion drown
The trumpet's ſilver ſound. O rude effort
Of harmony! Not all the frozen ſtores
Of the cold north, when pour'd in rattling hail,

Laſh with ſuch madneſs the Norwegian plains,
Or ſo torment the ear. Scarce ſounds ſo far
The direful fragor, when ſome ſouthern blaſt
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks,
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock:
The maſſy fragment, many a rood in length,
With hideous claſh, rolls down the rugged cliff,
Reſiſtleſs, plunging in the ſubject lake
Como, or Lugaine; th'afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills!
Such was the noiſe of war: The troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din
To neighbouring regions; rocks and lofty hills
Beat the impetuous echoes round the ſky.

Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate, appear
In all their murderous forms; and flame and blood,
And ſweat and duſt, array the broad campaign
In horror: haſty feet, and ſparkling eyes,
And all the ſavage paſſions of the ſoul,
Engage in the warm buſineſs of the day.
Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,
Join in the fight; and breaſts in cloſe embrace,
But mortal as the iron arms of death.
Here words auſtere, of perilous command,
And valour ſwift t'obey; bold feats of arms,
Dreadful to ſee, and glorious to relate,
Shine through the field with more ſurpriſing brightneſs
Than glittering helms or ſpears. What loud applauſe,
(Beſt meed of warlike toil,) what manly ſhouts,
And yells unmanly, through the battle ring!
And ſudden wrath dies into endleſs flame.

Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here
Stood the more num'rous Turk, the valiant Pole
Fought here; more dreadful, though with leſſer wings.

But what the Dahees, or the coward ſoul
Of a Cydonian, what the fearful crowds
Of baſe Cilicians 'ſcaping from the ſlaughter,
Or Parthian beaſts, with all their racing riders,
What could they mean againſt th'intrepid breaſt
Of the purſuing foe? Th'impetuous Poles
Ruſh here, and here the Lithuanian horſe
Drive down upon them like a double bolt
Of kindled thunder raging through the ſky
On ſounding wheels; or as ſome mighty flood
Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful ſteep
Precipitant, and bears along the ſtream
Rocks, woods, and trees, with all the grazing herd,
And tumbles lofty foreſts headlong to the plain.

The bold Boruſſian, ſmoking from afar,
Moves like a tempeſt in a duſky cloud,
And imitates th'artillery of Heaven,
The lightning and the roar. Amazing ſcene!
What ſhowers of mortal hail, what flaky fires
Burſt from the darkneſs! while their cohorts firm
Met the like thunder, and an equal ſtorm
From hoſtile troops, but with a braver mind.
Undaunted boſoms tempt the edge of war,
And ruſh on the ſharp point; while baleful miſchiefs,
Deaths, and bright dangers, flew acroſs the field,
Thick and continual, and a thouſand ſouls
Fled murmuring through their wounds. I ſtood aloof,
For 'twas unſafe to come within the wind
Of Ruſſian banners, when with whizzing ſound,
Eager of glory and profuſe of life,
They bore down fearleſs on the charging foes,
And drove them backward. Then the Turkiſh moons
Wander'd in diſarray. A dark eclipſe
Hung on the ſilver creſcent, boding night,
Long night to all her ſons: at length, diſrob'd,

The ſtandards fell; the barbarous enſigns, torn,
Fled with the wind, the ſport of angry Heav'n:
And a large cloud of infantry and horſe,
Scattering in wild diſorder, ſpread the plain.

Not noiſe, nor number, nor the brawny limb,
Nor high-built ſize, prevails: 'Tis courage fights,
'Tis courage conquers. So whole foreſts fall
(A ſpacious ruin) by one ſingle ax,
And ſteel well ſharp'ned: ſo a generous pair
Of young-wing'd eaglets fright a thouſand doves.

Vaſt was the ſlaughter, and the flow'ry green
Drank deep of flowing crimſon. Veteran bands
Here made their laſt campaign. Here haughty chiefs,
Stretch'd on the bed of purple honour, lie
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,
Oppreſs'd with iron ſlumbers and long night.
Their ghoſts, indignant, to the nether world
Fled, but attended well: for at their ſide
Some faithful Janizaries ſtrew'd the field,
Fall'n in juſt ranks or wedges, lunes or ſquares,
Firm as they ſtood; to the Warſovian troops
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight.
But the broad ſabre and keen pole-ax flew
With ſpeedy terror through the feebler herd,
And made rude havoc and irregular ſpoil
Amongſt the vulgar bands that own'd the name
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled,
In ſwift affright a thouſand different ways,
Through brakes and thorns, and climb'd the craggy mountains,
Bellowing; yet haſty fate o'ertook the cry,
And Poliſh hunters clave the timorous deer.

Thus the dire proſpect, diſtant, fill'd my ſoul
With awe; till the laſt relics of the war,
The thin Edonians, flying, had diſclos'd
The ghaſtly plain: I took a nearer view,
Unſeemly to the ſight, nor to the ſmell
Grateful. What loads of mangled fleſh and limbs,
(A diſmal carnage!) bath'd in reeking gore,
Lay welt'ring on the ground! while flitting life
Convuls'd the nerves, ſtill ſhivering, nor had loſt
All taſte of pain: Here an old Thracian lies,
Deform'd with years and ſcars, and groans aloud,
Torn with freſh wounds; but inward vitals firm
Forbid the ſoul's remove, and chain it down,
By the hard laws of nature, to ſuſtain
Long torment: His wide eye-balls roll: His teeth,
Gnaſhing with anguiſh, chide his ling'ring fate.
Emblazon'd armour ſpoke his high command
Among the neighbouring dead; they, round their lord,
Lay proſtrate; ſome in flight ignobly ſlain,
Some to the ſkies their faces upwards turn'd,
Still brave, and proud to die ſo near their prince.

I mov'd not far, and, lo, at manly length,
Two beauteous youths, of richeſt Ott'man blood,
Extended on the field: in friendſhip join'd,
Nor fate divides them: Hardy warriors both;
Both faithful; drown'd in ſhow'rs of darts they fell,
Each with his ſhield ſpread o'er his lover's heart,
In vain: for on thoſe orbs of friendly braſs
Stood groves of javelins; ſome, alas! too deep
Were planted there, and through their lovely boſoms
Made painful avenues for cruel death.
O my dear native land, forgive the tear
I dropp'd on their wan cheeks, when ſtrong compaſſion
Forc'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,

And paid a sacrifice to hostile virtue.
Dacia, forgive the sigh that wish'd the souls
Of those fair infidels some humble place
Among the bless'd. " Sleep, sleep, ye hapless pair,
" (Gently, I cry'd,) worthy of better fate,
" And better faith." Hard by the General, lay,
Of Saracen descent, a grizzly form
Breathless, yet pride sat pale upon his front
In disappointment, with a surly brow
Lowring in death, and vex'd; his rigid jaws,
Foaming with blood, bite hard the Polish spear:
In that dead visage my remembrance reads
Rash Caraccas: In vain the boasting slave
Promis'd and sooth'd the Sultan, threat'ning fierce,
With royal suppers and triumphant fare
Spread wide beneath Warsovian silk and gold;
See on the naked ground all cold he lies,
Beneath the damp wide cov'ring of the air,
Forgetful of his word. How Heaven confounds
Insulting hopes! with what an awful smile
Laughs at the proud, that loosen all the reins
To their unbounded wishes, and leads on
Their blind ambition to a shameful end!

But whither am I borne? This thought of arms
Fires me in vain to sing to senseless bulls
What generous horse should hear. Break off, my song,
My barbarous muse, be still: immortal deeds
Must not be thus profan'd in rustic verse:
The martial trumpet, and the following age,
And growing fame, shall loud rehearse the fight
In sounds of glory. Lo, the evening star
Shines o'er the western hill; my oxen, come,
The well-known star invites the labourer home.

TO

Mr. HENRY BENDISH.

DEAR SIR, *Aug.* 24, 1705.

THE following song was yours when first composed: The muse then described the general fate of mankind, that is, to be ill-matched; and now she rejoices that you have escaped the common mischief, and that your soul has found its own mate. Let this ode then congratulate you both. Grow mutually in more complete likeness and love: Persevere and be happy.

I persuade myself you will accept from the press what the pen more privately inscribed to you long ago; and I am in no pain lest you should take offence at the fabulous dress of this poem: Nor would weaker minds be scandalized at it, if they would give themselves leave to reflect how many divine truths are spoken, by the holy writers, in visions and images, parables and dreams: Nor are my wiser friends ashamed to defend it, since the narrative is grave, and the moral so just and obvious.

The Indian *Philosopher*.

Sept. 3, 1701.

I.

WHY should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
A plague of iron prove?

BENDISH, 'tis ſtrange the charm, that binds
Millions of hands, ſhould leave their minds
At ſuch a looſe from love.

II.

In vain I ſought the wond'rous cauſe,
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the ſchools in vain;
Then, deep in thought, within my breaſt
My ſoul retir'd, and ſlumber dreſs'd
A bright inſtructive ſcene.

III.

O'er the broad lands, and croſs the tide,
On fancy's airy horſe I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
'Till, on the banks of Ganges flood,
In a tall ancient grove I ſtood,
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

IV.

Hard by, a venerable prieſt,
Ris'n with his god, the ſun, from reſt,
Awoke his morning ſong;
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring ſtream;
The birth of ſouls was all his theme,
And half divine his tongue.

V.

" He ſang th'eternal rolling flame,
" That vital maſs, that, ſtill the ſame,
" Does all our minds compoſe:
" But ſhap'd in twice ten thouſand frames;
" Thence diff'ring ſouls, of diff'ring names,
" And jarring tempeſts roſe.

VI.

" The mighty Power, that form'd the mind,
" One mould for every two design'd,
" And bless'd the new-born pair:
" This be a match for this:" (he said:)
" Then down he sent the souls he made,
" To seek them bodies here:

VII.

" But, parting from their warm abode,
" They lost their fellows on the road,
" And never join'd their hands:
" Ah! cruel chance and crossing fates!
" Our eastern souls have dropp'd their mates
" On Europe's barbarous lands.

VIII.

" Happy the youth that finds the bride
" Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
" The sweetest joy of life:
" But, oh! the crowds of wretched souls
" Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
" And chain'd t'eternal strife!"

IX.

Thus sang the wond'rous Indian bard;
My soul with vast attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
" Sure, then, (I cry'd,) might I but see
" That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
" I may be happy too.

X.

" Some courteous angel tell me where,
" What distant lands this unknown fair,
" Or distant seas detain?

" Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
" I'd fly, to meet, and mingle ſouls,
" And wear the joyful chain."

The Happy Man.

I.

SERENE as light is MYRON's ſoul,
And active as the ſun, yet ſteady as the pole:
In manly beauty ſhines his face;
Every muſe, and every grace,
Makes his heart and tongue their ſeat,
His heart profuſely good, his tongue divinely ſweet.
MYRON, the wonder of our eyes,
Behold his manhood ſcarce begun!
Behold his race of virtue run!
Behold the goal of glory won!
Nor FAME denies the merit, nor withholds the prize:
Her ſilver trumpets his renown proclaim:
The lands where learning never flew,
Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
Surly Japan and rich Peru,
In barbarous ſongs, pronounce the Britiſh hero's name.

" Airy bliſs (the hero cry'd)
" May feed the tympany of pride;
" But healthy ſouls were never found
" To live on emptineſs and ſound."

II.

Lo, at his honourable feet,
Fame's bright attendant, WEALTH, appears;
She comes to pay obedience meet,
Providing joys for future years;
Bleſſings with laviſh hand ſhe pours,
Gather'd from the Indian coaſt;
Not Danäe's lap could equal treaſures boaſt,
When Jove came down in golden ſhow'rs.

He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
With high diſdain I heard him ſay,
"Bliſs is not made of glittering clay."

III.

Now POMP and GRANDEUR court his head,
With 'ſcutcheons, arms, and enſigns, ſpread:
Gay magnificence and ſtate,
Guards, and chariots, at his gate,
And ſlaves in endleſs order round his table wait:
They learn the dictates of his eyes,
And now they fall, and now they riſe,
Watch every motion of their lord,
Hang on his lips with moſt impatient zeal,
With ſwift ambition ſeize th'unfiniſh'd word,
And the command fulfil.
Tir'd with the train that grandeur brings,
He dropp'd a tear, and pity'd kings:
Then, flying from the noiſy throng,
Seeks the diverſion of a ſong.

IV.

MUSIC, deſcending on a ſilent cloud,
Tun'd all her ſtrings with endleſs art;
By ſlow degrees from ſoft to loud,
Changing, ſhe roſe: the harp and flute,
Harmonious, join, the hero to ſalute,
And make a captive of his heart.
Fruits, and rich WINE, and ſcenes of lawleſs LOVE,
Each with utmoſt luxury ſtrove
To treat their favourite beſt;
But ſounding ſtrings, and fruits, and wine,
And lawleſs love, in vain combine
To make his virtue ſleep, or lull his ſoul to reſt.

V.

He ſaw the tedious round, and, with a ſigh,
Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
"In crowds of pleaſure ſtill I find
"A painful ſolitude of mind.
"A vacancy within which ſenſe can ne'er ſupply.
"Hence, and be gone, ye flatt'ring ſnares,
"Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
"Ye unperforming promiſers!
"Be all my baſer paſſions dead,
"And baſe deſires, by nature made
"For animals and boys:
"Man has a reliſh more refin'd,
"Souls are for ſocial bliſs deſign'd;
"Give me a bleſſing fit to match my mind,
"A kindred ſoul to double and to ſhare my joys."

VI.

MYRRHA appear'd: ſerene *her* ſoul
And active as the ſun, yet ſteady as the pole:
In ſofter beauties ſhone her face;
Every muſe and every grace
Made her heart and tongue their ſeat,
Her heart profuſely good, her tongue divinely ſweet:
MYRRHA, the wonder of his eyes:
His heart recoil'd with ſweet ſurpriſe,
With joys unknown before:
His ſoul diſſolv'd in pleaſing pain,
Flow'd to his eyes, and look'd again,
And could endure no more.
"Enough!" (th'impatient hero cries,
And ſeiz'd her to his breaſt,)
"I ſeek no more below the ſkies,
"I give my ſlaves the reſt."

TO

DAVID POLHILL, Eſq.

An Anſwer to an infamous Satire, called, *Advice to a Painter*; written, by a nameleſs Author, againſt King WILLIAM III. of glorious Memory, 1698.

SIR,

WHEN you put this ſatire into my hand, you gave me the occaſion of employing my pen to anſwer ſo deteſtable a writing; which might be done much more effectually by your known zeal for the inte-

reſt of his majeſty, your counſels and courage employed in the defence of your king and country. And, ſince you provoked me to write, you will accept of theſe efforts of my loyalty to the beſt of kings, addreſſed, to one of the moſt zealous of his ſubjects, by

SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

I. W.

PART I.

AND muſt the hero, that redeem'd our land,
Here in the front of vice and ſcandal ſtand?
The man of wond'rous ſoul, that ſcorn'd his eaſe,
Tempting the winters and the faithleſs ſeas,
And paid an annual tribute of his life
To guard his England from the Iriſh knife,
And cruſh the French dragoon? Muſt WILLIAM's name,
That brighteſt ſtar that gilds the wings of fame,
WILLIAM, the brave, the pious, and the juſt,
Adorn theſe gloomy ſcenes of tyranny and luſt?

POLHILL, my blood boils high, my ſpirits flame;
Can your zeal ſleep? Or are your paſſions tame?
Nor call revenge and darkneſs on the poet's name?
Why ſmoke the ſkies not? Why no thunders roll?
Nor kindling lightnings blaſt his guilty ſoul?

Audacious wretch! to ſtab a monarch's fame,
And fire his ſubjects with a rebel-flame!
To call the painter to his black deſigns,
To draw our guardian's face in helliſh lines:
Painter, beware! the monarch can be ſhewn
Under no ſhape, but angels, or his own,
GABRIEL, or WILLIAM, on the Britiſh throne!

Oh! could my thought but graſp the vaſt deſign,
And words with infinite ideas join,
I'd rouſe Apelles from his iron ſleep,
And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep:
Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain,
Fierce, how he climbs the mountains of the ſlain,
Scattering juſt vengeance through the red campaign!
Then daſh the canvas with a flying ſtroke,
Till it be loſt in clouds of fire and ſmoke,
And ſay, 'twas thus the conqueror through the ſquadrons broke!
Mark him again emerging from the cloud,
Far from his troops; there like a rock he ſtood,
His country's ſingle barrier, in a ſea of blood!
Calmly he leaves the pleaſures of a throne,
And his MARIA weeping; whilſt alone
He wards the fate of nations, and provokes his own:
But Heav'n ſecures its champion; o'er the field
Paint hov'ring angels; though they fly conceal'd,
Each intercepts a death, and wears it on his ſhield.

Now, noble pencil, lead him to our iſle,
Mark how the ſkies with joyful luſtre ſmile,
Then imitate the glory; on the ſtrand
Spread half the nation, longing 'till he land

Wash off the blood, and take a peaceful teint,
All red the warrior, white the ruler paint;
Abroad a hero, and at home a saint.
Throne him on high upon a shining seat,
Lust and profaneness dying at his feet,
While round his head the laurel and the olive meet,
The crowns of war and peace; and may they blow
With flow'ry blessings ever on his brow.
At his right hand pile up the English laws
In sacred volumes; thence the monarch draws
His wise and just commands!———————
Rise, ye old sages of the British isle,
On the fair tablet cast a reverend smile,
And bless the piece; these statutes are your own,
That sway the cottage, and direct the throne;
People and prince are one in WILLIAM's name,
Their joys, their dangers, and their laws, the same.

Let liberty, and right, with plumes display'd,
Clap their glad wings around their guardian's head,
Religion o'er the rest her starry pinions spread.
Religion guards him; round th'imperial queen
Place waiting virtues, each of heav'nly mein;
Learn their bright air, and paint it from his eyes;
The just, the bold, the temperate, and the wise,
Dwell in his looks; majestic, but serene;
Sweet, with no fondness; cheerful, but not vain;
Bright, without terror; great, without disdain.
His soul inspires us what his lips command,
And spreads his brave example through the land:
Not so the former reigns;———————
Bend down his ear to each afflicted cry,
Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye;
But the bright treasures of his sacred breast
Are too divine, too vast, to be express'd!

Colours muſt fail where words and numbers faint,
And leave the hero's heart for thought alone to paint.

PART II.

NOW, muſe, purſue the ſatiriſt again,
Wipe off the blots of his invenom'd pen;
Hark, how he bids the ſervile painter draw,
In monſtrous ſhapes, the patrons of our law;
At one ſlight daſh he cancels every name
From the white roll of honeſty and fame:
This ſcribbling wretch marks all he meets for knave,
Shoots ſudden bolts, promiſcuous, at the baſe and brave,
And, with unpardonable malice, ſheds
Poiſon and ſpite on undiſtinguiſh'd heads.
Painter, forbear, or, if thy bolder hand
Dares to attempt the villains of the land,
Draw firſt this poet, like ſome baleful ſtar,
With ſilent influence, ſhedding civil war;
Or factious trumpeter, whoſe magic ſound
Calls off the ſubjects to the hoſtile ground,
And ſcatters helliſh feuds the nation round.
Theſe are the imps of hell, that curſed tribe,
That firſt create the plague, and then the pain deſcribe.

Draw next above the great ones of our iſle,
Still from the good diſtinguiſhing the vile;
Seat 'em in pomp, in grandeur, and command,
Peeling the ſubjects with a greedy hand:

Paint forth the knaves that have the nation sold,
And tinge their greedy looks with sordid gold.
Mark what a selfish faction undermines
The pious monarch's generous designs,
Spoil their own native land as vipers do,
Vipers that tear their mother's bowels through.
Let great Nassau, beneath a careful crown,
Mournful in majesty, look gently down,
Mingling soft pity with an awful frown:
He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
To make us bless'd, how vain his labours prove
To save the stubborn land he condescends to love.

To the Discontented and Unquiet.

Imitated partly from Casimire, B. IV. Od. 15.

VARIA, there's nothing here that's free
From wearisome anxiety:
And the whole round of mortal joys
With short possession tires and cloys:
'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
Just from the window to the bed:
We rise to see and to be seen,
Gaze on the world a while, and then
We yawn, and stretch to sleep again.
But FANCY, that uneasy guest,
Still holds a lodging in our breast;
She finds or frames vexations still,
Herself the greatest plague we feel.

We take ſtrange pleaſure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Aſſume the load, and pant and ſweat
Beneath th'imaginary weight.
With our dear ſelves we live at ſtrife,
While the moſt conſtant ſcenes of life
From peeviſh humours are not free,
Still we affect variety:
Rather than paſs an eaſy day,
We fret and chide the hours away,
Grow weary of this circling ſun,
And vex that he ſhould ever run
The ſame old track; and ſtill, and ſtill,
Riſe red behind yon eaſtern hill,
And chide the moon that darts her light
Through the ſame caſement every night.

We ſhift our chambers and our homes,
To dwell where trouble never comes:
Sylvia has left the city crowd,
Againſt the court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the woods; a hermit ſaint!
She loaths her patches, pins, and paint,
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn:
But HUMOUR, that eternal thorn,
Sticks in her heart: ſhe's hurry'd ſtill,
'Twixt her wild paſſions and her will:
Haunted and hagg'd where'er ſhe roves,
By purling ſtreams, and ſilent groves,
Or with her furies or her loves.

Then our own native land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet;
Change the thick climate, and repair
To France or Italy for air;

In vain we change, in vain we fly;
Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling ſky,
Or ride upon the feather'd wind
In vain; if this diſeaſed mind
Clings faſt, and ſtill ſits cloſe behind.
Faithful diſeaſe, that never fails
Attendance at her lady's ſide,
Over the deſart or the tide,
On rolling wheels, or flying ſails.

Happy the ſoul that virtue ſhews
To fix the place of her repoſe,
Needleſs to move; for ſhe can dwell
In her old grandſire's hall as well.
VIRTUE, that never loves to roam,
But ſweetly hides herſelf at home;
And, eaſy, on a native throne
Of humble turf, ſits gently down.

Yet, ſhould tumultuous ſtorms ariſe,
And mingle earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Should the waves ſwell, and make her roll
Acroſs the line, or near the pole,
Still ſhe's at peace; for well ſhe knows
To launch the ſtream that duty ſhews,
And makes her home where'er ſhe goes.
Bear her, ye ſeas, upon your breaſt,
Or waft her, winds, from eaſt to weſt
On the ſoft air: ſhe cannot find
A couch ſo eaſy as her mind,
Nor breathe a climate half ſo kind.

⁂

TO

JOHN HARTOPP, Esq.

NOW

Sir JOHN HARTOPP, Bart.

Casimire, Book I. Od. 4. imitated.

Vive, jucundæ metuens juventæ, &c.

July 1700.

I.

LIVE, my dear HARTOPP, live, to-day,
Nor let the sun look down and say,
"Inglorious here he lies;"
Shake off your ease, and send your name
To immortality and fame,
By ev'ry hour that flies.

II.

Youth's a soft scene, but trust her not:
Her airy minutes, swift as thought,
Slide off the slipp'ry sphere;
Moons with their months make hasty rounds,
The sun has pass'd his vernal bounds,
And whirls about the year.

III.

Let folly dress in green and red,
And gird her waist with flowing gold,
Knit blushing roses round her head;
Alas! the gaudy colours fade,
The garment waxes old.
HARTOPP, mark the withering rose,
And the pale gold how dim it shews!

IV.

Bright and laſting bliſs below
Is all romance and dream;
Only the joys celeſtial flow
In an eternal ſtream.
The pleaſures, that the ſmiling day
With large right hand beſtows,
Falſely her left conveys away,
And ſhuffles in our woes.
So have I ſeen a mother play,
And cheat her ſilly child,
She gave and took a toy away,
The infant cry'd and ſmil'd.

V.

Airy chance, and iron fate,
Hurry and vex our mortal ſtate,
And all the race of ills create;
Now fiery joy, now ſullen grief,
Commands the reigns of human life,
The wheels impetuous roll;
The harneſs'd hours and minutes ſtrive,
And days with ſtretching pinions drive——
—— down fiercely on the goal.

VI.

Not half ſo faſt the galley flies
O'er the Venetian ſea,
When ſails, and oars, and lab'ring ſkies,
Contend to make her way.
Swift wings for all the flying hours
The GOD of time prepares,
The reſt lie ſtill yet in their neſt,
And grow for future years.

TO

THOMAS GUNSTON, Esq.

Happy Solitude.

Casimire, Book IV. Ode 12 imitated.

Quid me latentem, &c.

1700.

I.

THE noisy world complains of me
That I should shun their sight, and flee
Visits, and crowds, and company.
GUNSTON, the lark dwells in her nest
'Till she ascend the skies:
And in my closet I could rest
Till to the Heavens I rise.

II.

Yet, they will urge, "This private life
"Can never make you blest'd,
"And twenty doors are still at strife
"T'engage you for a guest."
Friend, should the towers of Windsor or Whitehall
Spread open their inviting gates
To make my entertainment gay,
I would obey the royal call,
But short should be my stay,
Since a diviner service waits
T'employ my hours at home, and better fill the day.

III.

III.

When I within myſelf retreat,
I ſhut my doors againſt the great;
My buſy eye-balls inward roll,
And there with large ſurvey I ſee
All the wide theatre of me,
And view the various ſcenes of my retiring ſoul;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
While hope and fear are in a doubtful ſtrife,
Whether this opera of life
Be acted well to gain the plaudit of my GOD.

IV.

There's a day haſt'ning, ('tis an awful day!)
When the great Sovereign ſhall at large review
All that we ſpeak, and all we do,
The ſeveral parts we act on this wide ſtage of clay:
Theſe he approves, and thoſe he blames,
And crowns perhaps a porter, and a prince he damns.
Oh! if the judge from his tremendous ſeat
Shall not condemn what I have done,
I ſhall be happy though unknown,
Nor heed the gazing rabble, nor the ſhouting ſtreet.

V.

I hate the GLORY, friend, that ſprings
From vulgar breath and empty ſound;
FAME mounts her upward with a flatt'ring gale
Upon her airy wings,
'Till ENVY ſhoots, and FAME receives the wound;
Then her flagging pinions fail,
Down GLORY falls and ſtrikes the ground,
And breaks her batter'd limbs.
Rather let me be quite conceal'd from FAME;
How happy I ſhould lie

In sweet obscurity,
Nor the loud world pronounce my little name!
Here I could live and die alone;
Or if society be due
To keep our taste of pleasure new,
GUNSTON, I'd live and die with you,
For both our souls are one.

VI.

Here we could sit and pass the pleasing hour,
And pity kingdoms and their kings,
And smile at all their shining things,
Their toys of state, and images of pow'r;
VIRTUE should dwell within our seat,
VIRTUE alone could make it sweet,
Nor is herself secure, but in a close retreat.
While she withdraws from public praise
ENVY perhaps would cease to rail,
ENVY itself may innocently gaze
At beauty in a veil:
But if she once advance to light,
Her charms are lost in ENVY's sight,
And VIRTUE stands the mark of universal spight.

TO

JOHN HARTOPP, Esq.

NOW

Sir JOHN HARTOPP, Bart.

The Disdain.

1704.

I.

HARTOPP, I love the soul that dares
Tread the temptations of his years
Beneath his youthful feet:

FLEETWOOD and all thy heavenly line
Look through the ſtars, and ſmile divine
Upon an heir ſo great.
Young HARTOPP knows this noble theme,
That the wild ſcenes of buſy life,
The noiſe, th'amuſements, and the ſtrife,
Are but the viſions of the night,
Gay phantoms of deluſive light,
Or a vexatious dream.

II.

Fleſh is the vileſt and the leaſt
Ingredient of our frame:
We're born to live above the beaſt,
Or quit the manly name.
Pleaſures of ſenſe we leave for boys;
Be ſhining duſt the miſer's food;
Let fancy feed on fame and noiſe,
Souls muſt purſue diviner joys,
And ſeize th'immortal good.

TO

MITIO, my FRIEND.

An EPISTLE.

FORGIVE me, MITIO, that there ſhould be any mortifying lines in the following poems inſcribed to you, ſo ſoon after your entrance into that ſtate which was deſigned for the completeſt happineſs on earth: But you will quickly diſcover, that the muſe in the *firſt* poem only repreſents the ſhades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon love and the ſocial life. In the ſecond,

perhaps she indulges her own bright ideas a little. Yet if the accounts are but well balanced at last, and things set in a due light, I hope there is no ground for censure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the most important concerns of human nature in verse, and that with a solemnity becoming the argument. I have banished grimace and ridicule, that persons of the most serious character may read without offence. What was written several years ago, to yourself, is now permitted to entertain the world; but you may assume it to yourself as a private entertainment still, while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

The Mourning Piece.

LIFE's a long tragedy: this globe the stage,
Well fix'd and well adorn'd with strong machines,
Gay fields, and skies, and seas: the actors many:
The plot immense: A flight of dæmons sit
On every sailing cloud with fatal purpose;
And shoot across the scenes ten thousand arrows
Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,
With sorrow, infamy, disease, and death.
The pointed plagues fly silent through the air,
Nor twangs the bow, yet sure and deep the wound.

Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wishes an associate; lo, she glides
Single through all the storm, and more secure;
Less are her dangers, and her breast receives
The fewest darts. "But, O my lov'd Marilla,
"My sister, once my friend, (Dianthe cries,)
"How much art thou expos'd! Thy growing soul,
"Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in children,

" Stands but the broader mark for all the mischiefs
" That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal stage:
" Children, those dear young limbs, those tendereſt pieces
" Of your own flesh, those little other selves,
" How they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,
" And soften every fibre to improve
" The mother's sad capacity of pain!
" I mourn Fidelio too: though heaven has chose
" A favourite mate for him, of all her sex
" The pride and flower: how bleſs'd the lovely pair
" Beyond expreſſion, if well-mingled loves,
" And woes well-mingled, could improve our bliſs!
" Amidſt the rugged cares of life behold
" The father and the huſband; flattering names,
" That spread his title, and enlarge his share
" Of common wretchedneſs. He fondly hopes
" To multiply his joys, but every hour
" Renews the diſappointment and the ſmart.
" There's not a wound afflicts the meaneſt joint
" Of his fair partner, or her infant-train,
" (Sweet babes!) but pierces to his inmoſt ſoul.
" Strange is thy power, O love! what numerous veins,
" And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
" Are link'd and faſten'd to a lover's heart,
" By ſtrong but ſecret ſtrings! With vain attempt
" We put the ſtoic on, in vain we try
" To break the ties of nature and of blood;
" Thoſe hidden threads maintain the dear communion
" Inviolably firm: their thrilling motions,
" Reciprocal, give endleſs ſympathy
" In all the bitters and the ſweets of life.
" Thrice happy man, if pleaſure only knew
" Theſe avenues of love to reach our ſouls,
" And pain had never found 'em!"

Thus ſang the tuneful maid, fearful to try
The bold experiment. Oft Daphnis came,
And oft Narciſſus, rivals of her heart,
Luring her eyes with trifles dipp'd in gold,
And the gay ſilken bondage. Firm ſhe ſtood,
And bold repuls'd the bright temptation ſtill,
Nor put the chains on; dangerous to try,
And hard to be diſſolv'd. Yet riſing tears
Sat on her eye-lids, while her numbers flow'd
Harmonious ſorrow; and the pitying drops
Stole down her cheeks, to mourn the hapleſs ſtate
Of mortal love. Love, thou beſt bleſſing ſent
To ſoften life, and make our iron cares
Eaſy: but thy own cares, of ſofter kind,
Give ſharper wounds: they lodge too near the heart,
Beat, like the pulſe, perpetual, and create
A ſtrange uneaſy ſenſe, a tempting pain.

Say, my companion MITIO, ſpeak ſincere,
(For thou art learned now,) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities, tumultuous, riſe,
If but the abſence of a day divide
Thee from thy fair belov'd! vainly ſmiles
The cheerful ſun, and night with radiant eyes
Twinkles in vain: The region of thy ſoul
Is darkneſs, till thy better ſtar appear.
Tell me, what toil, what torment, to ſuſtain
The rolling burden of the tedious hours?
The tedious hours are ages. Fancy roves,
Reſtleſs, in fond enquiry, nor believes
Chariſſa ſafe: Chariſſa, in whoſe life
Thy life conſiſts, and in her comfort thine.
Fear and ſurmiſe put on a thouſand forms
Of dear diſquietude, and, round thine ears,

Whiſper ten thouſand dangers, endleſs woes,
Till thy frame ſhudders at her fancy'd death!
Then dies my MITIO, and his blood creeps cold
Through every vein! Speak, does the ſtranger muſe
Caſt happy gueſſes at the unknown paſſion,
Or has ſhe fabled all? Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys ſincere? Thy hopes fulfill'd,
Or fruſtrate? here commit thy ſecret griefs
To faithful ears, and be they bury'd here
In friendſhip and oblivion; leſt they ſpoil
Thy new-born pleaſures with diſtaſteful gall.
Nor let thine eyes too greedily drink in
The frightful proſpect, when untimely death
Shall make wild inroads on a parent's heart,
And his dear offspring to the cruel grave
Are dragg'd, in ſad ſucceſſion, while his ſoul
Is torn away piece-meal: Thus dies the wretch
A various death, and frequent, e'er he quit
The theatre, and make his exit final.

But if his deareſt half, his faithful mate,
Survive, and, in the ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt, airs
Of love and grief, approach with trembling hand
To cloſe his ſwimming eyes, what double pangs,
What racks, what twinges, rend his heart-ſtrings off
From the fair boſom of that fellow-dove
He leaves behind to mourn! What jealous cares
Hang on his parting ſoul, to think his love
Expos'd to wild oppreſſion, and the herd
Of ſavage men! So parts the dying turtle
With ſobbing accents, with ſuch ſad regret
Leaves his kind feather'd mate: the widow-bird
Wanders in loneſome ſhades, forgets her food,
Forgets her life; or falls a ſpeedier prey

To talon'd faulcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks athirſt for blood.———————

The Second PART:

Or,

The bright Viſion.

THUS far the muſe, in unaccuſtom'd mood,
And ſtrains unpleaſing to a lover's ear,
Indulg'd a gloom of thought; and thus ſhe ſang,
Partial: for MELANCHOLY's hateful form
Stood by in ſable robe: The penſive muſe
Survey'd the darkſome ſcenes of life, and ſought
Some bright relieving glimpſe, ſome cordial ray,
In the fair world of love: but, while ſhe gaz'd,
Delightful, on the ſtate of twin-born ſouls
United, bleſs'd, the cruel ſhade apply'd
A dark long tube, and a falſe tinctur'd glaſs,
Deceitful; blending love and life at once
In darkneſs, chaos, and the common maſs
Of miſery: Now Urania feels the cheat,
And breaks the hated optic in diſdain.
Swift vaniſhes the ſullen form, and, lo,
The ſcenes ſhine bright with bliſs: behold the place
Where miſchiefs never fly, cares never come,
With wrinkled brow, nor anguiſh, nor diſeaſe,
Nor malice, forky-tongu'd. On this dear ſpot,
MITIO, my love would fix and plant thy ſtation
To act thy part of life, ſerene and bleſs'd
With the fair conſort fitted to thy heart.

Sure 'tis a vision of that happy grove
Where the first authors of our mournful race
Liv'd in sweet partnership! one hour they liv'd,
But chang'd the tasted bliss (imprudent pair!)
For sin and shame, and this vast wilderness
Of briers, and nine hundred years of pain.
The wishing muse new-dresses the fair garden
Amid this desert-world, with budding bliss,
And ever-greens, and balms, and flow'ry beauties,
Without one dangerous tree: There heavenly dews,
Nightly descending, shall impearl the grass
And verdant herbage; drops of fragrancy
Sit trembling on the spires: The spicy vapours
Rise with the dawn, and, through the air diffus'd,
Salute your waking senses with perfume:
While vital fruits with their ambrosial juice
Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure
From vicious taint; and with your innocence
Immortalize the structure of your clay.
On this new paradise the cloudless skies
Shall smile perpetual, while the lamp of day,
With flames unsully'd, (as the fabled torch
Of Hymen,) measures out your golden hours
Along his azure road. The nuptial moon,
In milder rays serene, should nightly rise,
Full orb'd, (if heaven and nature will indulge
So fair an emblem,) big with silver joys,
And still forget her wane. The feather'd choir,
Warbling their Maker's praise on early wing,
Or perch'd on evening bough, shall join your worship,
Join your sweet vespers, and the morning song.

O sacred symphony! Hark, through the grove
I hear the sound divine! I'm all attention,

All ear, all ecſtaſy; unknown delight!
And the fair muſe proclaims the heav'n below.

Not the ſeraphic minds of high degree
Diſdain converſe with men: again returning,
I ſee th'ethereal hoſt on downward wing.
Lo, at the eaſtern gate young cherubs ſtand
Guardians, commiſſion'd to convey their joys
To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
Go, taſte their banquet, learn their nobler pleaſures
Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd.
Raphael ſhall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
And intellectual bliſs. 'Twas Raphael taught
The patriarch of our progeny th'affairs
Of Heaven: (So Milton ſings, enlighten'd bard!
Nor miſs'd his eyes, when in ſublimeſt ſtrain
The angel's great narration he repeats
To Albion's ſons high favour'd:) thou ſhalt learn
Celeſtial leſſons from his awful tongue:
And with ſoft grace and interwoven loves,
(Grateful digreſſion,) all his words rehearſe
To thy Chariſſa's ear, and charm her ſoul.
Thus with divine diſcourſe, in ſhady bowers
Of Eden, our firſt father entertain'd
Eve, his ſole auditreſs; and deep diſpute
With conjugal careſſes on her lip
Solv'd eaſy, and abſtruſeſt thoughts reveal'd.

Now the day wears apace, now MITIO comes
From his bright tutor, and finds out his mate.
Behold the dear aſſociates, ſeated low
On humble turf, with roſe and myrtle ſtrew'd;
But high their conference! how ſelf ſuffic'd
Lives their eternal Maker, girt around

With glories; arm'd with thunders; and his throne
Mortal acceſs forbids, projecting far
Splendors unſufferable and radiant death.
With reverence and abaſement deep they fall
Before his ſovereign Majeſty, to pay
Due worſhip: Then his mercy on their ſouls
Smiles with a gentler ray, but ſov'reign ſtill;
And leads their meditation and diſcourſe
Long ages backward, and acroſs the ſeas
To Bethlehem of Judah: There the Son,
The filial Godhead, character expreſs
Of brightneſs inexpreſſible, laid by
His beamy robes, and made deſcent to earth.
Sprung from the ſons of Adam, he became
A ſecond father, ſtudious to regain
Loſt paradiſe for men, and purchaſe heav'n.

The lovers, with endearment mutual, thus
Promiſcuous talk'd, and queſtions intricate
His manly judgement ſtill reſolv'd, and ſtill
Held her attention fix'd: ſhe muſing ſat
On the ſweet mention of incarnate love,
Till rapture wak'd her voice to ſofteſt ſtrains:
" She ſang the infant God; (myſterious theme!)
" How vile his birth-place, and his cradle vile!
" The ox and aſs his mean companions; there
" In habit vile the ſhepherds flock around,
" Saluting the great mother, and adore
" Iſrael's anointed King, the appointed Heir
" Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
" Beneath his regal ſtate; for thee, my MITIO,
" Debas'd in ſervile form; but angels ſtood
" Miniſtring round their charge with folded wings,
" Obſequious, though unſeen; while lightſome hours

" Fulfill'd the day, and the grey evening roſe.
" Then the fair guardians hov'ring o'er his head,
" Wakeful all night, drive the foul ſpirits far,
" And with their fanning pinions purge the air
" From buſy phantoms, from infectious damps,
" And impure taint; while their ambroſial plumes
" A dewy ſlumber on his ſenſes ſhed.
" Alternate hymns the heavenly watchers ſang,
" Melodious, ſoothing the ſurrounding ſhades,
" And kept the darkneſs chaſte and holy. Then
" Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
" Wonder'd to ſee their mighty Maker ſleep.
" Behold the glooms diſperſe, the roſy morn
" Smiles in the eaſt with eye-lids opening fair,
" But not ſo fair as thine; Oh! I could fold thee,
" My young Almighty, my Creator-babe,
" For ever in theſe arms! for ever dwell
" Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,
" And every pulſe ſhould beat ſeraphic love!
" Around my ſeat ſhall crowding cherubs come
" With ſwift ambition, zealous to attend
" Their Prince, and form a heav'n below the ſky.

" Forbear, Chariſſa, O forbear the thought
" Of female fondneſs, and forgive the man
" That interrupts ſuch melting harmony!"
Thus MITIO; and awakes her nobler powers
To pay juſt worſhip to the ſacred King,
JESUS, the GOD: nor with devotion pure
Mix the careſſes of her ſofter ſex;
(Vain blandiſhment!) " Come, turn thine eyes aſide
" From Bethle'em, and climb up the doleful ſteep
" Of bloody Calvary, where naked ſculls
" Pave the ſad road, and fright the traveller.

" Can my beloved bear to trace the feet
" Of her Redeemer, panting up the hill
" Hard burden'd? Can thy heart attend his croſs?
" Nail'd to the cruel wood, he groans, he dies,
" For thee he dies. Beneath thy ſins and mine
" (Horrible load!) the ſinleſs Saviour groans,
" And in fierce anguiſh of his ſoul expires.
" Adoring angels pry with bending head,
" Searching the deep contrivance, and admire
" This infinite deſign. Here peace is made
" 'Twixt GOD, the ſovereign, and the rebel man:
" Here Satan, overthrown with all his hoſts,
" In ſecond ruin rages and deſpairs;
" Malice itſelf deſpairs. The captive prey,
" Long held in ſlavery, hopes a ſweet releaſe,
" And Adam's ruin'd offſpring ſhall revive,
" Thus ranſom'd from the greedy jaws of death."

The fair diſciple heard; her paſſions move,
Harmonious, to the great diſcourſe, and breathe
Refin'd devotion; while new ſmiles of love
Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees
Read o'er the covenant of eternal life
Brought down to men; ſeal'd by the ſacred Three
In heav'n; and ſeal'd on earth with GOD's own blood!
Here they unite their names again, and ſign
Thoſe peaceful articles. (Hail, bleſs'd co-heirs,
Celeſtial! Ye ſhall grow to manly age,
And, ſpite of earth and hell, in ſeaſon due,
Poſſeſs the fair inheritance above)
With joyous admirations they ſurvey
The goſpel-treaſures infinite, unſeen
By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
And unconceiv'd by thought: riches divine

And honours which the almighty Father-GOD
Pour'd with immenſe profuſion on his Son,
High-treaſurer of heaven. The Son beſtows
The life, the love, the bleſſing, and the joy,
On bankrupt mortals, who believe and love
His name. " Then, my Chariſſa, all is thine!"
" And thine, my MITIO, the fair ſaint replies.
" Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,
" And place, and time, are ours; and things to come,
" And paſt, and preſent, for our intereſt ſtands
" Firm in our myſtic head, the title ſure.
" 'Tis for our health and ſweet refreſhment (while
" We ſojourn ſtrangers here) the fruitful earth
" Bears plenteous, and revolving ſeaſons ſtill
" Dreſs her vaſt globe in various ornament.
" For us this cheerful ſun and cheerful light
" Diurnal ſhine. This blue expanſe of ſky
" Hangs, a rich canopy above our heads,
" Covering our ſlumbers, all with ſtarry gold
" Inwrought, when night alternates her return.
" For us time wears his wings out: nature keeps
" Her wheels in motion: and her fabric ſtands.
" Glories, beyond our ken of mortal ſight,
" Are now preparing, and a manſion fair
" Awaits us, where the ſaints unbody'd live,
" Spirits releas'd from clay, and purg'd from ſin:
" Thither our hearts with moſt inceſſant wiſh,
" Panting, aſpire; when ſhall that deareſt hour
" Shine and releaſe us hence, and bear us high,
" Bear us at once unſever'd to our better home?"

O bleſs'd connubial ſtate! O happy pair!
Envy'd by yet unſociated ſouls
Who ſeek their faithful twins! your pleaſures riſe

Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
Fervent as glorious noon, ſerenely calm
As ſummer-evenings. The vile ſons of earth,
Groveling in duſt with all their noiſy jars
Reſtleſs, ſhall interrupt your joys no more
Than barking animals affright the moon,
Sublime, and riding in her midnight way;
Friendſhip and love ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd reign
O'er all your paſſions with unrival'd ſway,
Mutual and everlaſting: friendſhip knows
No property in good, but all things common
That each poſſeſſes, as the light or air
In which we breathe and live: There's not one thought
Can lurk in cloſe reſerve, no barriers fix'd,
But every paſſage open as the day
To one another's breaſt and inmoſt mind.
Thus by communion your delight ſhall grow,
Thus ſtreams of mingled bliſs ſwell higher as they flow,
Thus angels mix their flames, and more divinely grow.

The Third PART:

Or,

The Account balanced.

I.

SHOULD ſov'reign love before me ſtand,
With all his train of pomp and ſtate,
And bid the daring muſe relate
His comforts and his cares;
MITIO, I would not aſk the ſand
For metaphors to expreſs their weight,
Nor borrow numbers from the ſtars.

Thy cares and comforts, sov'reign love,
Vastly outweigh the sand below,
And to a larger audit grow
Than all the stars above.
Thy mighty losses and thy gains
Are their own mutual measures;
Only the man that knows thy pains
Can reckon up thy pleasures.

II.

Say, Damon, say, how bright the scene!
Damon is half divinely blest'd,
Leaning his head on his Florella's breast,
Without a jealous thought, or busy care between:
Then the sweet passions mix and share;
Florella tells thee all her heart,
Nor can thy soul's remotest part
Conceal a thought or wish from the beloved fair.
Say, what a pitch thy pleasures fly,
When friendship all sincere grows up to ecstasy,
Nor self contracts the bliss, nor vice pollutes the joy.
While thy dear offspring round thee sit,
Or, sporting innocently at thy feet,
Thy kindest thoughts engage:
Those little images of thee,
What pretty toys of youth they be,
And growing props of age!

III.

But short is earthly bliss! The changing wind
Blows from the sickly south, and brings
Malignant fevers on its sultry wings;
Relentless death sits close behind:
Now gasping infants, and a wife in tears,
With piercing groans, salutes his ears,

Through every vein the thrilling torments roll;
While sweet and bitter are at strife
In those dear miseries of life,
Those tenderest pieces of his bleeding soul.
The pleasing sense of love awhile,
Mix'd with the heart-ache may the pain beguile,
And make a feeble fight:
Till sorrows, like a gloomy deluge, rise,
Then every smiling passion dies,
And hope alone with wakeful eyes,
Darkling and solitary, waits the slow returning light.

IV.

Here then let my ambition rest;
May I be moderately bless'd
When I the laws of love obey:
Let but my pleasure and my pain
In equal balance ever reign,
Or mount by turns and sink again,
And share just measures of alternate sway.
So Damon lives, and ne'er complains;
Scarce can we hope diviner scenes
On this dull stage of clay:
The tribes, beneath the northern bear,
Submit to darkness half the year,
Since half the year is day.

On the Death of the Duke of Gloucester, *just after Mr* Dryden. 1700.

An EPIGRAM.

DRYDEN is dead! DRYDEN alone could sing
The full-grown glories of a future king:
Now GLOSTER dies: Thus lesser heroes live
By that immortal breath that poets give;

And ſcarce ſurvive the muſe: But WILLIAM ſtands,
Nor aſks his honours from the poet's hands.
WILLIAM ſhall ſhine without a DRYDEN's praiſe,
His laurels are not grafted on the bays.

An Epigram of *Martial* to *Cirinus*.

Sic, tua, Cirini, promas epigrammata vulgo,
Ut mecum poſſis, &c.

Inſcribed to Mr. JOSIAH HORT, 1694.
Now Lord Biſhop of Kilmore in Ireland.

SO ſmooth your numbers, friend, your verſe ſo ſweet,
So ſharp the jeſt, and yet the turn ſo neat,
That, with her Martial, Rome would place Cirine;
Rome would prefer your ſenſe and thought to mine.
Yet, modeſt, you decline the public ſtage,
To fix your friend alone amidſt th'applauding age:
So Maro did; the mighty Maro ſings
In vaſt heroic notes of vaſt heroic things,
And leaves the ode to dance upon his Flaccus' ſtrings.
He ſcorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
Though his brave genius flaſh'd Pindaric fire,
And at his will could ſilence all the lyric choir.
So to his Varius he reſign'd the praiſe
Of the proud buſkin and the tragic bays,
When he could thunder with a loftier vein,
And ſing of gods and heroes in a bolder ſtrain.

A handſome treat, a piece of gold, or ſo,
And compliments will every friend beſtow;

Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine, we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,
And yields the tendereſt point of honour, WIT.

EPISTOLA,

Fratri ſuo dilecto, R. W. J. W. *S.P.D.*

RURSUM tuas, amande frater, accepi literas, eodem fortaſsè momento, quo meæ ad te pervenerunt; idemque qui te ſcribentem vidit dies, meum ad epiſtolare munus excitavit calamum; non inane eſt inter nos fraternum nomen, unicus enim ſpiritus nos intùs animat, agitque, & concordes in ambobus efficit motus: O utinam creſcat indiès, & vigeſcat, mutua charitas; faxit DEUS, ut amor ſui noſtra incendat & defœcet pectora, tunc etenim & alternis puræ amicitiæ flammis erga nos invicem divinum in modum ardebimus; contemplemur JESUM noſtrum, cœleſte illud & adorandum exemplar charitatis. Ille eſt

QUI quondam æterno delapſus ab æthere vultus
Induit humanos, ut poſſet corpore noſtras
(Heu miſeras!) ſufferre vices; ſponſoris obivit
Munia, & in ſeſe tabulæ maledicta minacis
Tranſtulit, & ſceleris pœnas hominiſque reatum.

Ecce, jacet deſertus humi, diffuſus in herbam,
Integer, innocuas verſus ſua ſidera palmas
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oſcula patris
Amplexus ſolitoſve; artus nudatus amictu
Sidereos, & ſpònte ſinum patefactus ad iras

Numinis armati. Pater, hic infige* ſagittas,
" Hæc, ait, iratum ſorbebunt pectora ferrum,
" Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina ſanguis."

Dixit, & horrendùm fremuêre tonitrua cœli
Infenſuſque DEUS; (quem jam poſuiſſe paternum
Muſa queri vellet nomen, ſed & ipſa fragores
Ad tantos pavefacta ſilet,) jam diſſilit æther,
Panduntur que fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,
IRA, & pœnarum theſauros mille coercet;
Inde ruunt gravidi veſano ſulphure nimbi,
Centupliciſque volant contorta volumina flammæ
In caput immeritum; diro hic ſub pondere preſſus,
Reſtat, compreſſos dumque ardens explicat artus
Purpureo† veſtes tinctæ ſudore madeſcunt.
Nec tamen infando vindex regina labori
Segniùs incumbit, ſed laſſos increpat ignes
Acritèr, & ſomno languentem ſuſcitat§ enſem.
" Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, & imbue ſacro
" Flumine mucronem; vos hinc, mea ſpicula, latè
" Ferrea per totum diſpergite tormina CHRISTUM,
" Immenſum tolerare valet; ad pondera pœnæ
" Suſtentanda hominem ſuffulciet incola NUMEN.
" Et tu, ſacra decas legum, violata tabella,
" Ebibe vindictam; vaſtâ ſatiabere cæde,
" Mortalis culpæ penſabit dedecus ingens
" Permiſtus Deitate cruor."

Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ
Dilaniatque ſinus; ſancti penetralia cordis
Panduntur, ſævis avidus dolor involat alis,
Atque audax mentem ſcrutatur, & ilia mordet;

* Job iv. 6. † Luc. xxii. 44. § Zech. xiii. 7.

Intereà ſervator * ovat, victorque doloris
Eminet, illuſtri † perfuſus membra cruore,
Exultatque miſer fieri; nam fortiùs illum
Urget Patris honos, & non vincenda voluptas
Servandi miſeros fontes; O nobilis ardor
Pœnarum! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Durus amor? Quid non cœleſtia?

At ſubſidat phantaſia, vaneſcant imagines; neſcio quo me proripuit amens muſa: volui quatuor lineas pedibus aſtringere, &, ecce! numeri creſcunt in immenſum; dumque concitato genio laxavi frœna, vereor ne juvenilis impetus theologiam læſerit, & audax nimis imaginatio. Heri allata eſt ad me epiſtola indicans matrem meliuſculè ſe habere, licet ignis febrilis non prorſus deſeruit mortale ejus domicilium. Plura volui, ſed turgidi & creſcentes verſus noluere plura, & coarctârunt ſcriptionis limites. Vale, amice, frater, & in ſtadio pietatis & artis medicæ ſtrenuus decurre.

Datum à muſæo meo, Londini xv. Kalend. Febr. anno ſalutis CIↃIↃCXCIII.

Fratris E. W. *olim navigaturo.*

Sept. 30, 1691.

I, FELIX, pede proſpero
I, frater, trabe pineâ
Sulces æquora cærula
Pandas carbaſa flatibus
Quæ tutò reditura ſint.
Non te monſtra natantia,

* Col. ii. 15. † Luc. xxii. 44.

Ponti carnivoræ incolæ,
Prædentur rate naufragâ.
Navis, tu tibi creditum
Fratrem dimidium mei
Salvum per inhoſpita
Ponti regna, per avios
Tractus, & liquidum chaos.
Nec te ſorbeat horrida
Syrtis, nec ſcopulus minax
Rumpat roboreum latus.
Captent mitia flamina
Antennæ; & zephyri leves
Dent portum placidum tibi.
Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos
Fluctus oceani, regis,
Et ſævum Boream domas,
Da fratri faciles vias,
Et fratrem reducem ſuis.

Ad Reverendum Virum

Dm JOHANNEM PINHORNE,

Fidum Adoleſcentiæ meæ Præceptorem.

Pindarici Carminis Specimen. 1694.

I.

ET te, PINHORNI, muſa triſantica
Salutat, ardens diſcipulam tuam
Gratè fateri: nunc Athenas,
Nunc latias per amænitates,

Tutò pererrans te recolit ducem,
Te quondam teneros & ebraia per aſpera greſſus
Non durâ duxiſſe manu.
Tuo pateſcunt lumine Theſpii
Campi atque ad arcem Pieridûm iter:
En, altus aſſurgens Homerus,
Arma deoſque viroſque miſcens,
Occupat æthereum Parnaſſi culmen: Homeri
Immenſos ſtupeo manes ——— ———
Te, Maro, dulcè canens ſylvas, te bella ſonantem
Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare camœnâ:
Tuæque accipias, Thebane vates,
Debita thura lyræ.
Vobis, magna trias! clariſſima nomina, ſemper
Scrinia noſtra patent, & pectora noſtra patebunt,
Quum mihi cunque levem conceſſerit otia & horam
Divina Moſis pagina.

II.

Flaccus ad hanc triadem ponatur, at ipſa pudendas
Deponat veneres: venias, ſed *purus & inſons
Ut te collaudem, dum ſordes & mala luſtra
Ablutus, Venuſine, canis rideſve. Reciſæ
Hâc lege accedant ſatyræ Juvenalis, amari
Terrores vitiorum. At longè cæcus abeſſet
Perſius, obſcurus vates, niſi lumina circum-
-fuſa forent, Sphingiſque ænigmata, Bonde, ſcidiſſes.
Grande ſonans Senecæ fulmen, grandiſque cothurni
Pompa Sophoclei celſo ponantur eodem
Ordine, & ambâbus ſimul hos amplectar in ulnis.
Tutò, poetæ, tutò habitabitis

* Horat. Lib. I. Sat. 6.

Pictos abacos: improba tinea
Obiit, nec audet fæva castas
Attingere blatta camœnas.
At tu renidens fœda epigrammatum
Farrago inertûm, stercoris impii
Sentina fætens, Martialis,
In barathrum relegandus imum
Aufuge, & hinc tecum rapias Catullum
Insulse mollem, naribus, auribus
Ingrata castis carmina, & improbi
Spurcos Nasonis amores.

III.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens Caledonis ab orâ,
En, Buchananus adest. Divini psaltis imago
Jessiadæ salveto; potens seu numinis iras
Fulminibus miscere, sacro vel lumine mentis
Fulgare noctes, vel citharæ sono
Sedare fluctus pectoris,
Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,
Tu domi astabis socius perennis,
Seu levi mensæ simul assidere,
Dignabere seu lecticæ.
Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem,
Aureos suadebis inire somnos
Sacra sopitis superinferens oblivia curis;
Stet juxta Casimirus*, huic nec parciùs ignem
Natura indulsit, nec musa armavit alumnum
Sarbivium*, rudiore lyrâ
Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum!
Humana linquens† (en sibi devii
Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus

* M. Casimirus, Sarbiewski poeta insignis Polonis.

† Od. V. Lib. 2.

Spatiatur in aëre pennis,
Seu tu fortè virum tollis ad æthera,
Cognatoſve thronos & patrium Polum
Viſurus conſurgis ovans,
Viſum fatigas, aciemque fallis,
Dum tuum a longè ſtupeo volatum,
O non imitabilis ales.

IV.

Sarbivii ad nomen gelida incalet
Muſa, ſimul totus ferveſcere
Sentio, ſtellatus levis induor
Alas, & tollor in altum.
Jam juga Zionis radens pede
Elato inter ſidera vertice
Longè deſpecto mortalia.
Quam juvat altiſonis volitare per æthera pennis,
Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia sêcli
Terrellæ grandia inania,
Quæ mortale genus (heu! male) deperit.
O curas hominum miſeras! cano,
Et miſeras nugas diademata!
Ventoſa ſortis ludibrium.
En mihi ſubſidunt terrenæ a pectora fæces,
Geſtit, & effrænis divinum effundere carmen
Mens afflata Deo ——— ———
——— at vos heroes & arma
Et procul eſte, dii, ludicra numina.
Quid mihi cum veſtræ pondere lanceæ,
Pallas! aut veſtris, Dionyſe, Thyrſis?
Et clava, & anguis, & leo, & Hercules,
Et brutum tonitru fictitii patris,
Abſtate a carmine noſtro.

V.

Te, DEUS omnipotens! te noſtra ſonabit JESU
Muſa, nec aſſueto cæleſtes barbiton ausû
Tentabit numeros. Vaſti ſine limite numen &
Immenſum ſine lege DEUM numeri ſine lege ſonabunt.

Sed muſam magna pollicentem deſtituit vigor; divino jubare perſtringitur oculorum acies. En, labaſcit pennis tremit artubus, ruit deorſum par inane ætheris, jacet victa, obſtupeſcit, ſilet.

Ignoſcas, reverende vir, vano conamini; fragmen hoc rude licet & impolitum æqui boni conſulas, & gratitudinis jam diu debitæ in partem reponas.

Votum, ſeu Vita in Terris beata.

Ad virum digniſſimum,

JOHANNEM HARTOPPIUM, Bart.

1702.

I.

HARTOPPI eximio ſtemmate nobilis
Venâque ingenii divite, ſi roges
Quem mea muſa beat,
Ille mihi felix ter & ampliùs,
Et ſimiles ſuperis annos agit,
Qui ſibi ſufficiens ſemper adeſt ſibi.
Hunc longè a curis mortalibus,
Inter agros, ſylvaſque ſilentes,
Se muſiſque ſuis tranquillâ in pace fruentem,
Sol orens videt & recumbens.

II.

Non ſuæ vulgi favor inſolentis
(Plauſus inſani tumidus popelli)
Mentis ad ſacram penetrabit arcem,
Feriat licèt æthera clamor.
Nec Gaza flammans divitis Indiæ,
Nec, Tage, veſtræ fulgor arenulæ,
Ducent ab obſcurâ quiete
Ad laquear radiantis aulæ.

III.

O ſi daretur ſtamina proprii
Tractare fuſi pollice proprio,
Atque meum mihi fingere fatum;
Candidus vitæ color innocentis
Fila nativo decoraret albo,
Non Tyriâ vitiata conchâ.
Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ
Intertexta forent invidioſa meæ,
Longè a triumphis, & ſonitu tubæ
Longè remotos tranſigerem dies:
Abſtate, faſces, (ſplendida vanitas!)
Et vos abſtate, coronæ.

IV.

Pro meo tecto caſa ſit, ſalubres
Captet auroras, procul urbis atro
Diſtet a fumo, fugiatque longè
Dura phthiſis mala, dura tuſſis.
Diſplicet Byrſa & fremitu moleſto
Turba mercantûm; gratiùs alvear
Demulcet aures murmure, gratius
Fons ſalientis aquæ.

V.

Litigiosa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad sylvas properans rixosas execror artes
Eminus in tuto a linguis———
Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi,
Valete, cives, & amœna fraudis
Verba; proh mores! & inane sacri
Nomen amici!

VI.

Tuque quæ nostris inimica musis
Felle sacratum vitias amorem,
Absis æternùm, diva libidinis
Et pharetrate puer!
Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longius avola;
Nil mihi cum fœdis, puer, ignibus;
Æthereâ fervent face pectora,
Sacra mihi Venus est Urania,
Et juvenis Jessæus amor mihi.

VII.

Cœleste carmen (nec taceat lyra
Jessæa) lætis auribus insonet,
Nec Watsianis, è medullis,
Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.
Sacri libelli deliciæ meæ,
Et vos, sodales, semper amabiles,
Nunc simul adsitis, nunc viciſſim,
Et fallite tædia vitæ.

TO

Mrs SINGER,

(Now Mrs ROWE,)

On the Sight of some of her divine Poems, never printed.

July 19, 1706.

I.

ON the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp; nor did celeſtial themes
Refuſe to dance upon my ſtrings;
There, beneath the evening ſky,
I ſang my cares aſleep, and rais'd my wiſhes high
To everlaſting things.
Sudden, from Albion's weſtern coaſt,
Harmonious notes come gliding by;
The neighbouring ſhepherds knew the ſilver ſound;
"'Tis PHILOMELA's voice," the neighb'ring
ſhepherds cry;
At once my ſtrings all ſilent lie,
At once my fainting muſe was loſt,
In the ſuperior ſweetneſs drown'd.
In vain I bade my tuneful pow'rs unite;
My ſoul retir'd, and left my tongue;
I was all ear, and PHILOMELA's ſong
Was all divine delight!

II.

Now be my harp for ever dumb,
My muſe attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bade adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales, and wars of Rome,

'Twas long ago I broke all but th'immortal ſtrings:
Now theſe immortal ſtrings have no employ,
Since a fair angel dwells below,
To tune the notes of heav'n, and propagate the joy.
Let all my powers, with awe profound,
While PHILOMELA ſings,
Attend the rapture of the ſound,
And my devotion riſe on her ſeraphic wings.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.

Sacred to the Memory of the DEAD.

An EPITAPH on King WILLIAM III. Of glorious Memory,

Who died March the 8th, 1701.

I.

BENEATH theſe honours of a tomb,
GREATNESS in humble ruin lies:
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the ſkies!)

II.

Preſerve, O venerable PILE,
Inviolate thy ſacred truſt;
To thy cold arms the BRITISH iſle,
Weeping, commits her richeſt duſt.

III.

Ye gentleſt miniſters of FATE,
Attend the monarch as he lies,
And bid the ſofteſt SLUMBERS wait
With ſilken cords to bind his eyes.

IV.

Reſt his dear SWORD beneath his head;
Round him his faithful ARMS ſhall ſtand;
Fix his bright ENSIGNS on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

V.

Ye ſiſter arts of PAINT and VERSE,
Place ALBION fainting by his ſide,
Her groans ariſing o'er the hearſe,
And BELGIA ſinking when he dy'd.

VI.

High o'er the grave RELIGION ſet
In ſolemn gold; pronounce the ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian VIRTUES round.

VII.

Fair LIBERTY, in ſables dreſs'd,
Write his lov'd name upon his urn;
WILLIAM, "THE SCOURGE OF TYRANTS PAST,
"AND AWE OF PRINCES YET UNBORN."

VIII.

Sweet PEACE his ſacred relics keep,
With olives blooming round her head,
And ſtretch her wings acroſs the deep,
To bleſs the nations with the ſhade.

IX.

Stand on the pile, immortal FAME,
Broad ſtars adorn thy brighteſt robe,
Thy thouſand voices ſound his name,
In ſilver accents, round the globe.

X.

FLATTERY ſhall faint beneath the ſound,
While hoary TRUTH inſpires the ſong;
ENVY grow pale and bite the ground,
And SLANDER gnaw her forky tongue.

XI.

NIGHT and the GRAVE, remove your gloom;
Darkneſs becomes the vulgar dead;
But GLORY bids the royal tomb
Diſdain the horrors of a ſhade.

XII.

GLORY with all her lamps ſhall burn,
And watch the warrior's ſleeping clay,
Till the laſt trumpet rouſe his urn
To aid the triumphs of the day!

On the sudden DEATH of
Mrs MARY PEACOCK,

An Elegiac Song sent in a Letter of Condolance to Mr N. P. *Merchant at* Amsterdam.

I.

HARK! She bids all her friends adieu;
Some angel calls her to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
Through liquid telescopes of tears.

II.

Farewel, bright soul, a short farewel,
Till we shall meet again above,
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love:

III.

There glory sits on every face,
There friendship smiles in ev'ry eye,
There shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.

IV.

O'er all the names of CHRIST, our King,
Shall our harmonious voices rove,
Our hearts shall sound, from every string,
The wonders of his bleeding love.

V.

Come, sovereign LORD, dear SAVIOUR, come,
Remove these separating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home;
That golden hour, how long it stays!

VI.

How long must we lie ling'ring here,
While saints around us take their flight?
Smiling, they quit this dusky sphere,
And mount the hills of heavenly light.

VII.

Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,
Enjoy thy JESUS and thy GOD,
Till we, from bands of clay releas'd,
Spring out and climb the shining road.

VIII.

While the dear dust she leaves behind
Sleeps in thy bosom, sacred tomb!
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come.

EPITAPHIUM Viri venerabilis

Dom. N. MATHER,

Carmine Lapidario conscriptum.

M. S.

Reverendi admodum Viri

NATHANAELIS MATHERI.

QUOD mori potuit hic subtus depositum est:
Si quæris, hospes, quantus & qualis fuit,
Fidus enarrabit lapis.

Nomen à familiâ duxit
Sanctioribus studiis & evangelio devotâ,
Et per utramque Angliam celebri,

Americanam sc. atque Europæam.
Et hic quoque in sancti ministerii spem eductus
Non fallacem:
Et hunc utraque novit Anglia
Doctum & docentem.
Corpore fuit procero, formâ placidè verendâ;
At supra corpus & formam sublimè eminuerunt
Indoles ingenium atque eruditio:
Supra hæc pietas, & (si fas dicere)
Supra pietatem modestia;
Cæteras enim dotes obumbravit.
Quoties in rebus divinis peragendis
Divinitus afflatæ mentis specimina
Præstantiora edidit,
Toties hominem sedulus occuluit
Ut solus conspiceretur DEUS:
Voluit totus latere, nec potuit;
Heu quantum tamen sui nos latet!
Et majorem laudis partem sepulchrale marmor
Invito obruit silentio.
Gratiam JESU CHRISTI salutiferam
Quam abundè hausit ipse, aliis propinavit,
Puram ab humanâ fæce.
Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,
Et ingens propugnaculum.
Concionatur gravis aspectu, gestu, voce;
Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,
Nec deerat;
Flosculos rhetorices supervacaneos fecit
Rerum dicendarum majestas, & DEUS præsens.
Hinc arma militiæ suæ non infelicia,
Hinc toties fugatus Satanas,
Et hinc victoriæ
Ab inferorum portis toties reportatæ.
Solers ille ferreis impiorum animis infigere

Altum & ſalutare vulnus:
Vulneratas idem tractare leniter ſolers,
Et medelam adhibere magis ſalutarem.
Ex defæcato cordis fonte
Divinis eloquiis affatim ſcatebant labia,
Etiam in familiari contubernio:
Spirabit ipſe undique cæleſtes ſuavitates,
Quaſi oleo lætitiæ ſemper recèns delibutus,
Et ſemper ſupra ſocios;
Gratumque dilectiſſimi ſui JESU odorem
Quaquaversùs & latè diffudit.
Dolores tolerans ſupra fidem,
Ærumnæque heu quam aſſiduæ!
Invicto animo, victrice patientiâ,
Varias curarum moles pertulit
Et in ſtadio & in metâ vitæ:
Quam ubi propinquam vidit,
Plerophoriâ fidei quaſi currû alato vectus
Properè & exultìm attigit.
Natus eſt, in agro Lancaſtrienſi, 20° Martii, 1630.
Inter Nov-Anglos theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.
Paſtorali munere diu Dublinii in Hibernia functus,
Tandem (ut ſemper) providentiam ſecutus ducem,
Cætui fidelium apud Londinenſis præpoſitus eſt,
Quos doctrinâ, precibus, & vitâ, beavit;
Ah brevi!
Corpore ſolutus 26° Julii, 1697. Ætat. 67.
Eccleſiis mærorem, theologis exemplar reliquit,
Probis piiſque omnibus
Infandum ſui deſiderium:
Dum pulvis CHRISTO charus hic dulcè dormit;
Expectans ſtellam matutinam.

X X

To the Reverend

Mr JOHN SHOWER,

On the Death of his Daughter

Mrs ANNE WARNER.

Reverend and dear SIR,

HOW great soever was my sense of your loss, yet I did not think myself fit to offer any lines of comfort: your own meditations can furnish you with many a delightful truth in the midst of so heavy a sorrow; for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy providence: and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much impressed with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its best estate, yet I must acknowledge that my temper leads me most to the pleasant scenes of Heaven, and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the world of spirits, and search them out there: thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs Warner; and, these thoughts crowding fast upon me, I set them down for my own entertainment. The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finished elegy; and besides, when I was fallen upon the dark side of death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the lines I have written be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your grief, the time spent in composing them shall not be reckoned among my lost hours, and the review will be more pleasing to,

SIR,

Dec. 22, 1707.

Your affectionate humble Servant,

I. W.

An Elegiac Thought on Mrs ANNE WARNER, *who died of the Small pox*, December 18, 1707, *at One of the Clock in the Morning; a few Days after the Birth and Death of her first Child.*

AWAKE, my muſe, range the wide world of ſouls,
And ſeek VERNERA fled; with upward aim
Direct thy wing; for ſhe was born from heaven,
Fulfill'd her viſit, and return'd on high.

The midnight watch of angels, that patrole
The Britiſh ſky, have notic'd her aſcent
Near the meridian ſtar; purſue the track
To the bright confines of immortal day,
And paradiſe, her home. Say, my Urania,
(For nothing 'ſcapes thy ſearch, nor canſt thou miſs
So fair a ſpirit,) ſay, beneath what ſhade
Of amarant, or cheerful ever-green,
She ſits, recounting to her kindred-minds,
Angelic or humane, her mortal toil
And travels through this howling wilderneſs:
By what divine protections ſhe eſcap'd
Thoſe deadly ſnares, when youth and Satan leagu'd
In combination to aſſail her virtue;
(Snares ſet to murder ſouls!) but Heav'n ſecur'd
The favourite nymph, and taught her victory.

Or does she seek, or has she found, her babe
Among the infant nation of the bless'd,
And clasp'd it to her soul, to satiate there
The young maternal passion, and absolve
The unfulfill'd embrace? Thrice happy child!
That saw the light, and turn'd its eyes aside
From our dim regions to th'eternal sun,
And led the parent's way to glory! there
Thou art for ever hers, with powers enlarg'd
For love reciprocal and sweet converse.

Behold her ancestors, (a pious race!)
Rang'd in fair order, at her sight rejoice
And sing her welcome. She, along their seats
Gliding, salutes them all with honours due
Such as are paid in Heav'n: at last she finds
A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light,
But vacant: "This (with sure presage she cries)
"Awaits my father; when will he arrive?
"How long, alas, how long!" (then calls her mate:)
"Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares,
"Die, and partake my bliss; we are for ever one."

Ah me! where roves my fancy! what kind dreams
Crowd with sweet violence on my waking mind!
Perhaps illusions all! inform me, muse,
Chooses she rather to retire apart
To recollect her dissipated powers,
And call her thoughts her own: so lately freed
From earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,
From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
And fears, and pangs, fierce pangs, that wrought her death.

Tell me on what ſublimer theme ſhe dwells
In contemplation, with unerring clue
Infinite truth purſuing. (When, my ſoul,
O when ſhall thy releaſe from cumb'rous fleſh
Paſs the great ſeal of heaven? What happy hour
Shall give thy thoughts a looſe to ſoar and trace
The intellectual world? divine delight!
VERNERA's lov'd employ!) Perhaps ſhe ſings,
To ſome new golden harp, th'almighty deeds,
The names, the honours, of her Saviour-GOD,
His croſs, his grave, his victory, and his crown:
Oh could I imitate th'exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them!——

Or lies ſhe now before th'eternal throne
Proſtrate in humble form, with deep devotion
O'erwhelm'd, and ſelf-abaſement at the ſight
Of the uncover'd Godhead face to face?
Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,
And hers amongſt them, not of dimmer ore,
Nor ſet with meaner gems: but vain ambition,
And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
And pride for ever baniſh'd, flies the place,
Curs'd pride, the dreſs of hell. Tell me, Urania,
How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
Circle in love. O ſtamp upon my ſoul
Some bliſsful image of the fair deceas'd
To call my paſſions and my eyes aſide
From the dear breathleſs clay, diſtreſſing ſight!
I look, and mourn, and gaze with greedy view
Of melancholy fondneſs: tears bedewing
That form ſo late deſir'd, ſo late belov'd,
Now loathſome and unlovely. Baſe diſeaſe,
That leagu'd with nature's ſharpeſt pains, and ſpoil'd

So ſweet a ſtructure! the impoiſoning taint
O'erſpreads the building wrought with ſkill divine,
And ruins the rich temple to the duſt!

Was this the countenance, where the world admir'd
Features of wit and virtue? this the face
Where love triumph'd? and beauty on theſe cheeks,
As on a throne, beneath her radiant eyes
Was ſeated to advantage; mild, ſerene,
Reflecting roſy light! ſo ſits the ſun
(Fair eye of heav'n!) upon a crimſon cloud
Near the horizon, and with gentle ray
Smiles lovely round the ſky, 'till riſing fogs,
Portending night, with foul and heavy wing
Involve the golden ſtar, and ſink him down
Oppreſs'd with darkneſs,——

On the Death of an aged and honoured Relative, *Mrs* M. W. July 13, 1693.

I.

I KNOW the kindred-mind. 'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe;
Among the heav'nly forms I ſee
The kindred-mind from fleſhly bondage free;
Oh! how unlike the thing was lately ſeen
Groaning and panting on the bed,
With ghaſtly air, and languiſh'd head,
Life on this ſide, there the dead,
While the delaying fleſh lay ſhivering between.

II.

Long did the earthly houſe reſtrain,
In toilſome ſlavery, that ethereal gueſt;
Priſon'd her round in walls of pain,
And twiſted cramps and aches within her chain;
Till, by the weight of num'rous days oppreſs'd,
The earthly houſe began to reel,
The pillars trembled, and the building fell;
The captive ſoul became her own again:
Tir'd with the ſorrows and the cares,
A tedious train of fourſcore years,
The pris'ner ſmil'd to be releas'd,
She felt her fetters looſe, and mounted to her reſt.

III.

Gaze on, my ſoul, and let a perfect view
Paint her idea all anew;
Raſe out thoſe melancholy ſhapes of woe,
That hang around thy memory, and becloud it ſo.

Come FANCY, come, with eſſences refin'd,
With youthful green, and ſpotleſs white;
Deep be the tincture, and the colours bright,
T'expreſs the beauties of a naked mind.
Provide no glooms to form a ſhade;
All things above of vary'd light are made,
Nor can the heav'nly piece require a mortal aid.
But, if the features too divine
Beyond the pow'r of fancy ſhine,
Conceal th'inimitable ſtrokes behind a graceful ſhrine.

IV.

Deſcribe the ſaint from head to feet,
Make all the lines in juſt proportion meet;
But let her poſture be
Filling a chair of high degree;
Obſerve how near it ſtands to the almighty ſeat.
Paint the new graces of her eyes;
Freſh in her looks let ſprightly youth ariſe,
And joys unknown below the ſkies.
VIRTUE, that lives conceal'd below,
And to the breaſt confin'd,
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
And breaks with radiant glories through
The features of the mind.
Expreſs her paſſion ſtill the ſame,
But more divinely ſweet;
Love has an everlaſting flame,
And makes the work complete.

V.

The painter muſe, with glancing eye,
Obſerv'd a manly ſpirit nigh *

* My grandfather, Mr Thomas Watts, had ſuch acquaintance with the mathematics, painting, muſic, and poeſy, &c. as gave him conſiderable

That death had long disjoin'd:
" In the fair tablet they shall stand
" United by a happier band:"
She said, and fix'd her sight, and drew the manly mind,
Recount the years, my song, (a mournful round!)
Since he was seen on earth no more:
He fought in lower seas, and drown'd;
But victory and peace he found
On the superior shore.
There now his tuneful breath in sacred songs
Employs the European and the Eastern tongues.
Let th'awful truncheon and the flute,
The pencil and the well-known lute,
Powerful numbers, charming wit,
And every art and science meet,
And bring their laurels to his hand, or lay them at his feet.

VI.

'Tis done. What beams of glory fall
(Rich varnish of immortal art)
To gild the bright original!
'Tis done. The muse has now perform'd her part.
Bring down the piece, Urania, from above,
And let my HONOUR and my LOVE
Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon my heart.

siderable esteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ship of war, 1656, and, by the blowing up of the ship in the Dutch war he was drowned in his youth.

A

FUNERAL POEM

On the DEATH of

THOMAS GUNSTON, Esq.

Presented to the

Right Honourable the Lady ABNEY,
LADY-MAYORESS of LONDON.

July, 1701

MADAM,

HAD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art, in the following composition, to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved, indeed, to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward muse: but the importunity was not to be resisted; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington; nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your ladyship will find, throughout the poem, that the fair and unfinished building, which he had just raised for himself, gave almost all the turn of mourning to my thoughts; for I pursue no other topic of elegy than what my passion and my senses led me to.

The poem roves, as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabric to the other: it rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors, and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that

pleasant retreat, where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation; there my song wanders among the delightful subjects, divine and moral, which used to entertain our happy leisure; and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks, where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse; my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit: I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing, till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat. Now if the critics laugh at the folly of the muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest thing, that belonged to so valuable a person, still gave some fresh and doleful reflections: and I transcribe nature without rule, and represent friendship in a mourning dress, abandoned to the deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

Had I designed a complete elegy, MADAM, on your dearest brother, and intended it for public view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far at least as to spend some pages in the character and praises of the deceased, and thence have taken occasion to call mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable loss: but I wrote merely for myself, as a friend of the dead, and to ease my full soul by breathing out my own complaints; I knew his character and virtues so well, that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myself; for the image of them was ever present with me, which kept the pain at the heart intense and lively, and my tears flowing with my verse.

Perhaps your ladyship will expect some divine thoughts and sacred meditations, mingled with a subject so solemn as this is: had I formed a design of offering it to your hands, I had composed a more christian poem; but it was grief, purely natural, for a death so

ſurpriſing that drew all the ſtrokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral ſtrain. Such as it is your ladyſhip requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your ſoul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, MADAM, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witneſs of that affectionate reſpect and honour that I bore him; all which, as your ladyſhip's moſt rightful due, both by merit and by ſucceſſion, is now humbly offered, by,

MADAM,

Your ladyſhip's moſt hearty

and obedient ſervant,

I. WATTS.

To the dear Memory of my honoured FRIEND,

THOMAS GUNSTON, Esq.

Who died Nov. 11, 1700, *when he had just finished his Seat at* Newington.

OF blasted hopes, and of short withering joys,
Sing, heavenly muse. Try thine ethereal voice
In funeral numbers and a doleful song.
GUNSTON, the just, the generous, and the young,
GUNSTON the friend is dead! O empty name
Of earthly bliss! 'tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought! Our soaring fancies rise
On treacherous wings! And hopes, that touch the skies,
Drag but a longer ruin through the downward air,
And plunge the falling joy still deeper in despair.

How did our souls stand flatter'd, and prepar'd
To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd!
There the dear man should see his hopes complete,
Smiling, and tasting ev'ry lawful sweet
That peace and plenty bring, while numerous years,
Circling delightful, play'd around the spheres:
Revolving suns should still renew his strength,
And draw the uncommon thread to an unusual length!
But hasty fate thrusts her dead shears between,
Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene.
Thus airy PLEASURE dances in our eyes,
And spreads false images in fair disguise,
T'allure our souls, 'till just within our arms
The vision dies, and all the painted charms

Flee quick away from the purſuing ſight,
Till they are loſt in ſhades, and mingle with the night.

Muſe, ſtretch thy wings, and thy ſad journey bend
To the fair FABRIC that thy dying friend
Built nameleſs: 'twill ſuggeſt a thouſand things,
Mournful and ſoft, as my Urania ſings.

How did he lay the deep foundations ſtrong,
Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
Solid and laſting! there a numerous train
Of nappy GUNSTONS might in pleaſure reign,
While nations periſh, and long ages run,
Nations unborn, and ages unbegun!
Not time itſelf ſhould waſte the bleſs'd eſtate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient ſeat.
How fond our fancies are! The founder dies,
Childleſs; his ſiſters weep and cloſe his eyes,
And wait upon his hearſe with never-ceaſing cries!
Lofty and ſlow, it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty ſorrow nods on every plume;
A thouſand groans his dear remains convey
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,
His country's ſacred tears well watering all the way.
See the dull wheels roll on the ſable load;
But no dear ſon to tread the mournful road,
And, fondly kind, drop his young ſorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.
Oh! had he left us one behind to play
Wanton about the painted hall, and ſay,
"This was my father's!" with impatient joy
In my fond arms I'd claſp the ſmiling boy,
And call him my young friend: but awful fate
Deſign'd the mighty ſtroke as laſting as 'twas great.

And muſt this building, then, this coſtly frame,
Stand here for ſtrangers? muſt ſome unknown name
Poſſeſs theſe rooms, the labours of my friend?
Why were theſe walls rais'd for this hapleſs end?
Why theſe apartments all adorn'd ſo gay?
Why his rich fancy laviſh'd thus away?
Muſe, view the paintings, how the hovering light
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,
And mingled ſhades, wrought in by ſoft degrees,
Give a ſweet foil to all the charming piece;
But night, eternal night, hangs black around
The diſmal chambers of the hollow ground,
And ſolid ſhades unmingled round his bed
Stand hideous: earthy fogs embrace his head,
And noiſome vapours glide along his face,
Riſing perpetual. Muſe, forſake the place,
Flee the raw damps of the unwholeſome clay,
Look to his airy ſpacious hall, and ſay,
"How has he chang'd it for a loneſome cave,
"Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave!"

Th'unhappy houſe looks deſolate, and mourns,
And ev'ry door groans, doleful, as it turns;
The pillars languiſh; and each lofty wall,
Stately in grief, laments the maſter's fall
In drops of briny dew; the fabric bears
His faint reſemblance, and renews my tears.
Solid and ſquare, it riſes from below;
A noble air, without a gaudy ſhow,
Reigns through the model, and adorns the whole,
Manly and plain. Such was the builder's ſoul.

Oh! how I love to view the ſtately frame,
That dear memorial of the beſt lov'd name!

Then could I wish for some prodigious cave,
Vast as his seat, and silent as his grave,
Where the tall shades stretch to the hideous roof,
Forbid the day, and guard the sun-beams off:
Thither, my willing feet, should ye be drawn
At the grey twilight and the early dawn.
There, sweetly sad, should my soft minutes roll,
Numb'ring the sorrows of my drooping soul.
But these are airy thoughts! substantial grief
Grows by those objects that should yield relief;
Fond of my woes, I heave my eyes around,
My grief from ev'ry prospect courts a wound;
Views the green gardens, views the smiling skies,
Still my heart sinks, and still my cares arise;
My wand'ring feet round the fair mansion rove,
And there, to soothe my sorrows, I indulge my love.

Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,
And the sweet Cowley, with impatient eye
To see those walls, pay the sad visit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear:
Still I behold some melancholy scene,
With many a pensive thought, and many a sigh between.
Two days ago we took the evening air,
I, and my grief, and my Urania, there;
Say, my Urania, how the western sun
Broke from black clouds, and in full glory shone
Gilding the roof, then dropp'd into the sea,
And sudden night devour'd the sweet remains of day.
Thus the bright youth just rear'd his shining head
From obscure shades of life, and sunk among the dead.
The rising sun, adorn'd with all his light,
Smiles on these walls again: but endless night
Reigns uncontroll'd where the dear GUNSTON lies:
He's set for ever, and must never rise!

Then why these beams, unseasonable star,
These lightsome smiles descending from afar,
To greet a mourning house? In vain the day
Breaks through the windows, with a joyful ray,
And marks a shining path along the floors,
Bounding the evening and the morning hours;
In vain it bounds 'em: while vast emptiness
And hollow silence reigns through all the place,
Nor heeds the cheerful change of nature's face.
Yet nature's wheels will on without controll,
The sun will rise, the tuneful spheres will roll,
And the two nightly bears walk round and watch the pole.

See, while I speak, high on her sable wheel,
Old Night, advancing, climbs the eastern hill:
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way; behold,
How their brown pinions, edg'd with evening gold,
Spread shadowing o'er the house, and glide away,
Slowly pursuing the declining day:
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit still,
Thus days before they did, and days to come they will;
But the black cloud, that shadows o'er his eyes,
Hangs there unmovable, and never flies:
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone;
Ah! fruitless wish! how are his curtains drawn
For a long evening that despairs the dawn!

Muse, view the turret: just beneath the skies,
Lonesome, it stands, and fixes my sad eyes
As it would ask a tear. O sacred seat,
Sacred to friendship! O divine retreat!
Here did I hope my happy hours t'employ,
And fed beforehand on the promis'd joy!

When, weary of the noisy town, my friend,
From mortal cares retiring, should ascend
And lead me thither. We alone wou'd sit,
Free and secure of all intruding feet:
Our thoughts should stretch their longest wings, and rise,
Nor bound their soarings by the lower skies:
Our tongues should aim at everlasting themes,
And speak what mortals dare, of all the names
Of boundless joys and glories, thrones and seats
Built high in heaven for souls: we'd trace the streets
Of golden pavement, walk each blissful field,
And climb and taste the fruits the spicy mountains yield:
Then would we swear to keep the sacred road,
And walk right upwards to that bless'd abode;
We'd charge our parting spirits there to meet,
There, hand in hand, approach th'almighty seat,
And bend our heads, adoring, at our Maker's feet.
Thus should we mount on bold advent'rous wings
In high discourse, and dwell on heav'nly things,
While the pleas'd hours in sweet succession move,
And minutes measur'd, as they are above,
By ever-circling joys, and ever-shining love.

Anon our thoughts should lower their lofty flight,
Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing sight,
A large round prospect of the spreading plain,
The wealthy river, and his winding train,
The smoky city, and the busy men.
How we should smile to see degenerate worms
Lavish their lives, and fight for airy forms
Of painted honour, dreams of empty sound,
Till envy rise, and shoot a secret wound
At swelling glory; straight, the bubble breaks,
And the scenes vanish, as the man awakes;

Then the tall titles, insolent and proud,
Sink to the dust and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a restless thing: still vain and wild,
Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child:
His hurrying lusts still break the sacred bound
To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,
And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool,
For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul!
'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,
And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe!

Another tribe toil in a different strife,
And banish all the lawful sweets of life,
To sweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,
Hide the dear dust yet darker than before,
And never dare to use a grain of all the store.

Happy the man that knows the value just
Of earthly things, nor is enslav'd to dust.
'Tis a rich gift the skies but rarely send
To fav'rite souls. Then happy thou, my friend,
For thou hadst learnt to manage and command
The wealth that Heav'n bestow'd with lib'ral hand:
Hence this fair structure rose; and hence this seat
Made to invite my not-unwilling feet:
In vain was made! for we shall never meet,
And smile, and love, and bless each other here,
The envious tomb forbids thy face t'appear,
Detains thee, GUNSTON, from my longing eyes,
And all my hopes lie bury'd where my GUNSTON lies!

Come hither, all ye tendrest souls, that know
The heights of fondness and the depths of woe,

Young mothers, who your darling babes have found
Untimely murder'd with a ghaſtly wound;
Ye frighted nymphs, who on the bridal bed
Claſp'd in your arms your lovers cold and dead,
Come; in the pomp of all your wild deſpair,
With flowing eye-lids and diſorder'd hair,
Death in your looks, come, mingle grief with me,
And drown your little ſtreams in my unbounded ſea.

You ſacred mourners of a nobler mould,
Born for a friend, whoſe dear embraces hold
Beyond all nature's ties; you, that have known
Two happy ſouls made intimately one,
And felt a parting ſtroke: 'tis you muſt tell
The ſmart, the twinges, and the racks, I feel;
This ſoul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,
Off from its ſide its deareſt half is torn,
The reſt lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
Oh! infinite diſtreſs! ſuch raging grief
Should command pity, and deſpair relief.
Paſſion, methinks, ſhould riſe from all my groans,
Give ſenſe to rocks, and ſympathy to ſtones.

Ye duſky woods and echoing hills around,
Repeat my cries with a perpetual ſound:
Be all ye flow'ry vales with thorns o'ergrown,
Aſſiſt my ſorrows, and declare your own;
Alas! your lord is dead. The humble plain
Muſt ne'er receive his courteous feet again:
Mourn, ye gay ſmiling meadows, and be ſeen
In wintry robes, inſtead of youthful green;
And bid the brook, that ſtill runs warbling by,
Move ſilent on, and weep his uſeleſs channel dry.
Hither methinks the lowing herd ſhould come,
And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb:

The oak ſhall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out, while his arms entwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding ſoul with mine.

Ye ſtately elms, in your long order mourn *,
Strip off your pride to dreſs your maſter's urn:
Here gently drop your leaves inſtead of tears:
Ye elms, the reverend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the bluſtering rage
Of the mad winds; thus it becomes your age
To ſhew your ſorrows. Often ye have ſeen
Our head reclin'd upon the riſing green;
Beneath your ſacred ſhade diffus'd we lay,
Here FRIENDSHIP reign'd with an unbounded ſway:
Hither our ſouls their conſtant off'rings brought,
The burthens of the breaſt and labours of the thought;
Our opening boſoms on the conſcious ground
Spread all the ſorrows and the joys we found,
And mingled every care; nor was it known
Which of the pains or pleaſures were our own:
Then with an equal hand and honeſt ſoul
We ſhare the heap, yet both poſſeſs the whole,
And all the paſſions there through both our boſoms roll.
By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
And bear and eaſe, by turns, the ſympathy of pain.

FRIENDSHIP! myſterious thing, what magic pow'rs
Support thy ſway, and charm theſe minds of ours!
Bound to thy foot we boaſt our birth-right ſtill,
And dream of freedom when we've loſt our will
And chang'd away our ſouls: at thy command
We ſnatch new miſeries from a foreign hand

* There was a long row of tall elms then ſtanding, where, ſome years after, the lower garden was made.

To call them ours; and, thoughtleſs of our eaſe,
Plague the dear ſelf that we were born to pleaſe.
Thou tyranneſs of minds, whoſe cruel throne
Heaps on poor mortals ſorrows not their own;
As though our mother Nature could no more
Find woes ſufficient for each ſon ſhe bore,
Friendſhip divides the ſhares, and lengthens out the ſtore.
Yet are we fond of thine imperious reign,
Proud of thy ſlavery, wanton in our pain,
And chide the courteous hand when death diſſolves the chain.

VIRTUE, forgive the thought! the raving muſe,
Wild and deſpairing, knows not what ſhe does,
Grows mad in grief, and, in her ſavage hours,
Affronts the name ſhe loves and ſhe adores.
She is thy vot'reſs too; and at thy ſhrine,
O ſacred FRIENDSHIP, offer'd ſongs divine,
Whilſt GUNSTON liv'd, and both our ſouls were thine.
Here to theſe ſhades at ſolemn hours we came,
To pay devotion with a mutual flame,
Partners in bliſs. Sweet luxury of the mind!
And ſweet the aids of ſenſe! each ruder wind
Slept in its caverns, while an evening breeze
Fann'd the leaves gently, ſporting through the trees;
The linnet and the lark their veſpers ſung,
And clouds of crimſon o'er th' horizon hung;
The ſlow-declining ſun with ſloping wheels
Sunk down the golden day behind the weſtern hills.

Mourn, ye young gardens, ye unfiniſh'd gates,
Ye green incloſures, and ye growing ſweets,

Lament! for ye our midnight hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the silent moon
In conference divine, while heavenly fire
Kindling our breasts did all our thoughts inspire
With joys almost immortal; then our zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th'ethereal hill,
And love refin'd, like that above the poles,
Threw both our arms round one another's souls,
In rapture and embraces.—Oh! forbear,
Forbear, my song! This is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat; such joys as these
Fled from the earth for ever!———————

Oh! for a general grief! let all things share
Our woes, that knew our loves: the neighbouring air,
Let it be laden with immortal sighs,
And tell the gales, that every breath, that flies
Over these fields, should murmur and complain,
And kiss the fading grass, and propagate the pain.
Weep, all ye buildings, and, ye groves around,
For ever weep: this is an endless wound,
Vast and incurable. Ye buildings knew
His silver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:
At that dear sound no more shall ye rejoice,
And I no more must hear the charming voice:
Woe to my drooping soul! that heav'nly breath,
That could speak life, lies now congeal'd in death;
While on his folded lips, all cold and pale,
Eternal chains and heavy silence dwell!

Yet my fond hope would hear him speak again,
Once more at least, one gentle word, and then
GUNSTON aloud I call: in vain I cry
GUNSTON aloud, for he must ne'er reply!

In vain I mourn, and drop these funeral tears,
Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears:
Wand'ring, I tune my sorrows to the groves,
And vent my swelling griefs, and tell the winds our loves:
While the dear youth sleeps fast, and hears them not:
He hath forgot me: in the lonesome vault,
Mindless of WATTS and friendship, cold he lies,
Deaf and unthinking clay! ——

But whither am I led? this artless grief
Hurries the muse on, obstinate, and deaf
To all the nicer rules, and bears her down
From the tall fabric to the neighbouring ground:
The pleasing hours, the happy moments, past
In these sweet fields, reviving on my taste,
Snatch me away resistless with impetuous haste.
Spread thy strong pinions once again, my song,
And reach the turret thou hast left so long:
O'er the wide roof its lofty head it rears,
Long waiting our converse; but only hears
The noisy tumults of the realms on high;
The winds salute it, whistling as they fly,
Or jarring round the windows: rattling showers
Lash the fair sides; above, loud thunder roars;
But still the master sleeps; nor hears the voice
Of sacred friendship nor the tempest's noise:
An iron slumber sits on every sense,
In vain the heavenly thunders strive to rouse it thence.

One labour more, my muse, the golden sphere
Seems to demand: See, through the dusky air
Downward it shines upon the rising moon;
And, as she labours up to reach her noon,

Purſues her orb with repercuſſive light,
And ſtreaming gold repays the paler beams of night:
But not one ray can reach the darkſome grave,
Or pierce the ſolid gloom that fills the cave
Where GUNSTON dwells in death. Behold it flames,
Like ſome new meteor, with diffuſive beams
Through the mid-heaven, and overcomes the ſtars;
" So ſhines thy GUNSTON's ſoul above the ſpheres,"
Raphael replies, and wipes away my fears.
" We ſaw the fleſh ſink down with cloſing eyes,
" We heard thy grief ſhriek out, 'he dies, he dies!'
" Miſtaken grief! to call the fleſh the friend!
" On our fair wings did the bright youth aſcend,
" All heav'n embrac'd him with immortal love,
" And ſang his welcome to the courts above.
" Gentle Ithuriel led him round the ſkies,
" The buildings ſtruck him with immenſe ſurpriſe;
" The ſpires all radiant, and the manſions bright,
" The roofs high vaulted with ethereal light:
" Beauty and ſtrength on the tall bulwarks ſat
" In heavenly diamond; and for every gate
" On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,
" Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns;
" Millions of glories reign through every part;
" Infinite power, and uncreated art,
" Stand here diſplay'd, and to the ſtranger ſhew
" How it out-ſhines the nobleſt feats below.
" The ſtranger fed his gazing pow'rs awhile,
" Tranſported: Then, with a regardleſs ſmile,
" Glanc'd his eye downward through the cryſtal floor,
" And took eternal leave of what he built before!"

Now, fair Urania, leave the doleful ſtrain;
Raphael commands: aſſume thy joys again.

In everlasting numbers sing, and say,
" GUNSTON has mov'd his dwelling to the realms of day;
" GUNSTON, the friend, lives still: and give thy groans away."

An ELEGY on

Mr THOMAS GOUGE,

TO

Mr ARTHUR SHALLET, Merchant.

WORTHY SIR,

THE subject of the following elegy was high in your esteem, and enjoyed a large share of your affections. Scarce doth his memory need the assistance of the muse to make it perpetual; but, when she can at once pay her honours to the venerable dead, and by this address acknowledge the favours she has received from the living, it is a double pleasure to,

SIR,

Your obliged humble servant,

I. WATTS.

To the MEMORY of the

Rev. Mr. THOMAS GOUGE,

Who died, Jan. 8th, $1\frac{699}{700}$.

I.

YE virgin ſouls, whoſe ſweet complaint *
Could teach Euphrates not to flow,
Could Sion's ruin ſo divinely paint,
Array'd in beauty and in woe:
Awake, ye virgin ſouls, to mourn,
And with your tuneful ſorrows dreſs a prophet's urn.
Oh! could my lips or flowing eyes
But imitate ſuch charming grief,
I'd teach the ſeas, and teach the ſkies
Wailings, and ſobs, and ſympathies,
Nor ſhould the ſtones or rocks be deaf;
Rocks ſhall have eyes, and ſtones have ears,
While GOUGE's death is mourn'd in melody and tears.

II.

Heav'n was impatient of our crimes,
And ſent his miniſter of death
To ſcourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath;
He came, commiſſion'd for the fates
Of awful MEAD and charming BATES;

* Pſalm cxxxvii. Lam. i. 2, 3.

There he eſſay'd the vengeance firſt,
Then took a diſmal aim, and brought great GOUGE
to duſt.

III.

Great GOUGE to duſt! how doleful is the ſound!
How vaſt the ſtroke is! and how wide the wound!
Oh! painful ſtroke! diſtreſſing death!
A wound, unmeaſurably wide!
No vulgar mortal dy'd
When he reſign'd his breath.
The muſe, that mourns a nation's fall,
Should wait at GOUGE's funeral,
Should mingle majeſty and groans,
Such as ſhe ſings to ſinking thrones,
And, in deep ſounding numbers, tell,
How Sion trembled when this pillar fell.
Sion grows weak, and England poor,
Nature herſelf, with all her ſtore,
Can furniſh ſuch a pomp for death no more.

IV.

The reverend man let all things mourn;
Sure he was ſome ethereal mind,
Fated in fleſh to be confin'd,
And order'd to be born.
His ſoul was of th'angelic frame,
The ſame ingredients, and the mould the ſame,
When the Creator makes a miniſter of flame.
He was all form'd of heav'nly things;
Mortals, believe what my Urania ſings,
For ſhe has ſeen him riſe upon his flamy wings.

V.

How would he mount, how would he fly,
Up through the ocean of the ſky,

Tow'rd the celeſtial coaſt!
With what amazing ſwiftneſs ſoar,
Till earth's dark ball was ſeen no more,
And all its mountains loſt!
Scarce could the muſe purſue him with her ſight:
But, angels, you can tell,
For oft you met his wond'rous flight,
And knew the ſtranger well;
Say, how he paſs'd the radiant ſpheres,
And viſited your happy ſeats,
And trac'd the well-known turnings of the golden ſtreets,
And walk'd among the ſtars.

VI.

Tell, how he climb'd the everlaſting hills,
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a ſtrong-wing'd faith, and on the fiery wheels
Of an immortal love.
'Twas there he took a glorious ſight
Of the inheritance of ſaints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right.
How oft the humble ſcholar came,
And to your ſongs he rais'd his ears,
To learn the unutterable name,
To view th'eternal baſe that bears
The new creation's frame.
The countenance of GOD he ſaw,
Full of mercy, full of awe,
The glories of his pow'r, and glories of his grace:
There he beheld the wond'rous ſprings
Of thoſe celeſtial ſacred things,
The peaceful goſpel, and the fiery law,
In that majeſtic face.
That face did all his gazing powers employ
With moſt profound abaſement and exalted joy.

The rolls of fate were half unseal'd,
He stood adoring by;
The volumes open'd to his eye,
And sweet intelligence he held
With all his shining kindred of the sky.

VII.

Ye seraphs, that surround the throne,
Tell how his name was through the palace known,
How warm his zeal was, and how like your own!
Speak it aloud, let all the nation hear,
And bold blasphemers shrink and fear*:
Impudent tongues, to blast a prophet's name!
The poison sure was fetch'd from hell,
Where the old blasphemers dwell,
To taint the purest dust, and blot the whitest fame!
Impudent tongues! you should be darted through,
Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie,
Useless and dead, till slander die,
Till slander die with you.

VIII.

"We saw him," say th'ethereal throng,
"We saw his warm devotions rise,
"We heard the fervor of his cries,
"And mix'd his praises with our song:
"We knew the secret flights of his retiring hours,
"Nightly he wak'd his inward powers;
"Young Israel rose to wrestle with his GOD,
"And with unconquer'd force scal'd the celestial towers,
"To reach the blessing down for those that sought his
"blood.

* Though he was so great and good a man, he did not escape censure.

" Oft we beheld the thunderer's hand
" Rais'd high to cruſh the factious foe;
" As oft we ſaw the rolling vengeance ſtand,
" Doubtful t'obey the dread command,
" While his aſcending pray'r upheld the falling blow."

IX.

Draw the paſt ſcenes of thy delight,
My muſe, and bring the wond'rous man to ſight.
Place him, ſurrounded as he ſtood
With pious crowds, while from his tongue
A ſtream of harmony ran ſoft along,
And every ear drank in the flowing good:
Softly it ran its ſilver way,
Till warm devotion rais'd the current ſtrong:
Then fervid zeal on the ſweet deluge rode,
Life, love and glory, grace and joy,
Divinely roll'd promiſcuous on the torrent-flood,
And bore our raptur'd ſenſe away, and thoughts and ſouls to GOD.
O might we dwell for ever there!
No more return to breathe this groſſer air,
This atmoſphere of ſin, calamity, and care!

X.

But heavenly ſcenes ſoon leave the ſight
While we belong to clay;
Paſſions of terror and delight
Demand alternate ſway.
Behold the man, whoſe awful voice,
Could well proclaim the fiery law,
Kindle the flames that Moſes ſaw,
And ſwell the trumpet's warlike noiſe.
He ſtands the herald of the threat'ning ſkies,
Lo, on his reverend brow the frowns divinely riſe,

All Sinai's thunder on his tongue, and lightning in his eyes.
Round the high roof the curſes flew,
Diſtinguiſhing each guilty head;
Far from th'unequal war the atheiſt fled:
His kindled arrows ſtill purſue,
His arrows ſtrike the atheiſt through,
And o'er his inmoſt powers a ſhuddering horror ſpread.
The marble heart groans with an inward wound:
Blaſpheming ſouls, of harden'd ſteel,
Shriek out, amaz'd, at the new pangs they feel,
And dread the echoes of the ſound.
The lofty wretch, arm'd and array'd
In gaudy pride, ſinks down his impious head,
Plunges in dark deſpair, and mingles with the dead.

XI.

Now, muſe, aſſume a ſofter ſtrain,
Now ſooth the ſinner's raging ſmart,
Borrow of GOUGE the wond'rous art
To calm the ſurging conſcience and aſſuage the pain;
He from a bleeding GOD derives
Life for the ſouls that guilt had ſlain,
And ſtraight the dying rebel lives,
The dead ariſe again;
The opening ſkies almoſt obey
His powerful ſong; a heavenly ray
Awakes deſpair to light, and ſheds a cheerful day.
His wond'rous voice rolls back the ſpheres,
Recals the ſcenes of ancient years,
To make the Saviour known;
Sweetly the flying charmer roves
Through all his labours and his loves,
The anguiſh of his croſs, and triumphs of his throne.

XII.

Come, he invites our feet to try
The ſteep aſcent of Calvary,
And ſets the fatal tree before our eye:
See here celeſtial ſorrow reigns;
Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,
Ting'd with the crimſon of redeeming veins!
In wond'rous words he ſang the vital flood
Where all our ſins were drown'd,
Words fit to heal and fit to wound,
Sharp as the ſpear, and balmy as the blood.
In his diſcourſe divine
Afreſh the purple fountain flow'd;
Our falling tears kept ſympathetic time,
And trickled to the ground,
While every accent gave a doleful ſound,
Sad as the breaking heart-ſtrings of th'expiring GOD!

XIII.

Down to the manſions of the dead,
With trembling joy our ſouls are led,
The captives of his tongue;
There the dear Prince of light reclines his head
Darkneſs and ſhades among.
With pleaſing horror we ſurvey
The caverns of the tomb,
Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And ſhed a ſweet perfume.
Hark, the old earthquake roars again
In GOUGE's voice, and breaks the chain
Of heavy death, and rends the tombs;
The riſing GOD! he comes, he comes!
With throngs of waking ſaints, a long triumphing trai

XIV.

See the bright ſquadrons of the ſky,
Downward on wings of joy and haſte they fly,
Meet their returning Sovereign, and attend him high.
A ſhining car the conqueror fills,
Form'd of a golden cloud;
Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,
Old Satan foams and yells aloud,
And gnaws th'eternal braſs that binds him to the wheels.
The opening gates of bliſs receive their King,
The Father-GOD ſmiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,
The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs ſing.
Behold him on his native throne,
Glory ſits faſt upon his head;
Dreſs'd in new light, and beamy robes,
His hand rolls on the ſeaſons, and the ſhining globes,
And ſways the living worlds, and regions of the dead.

XV.

GOUGE was his envoy to this realm below,
Vaſt was his truſt, and great his ſkill,
Bright the credentials he could ſhew,
And thouſands own'd the ſeal.
His hallow'd lips could well impart
The grace, the promiſe, and command:
He knew the pity of IMMANUEL's heart,
And terrors of JEHOVAH's hand!
How did our ſouls ſtart out to hear
The embaſſies of love he bare,
While every ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue.
Life's buſy cares a ſacred ſilence bound,

Attention ſtood with all her powers,
With fixed eyes and awe profound,
Chain'd to the pleaſure of the ſound,
Nor knew the flying hours.

XVI.

But, oh! my everlaſting grief!
Heaven has recall'd his envoy from our eyes,
Hence deluges of ſorrow riſe,
Nor hope th'impoſſible relief!
Ye remnants of the ſacred tribe,
Who feel the loſs, come ſhare the ſmart,
And mix your groans with mine:
Where is the tongue that can deſcribe
Infinite things with equal art
Or language ſo divine?
Our paſſions want the heavenly flame,
Almighty love breathes faintly in our ſongs,
And awful threat'nings languiſh on our tongues;
HOWE is a great but ſingle name:
Amidſt the crowd he ſtands alone;
Stands yet, but with his ſtarry pinions on,
Dreſs'd for the flight, and ready to be gone!
Eternal GOD, command his ſtay,
Stretch the dear months of his delay;
Oh! we could wiſh his age were one immortal day!
But when the flaming chariot's come,
And ſhining guards t'attend thy prophet home,
Amidſt a thouſand weeping eyes,
Send an Eliſha down, a ſoul of equal ſize,
Or burn this worthleſs globe, and take us to the ſkies!

THE END.

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